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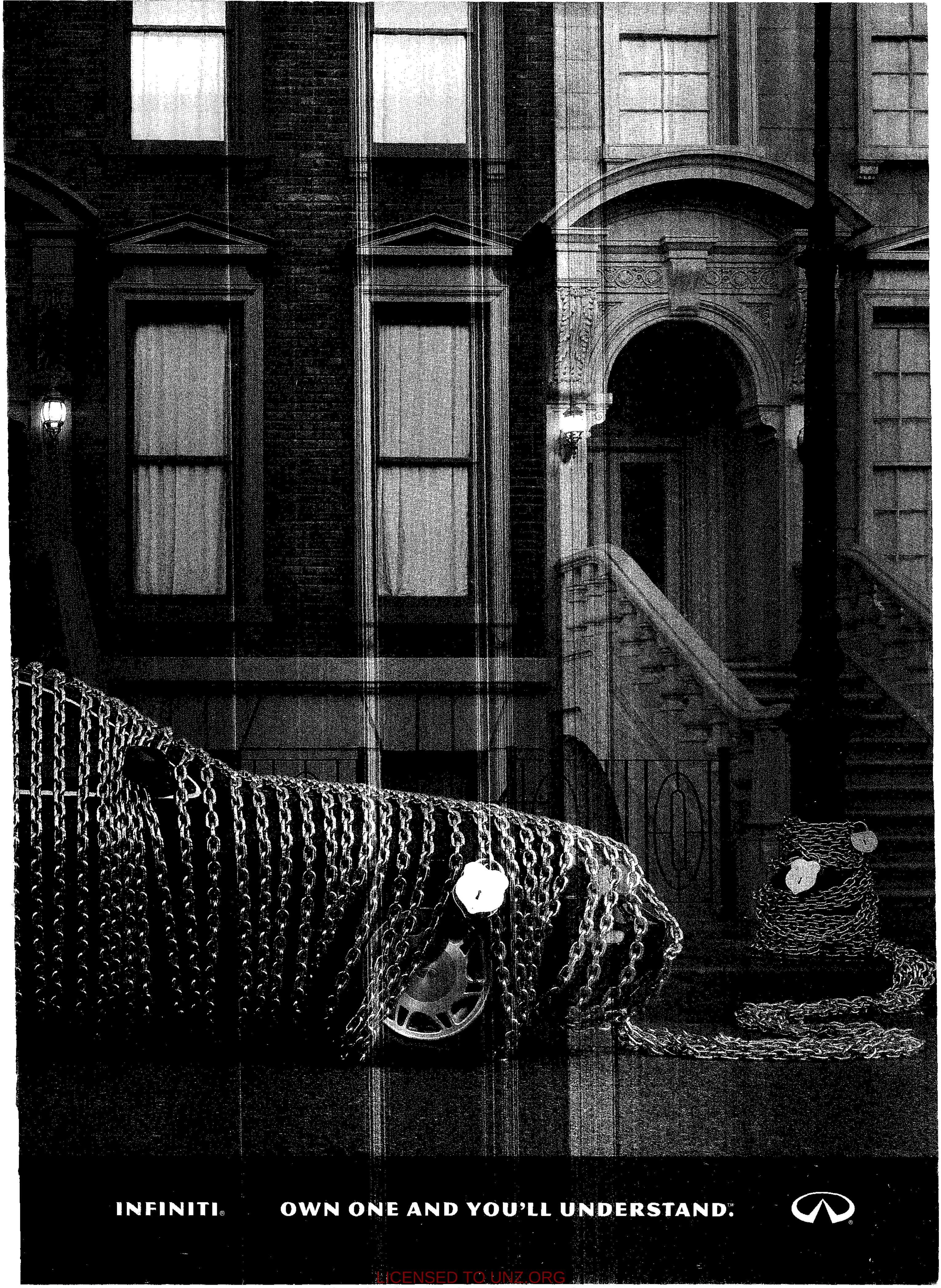
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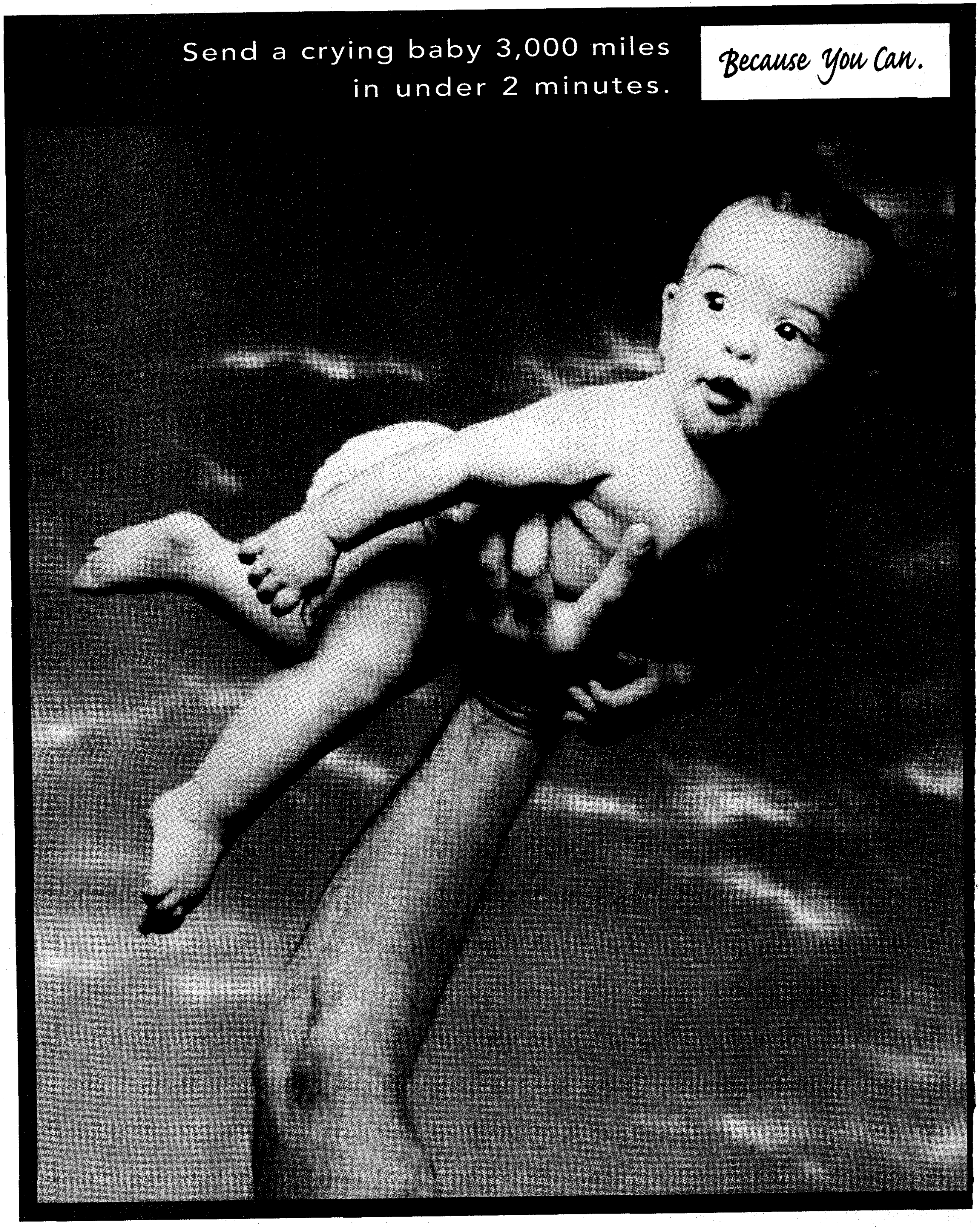
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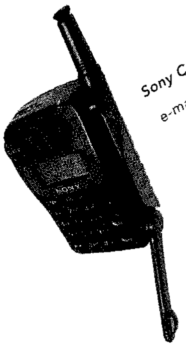

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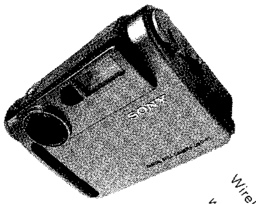

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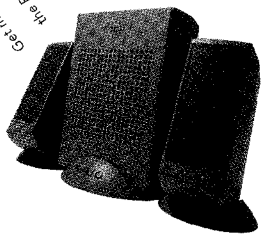

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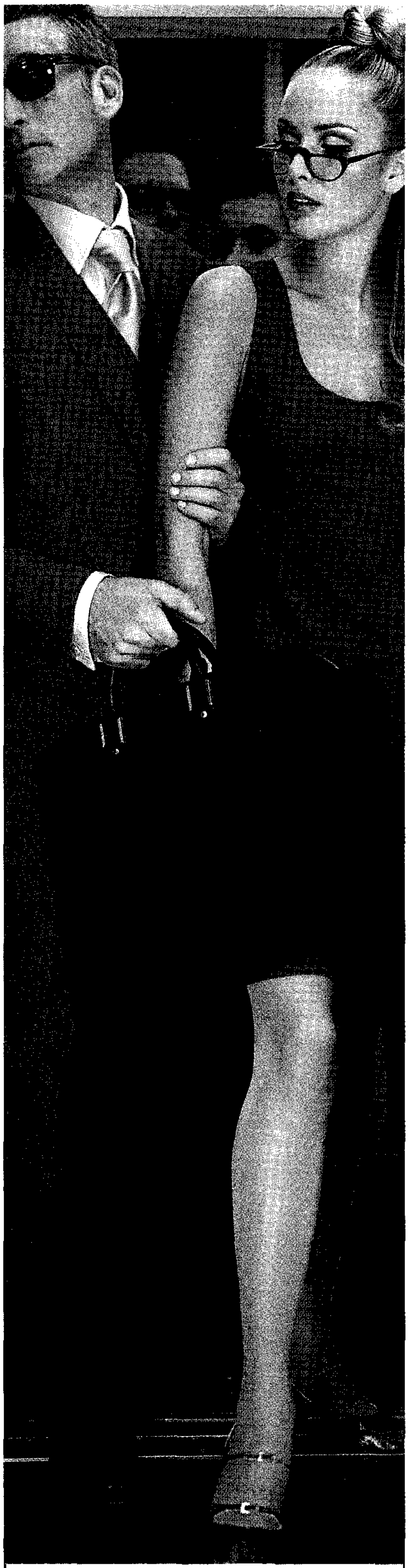
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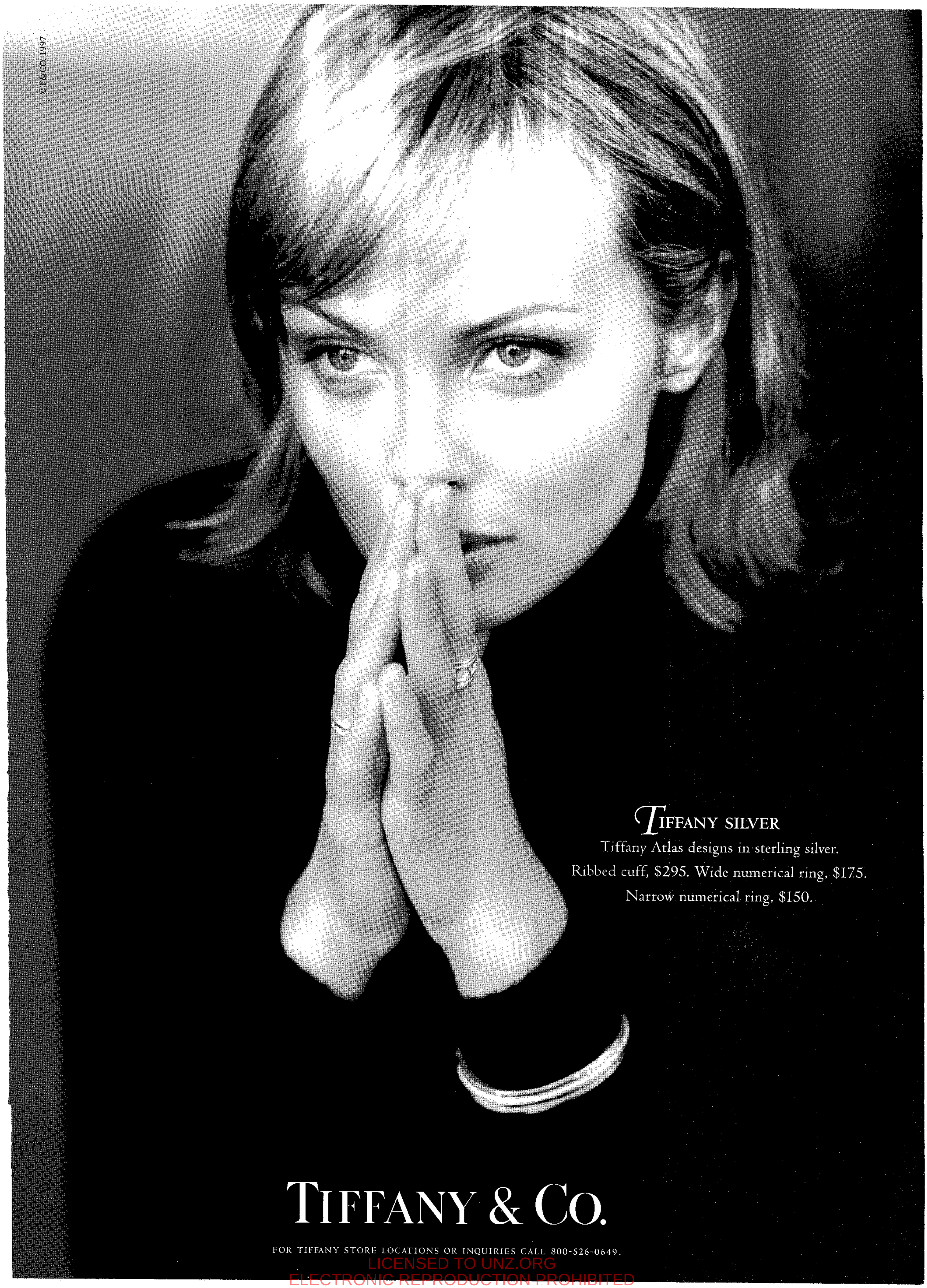
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last two weeks of June, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIII, No. 26, September 8, 1997. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



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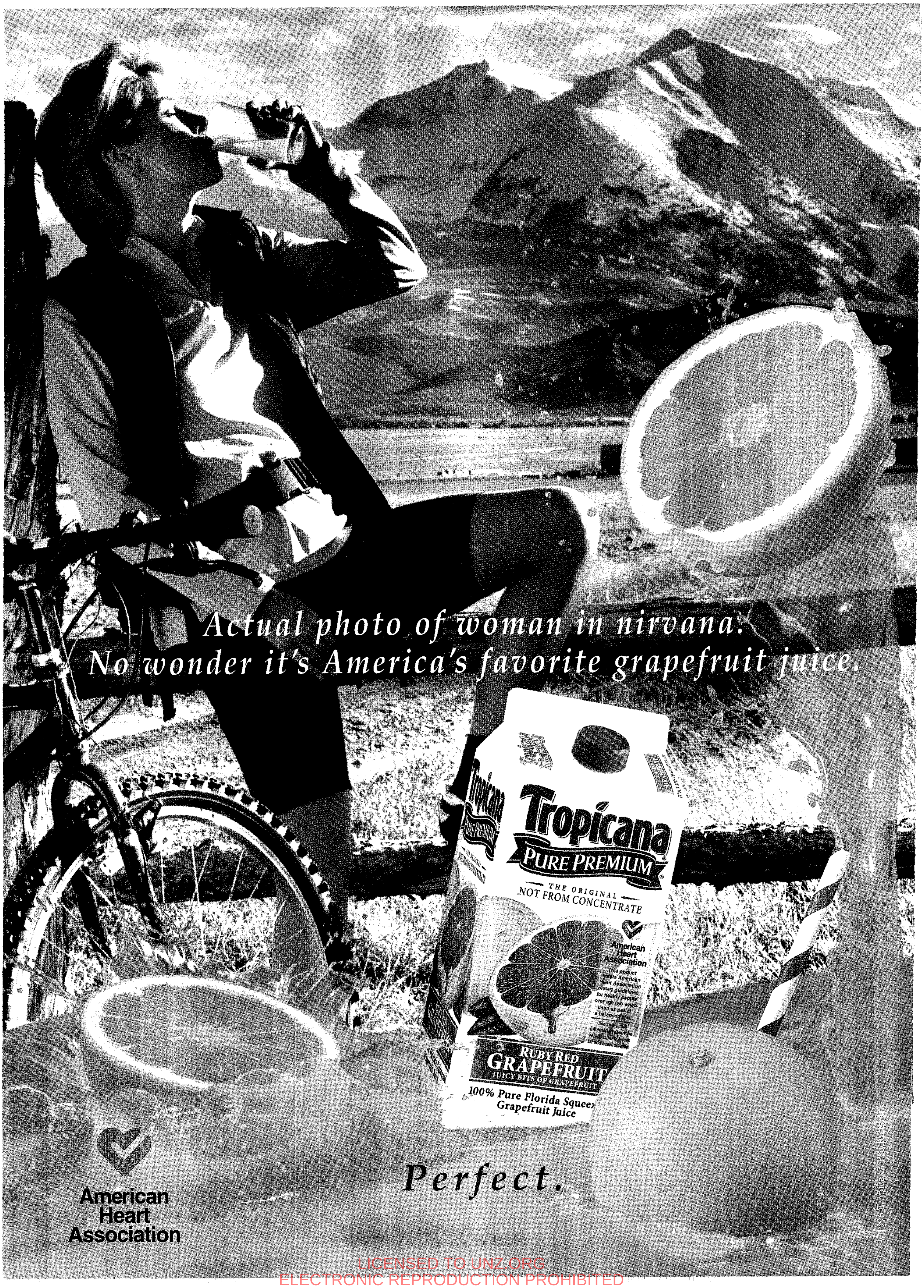
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SKY AND GROUND

What the U. P. S. strike delivered.

IN an age when commerce is increasingly digitized, moving invisibly through the ether in fractions of a second, the brown-uniformed men and women of the United Parcel Service are a quaint reminder of an earthier time. The sight of one of their loam-colored vans brings the pleasant sensation that something tangible is about to arrive. These days, though, work on the ground doesn't pay very well. Most of the U. P. S. workers who went on strike this summer earned around ten dollars an hour and worked less than forty hours a week. In the end, they got their raise. But what about the rest of America's groundworkers?

If work can be categorized by altitude, groundworkers are the lower caste. They include not only the people who deliver packages but also others at street level—cashiers, fast-food cooks, waitresses, cabdrivers, janitors, security guards, hospital orderlies, retail clerks, and parking-lot attendants—and some who work farther down, such as miners and subway workers, and a few who, like loggers and farm laborers, work directly on the soil. All have been losing ground, so to speak, for a generation, and not even the economic expansion that began in 1991 has given them much of a boost. Over the last five years, for example, U. P. S.'s profits have doubled—to comfortably more than a billion dollars last year. But the starting pay for part-time drivers hadn't budged for fifteen years. That's how it's been for most groundworkers. Since 1979, while the real incomes of the wealthiest five per cent of Americans have grown by nearly a fifth, the incomes of the bottom sixty per cent have gone nowhere. When inflation is figured in, the average hourly wage of twelve dollars and fourteen cents is actually lower than it was in 1989.

By contrast, skyworkers—management consultants, investment bankers, computer moguls, corporate lawyers, top executives (including those at U. P. S.), even some magazine editors—have been doing better and better. They spend their days high off the ground in glass-and-steel towers, send their work products across high-speed digital skyways, live where street sounds don't intrude on the fresh air and the nice views, and shop at upscale specialty and department stores like Nordstrom and Bloomingdale's, while groundworkers get grime on their hands and dust in their lungs, live closer to the noises and smells, and shop at downscale chains like Wal-Mart. (Mid-air retailers, like J. C. Penney and Macy's, are struggling to find customers.) The two altitudes, ground and sky, divide the new service economy even more sharply

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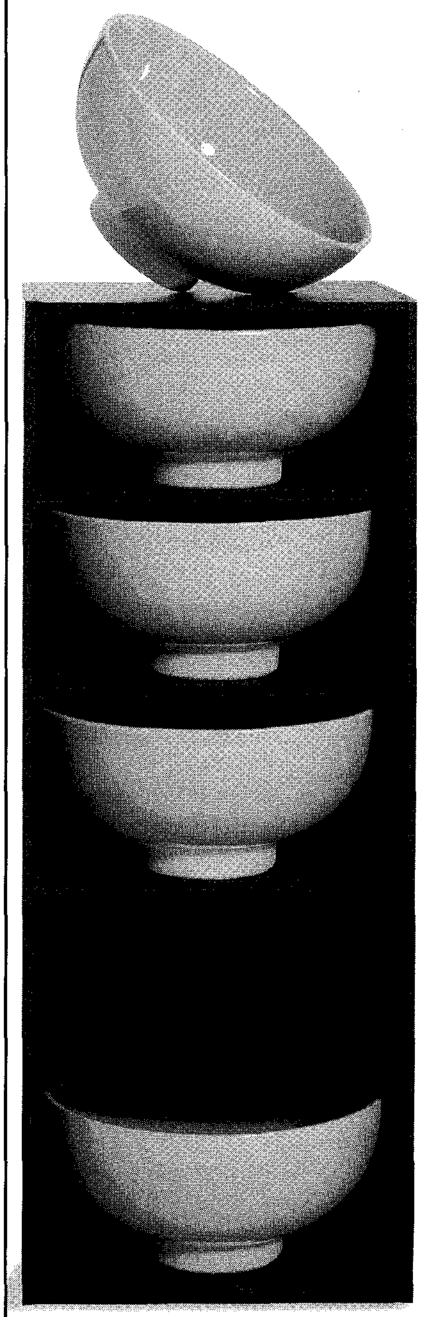

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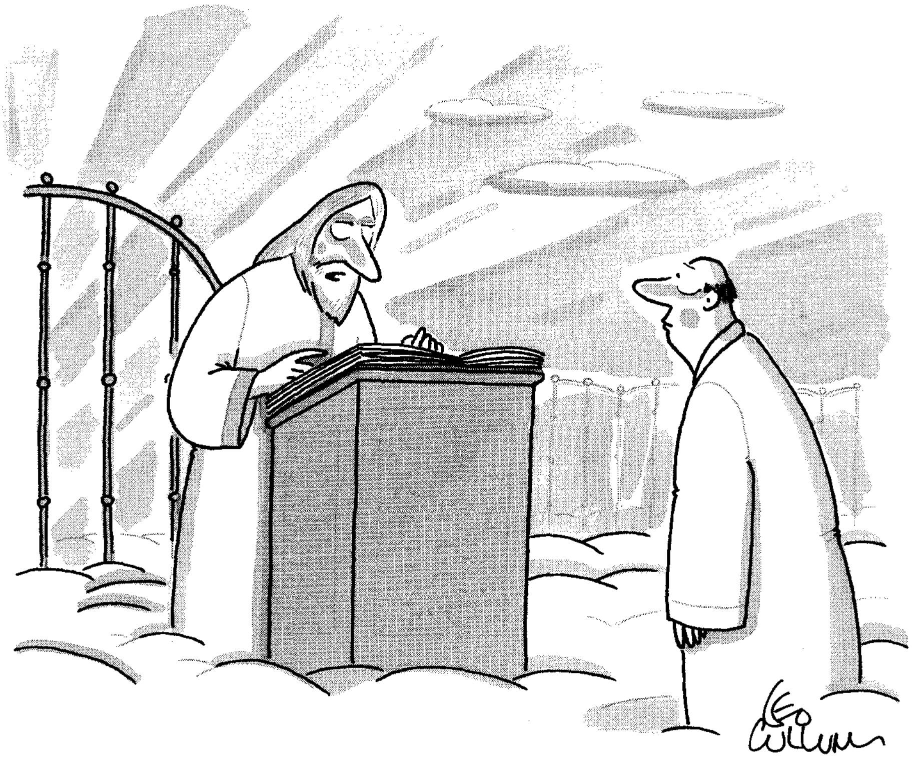


"I see here several good deeds that seem to have gone unpunished."

• •

than blue and white collars divided the old manufacturing economy. There are some moderate-flying technical and professional workers in between, but their numbers don't nearly make up for the loss of manufacturing jobs.

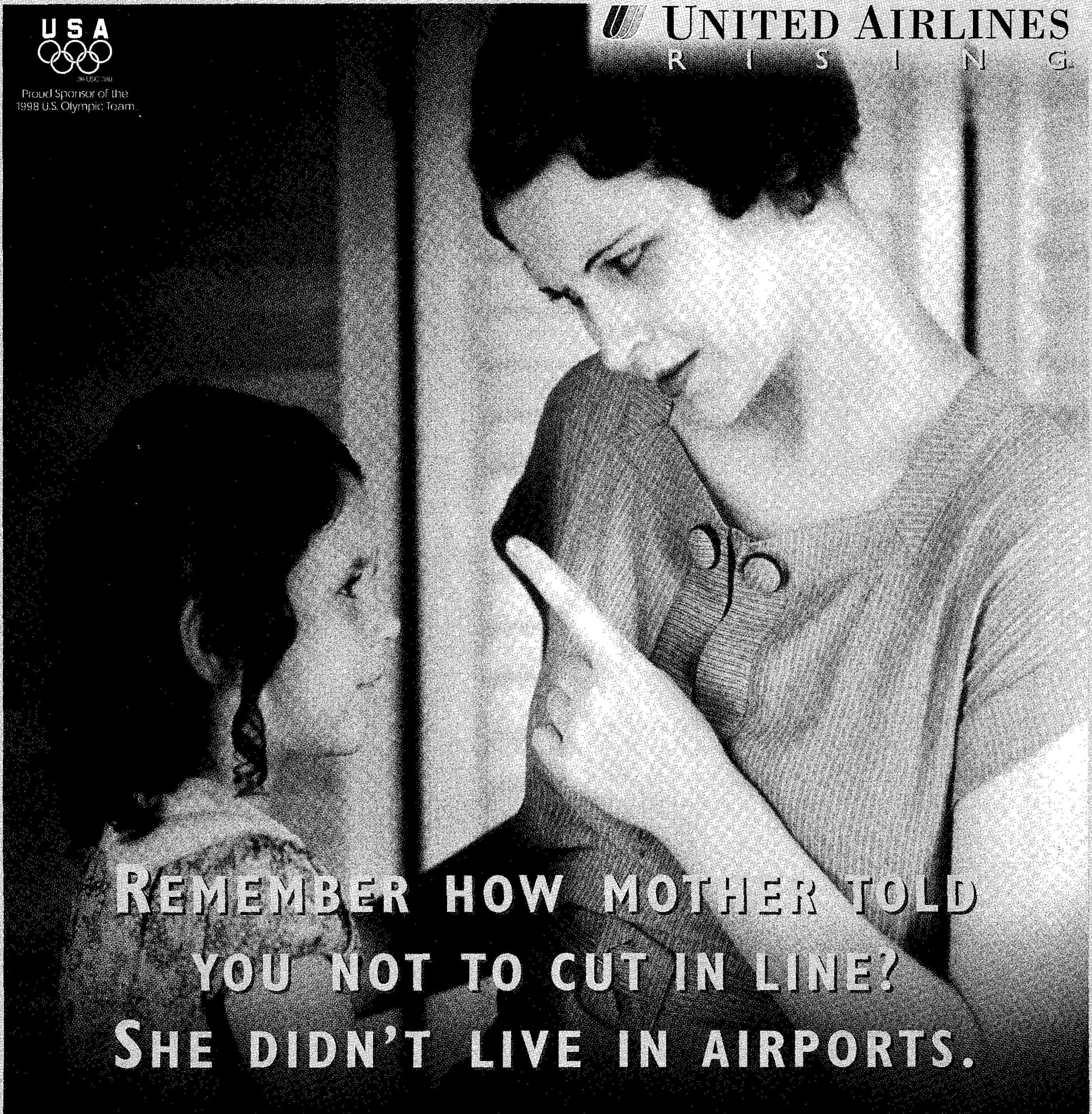
The altitudes are diverging. Skyworkers are in ever greater demand in the global-digital economy, selling their ideas and doing deals through the air, and that helps explain why their "compensation packages" (packages neither delivered by nor, needless to say, received by U.P.S. drivers) have risen sky-high. Skyworkers also own shares of stock that have soared above the stratosphere. (Since 1985, U.P.S. stock has more than quadrupled.) Groundworkers seldom own stock, and a growing share of their work can be done by computers—by automated teller machines, digital gas pumps, and computerized tollbooths, for example. Much of the rest doesn't require a lot of skill, and that helps explain why there's a surplus of groundworkers. It is still possible for someone to rise or fall, but the distances are now so large that it's rare for a groundworker to rise far enough to take off into the sky or for a skyworker to fall far enough to hit the ground, at least in one generation.

The outcome at U.P.S. looks like a victory for the ground forces. But there are reasons to be cautious before assuming that it can be a model for other unions in other settings. The Teamsters union had certain unique advantages. Some were of its own making, such as careful preparation and political surefootedness. But U.P.S. is privately held, and so has more leeway to raise hourly wages than if it were a publicly held company, worried about investment dollars' taking electronic flight if short-term profits aren't maximized. At U.P.S. the gap between sky and ground is a little smaller than it is at most other large service companies: U.P.S.'s chief executive started out as a driver, and almost all its shares are owned by current and former managers who in many instances were once hourly employees. Also, the pickup-and-delivery business itself is less vulnerable to the new world of electronic commerce than many other service businesses are. (You can order everything from steaks to shorts over the Internet without the help of a salesperson or a cashier, but a human being still has to deliver the goods.) The Teamsters' biggest advantage, perhaps, was timing: unemployment is very low (not as low as the official numbers make it out to be, but lower than it has been for many years), so for U.P.S. to replace striking workers would have been difficult, had it chosen to do so. This low level of unemployment, of course, will not last forever.

Even so, the U.P.S. settlement has a broader meaning. For the most part, groundworkers are not unionized, and the dwindling few who are have been on the defensive ever since Ronald Reagan fired the air-traffic controllers (who watched the sky from the ground). At mid-century, when America's economy revolved around manufacturing, more than a third of the workforce belonged to a union. When autoworkers, steelworkers, or chemical workers struck, or even threatened to strike, they won ever larger shares of the economy's postwar bounty. The public supported them, and unionized blue-collar workers became the nation's middle class. Today, scarcely a tenth of the private-sector workforce is unionized, and there has been scant public support for unions.

About the only way groundworkers are going to gain ground is if they organize and hang tough, and about the only way America's labor unions are going to grow is if they organize groundworkers. Organizing is hard work. The laws protecting the right to join a union are laughably weak, and some private employers find it cost-effective to flout them by arbitrarily firing workers who start talking union: the remote possibility of being ordered to pay a small fine sometime in the future is more than worth the benefit of keeping employees powerless to bargain. Even when the laws are obeyed, they provide ample opportunities for years-long delays, and such delays are usually fatal to organizing efforts. Under these circumstances, ironically, labor has a hidden advantage, and that is its own past lassitude: the union movement has hardly anywhere to go but up. And now, under the new and more vigorous leadership at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. (and at Teamsters headquarters, where the union president, Ron Carey, faces a court-ordered battle to retain his post), up is exactly where labor seems poised to go. Most of the tens of millions of groundworkers in giant hospitals, hotel chains, supermarket chains, discount stores, and fast-food chains haven't really considered joining a union. For them, the outcome at U.P.S. must glow like a big neon sign by the side of the road, advertising something brand-new: the possibility that groundworkers might rise upward by rising up.

—ROBERT B. REICH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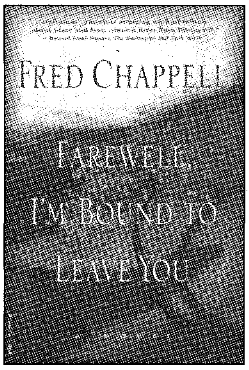

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EGOS THROUGH THE AGES

Paul Berman considers the increased public acknowledgment of writers and philanthropists as evidence of "an age of healthy egos" (Comment, "Writing on the Wall," August 4th). But the use of bylines in news stories should be seen as an example of the accountability that the modern press has taken upon itself. The days when a writer could escape public scrutiny through anonymity are long gone.

Bret I. Parker
New York City

The desire of philanthropists and others to promulgate their names has been a phenomenon for even longer than Mr. Berman realizes. Some twenty-three hundred years ago, Alexander III of Macedon, better known as "the Great," promised to supply all the funds necessary to complete construction of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus (which was later acknowledged as one of the Seven Wonders of the World) on the condition that he be credited in its dedicatory inscription. The Ephesians, cash-strapped to the point of melting down jewelry, nonetheless declined, diplomatically informing Alexander that it was "not fitting for one god to make offerings to another." Alexander had to content himself with defraying the costs of a more modest Temple of Athena at nearby Priene. The inscribed block from that temple bearing his name is now displayed prominently in the British Museum.

Kenneth D. S. Lapatin
Boston, Mass.

SELF-HELP FOR AFRICA

As a former director of the Kigali International School, in Rwanda, I am familiar with the people Philip Gourevitch writes about in "Continental Shift" (August 4th). News of a pan-African alliance is welcome, and the alliance's determination to structure the future of Africa on its own terms is long overdue. But there are contradictions that Gourevitch did not mention. Earlier this year, President Yoweri Museveni, of Uganda, said that his country "needs just two things": infrastructure and foreign investment. "The rest," he added, "we shall do by ourselves."

If by "the rest" Museveni meant the establishment of the legitimate rule of law throughout Central Africa, so that no person will ever again fear for life and property on the basis of ethnic identity, then let the construction and cash flow begin. But Museveni's call for foreign investment and similar calls from the Congo's new President, Laurent Desiré Kabila, are, in another sense, baffling: There is plenty of evidence to attest to the failure of donor aid. The best help is hired help, and the best capital is that secured by collateral. Kabila has the intellectual and economic resources to do the job himself.

Thomas Kirkpatrick
Oak Bluffs, Mass.

SPACKMAN'S STUDENT

John Updike's piece on the novels of W. M. Spackman (Books, August 4th) reminded me of when Spackman was my classics professor, at the University of Colorado in the fall of 1952. He frequently failed to appear for class and, when he did, would excuse his absences by saying he had been buried in proofs for "Heyday." Disdaining conventional Latin textbooks, in three weeks or so he took us through fifteen densely packed mimeographed sheets he had written, and then plunged us directly into Catullus and Ovid. Spackman did not return in the spring. I often wondered whether he had been fired for his many absences or had resigned to pursue his literary career. Either way, he was the archetypal fifties professor: tweedy, acerbic, casually brilliant—one of those professors one still remembers vividly forty-five years later.

Robert Ellwood
Los Angeles, Calif.

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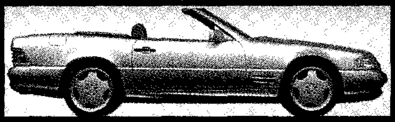

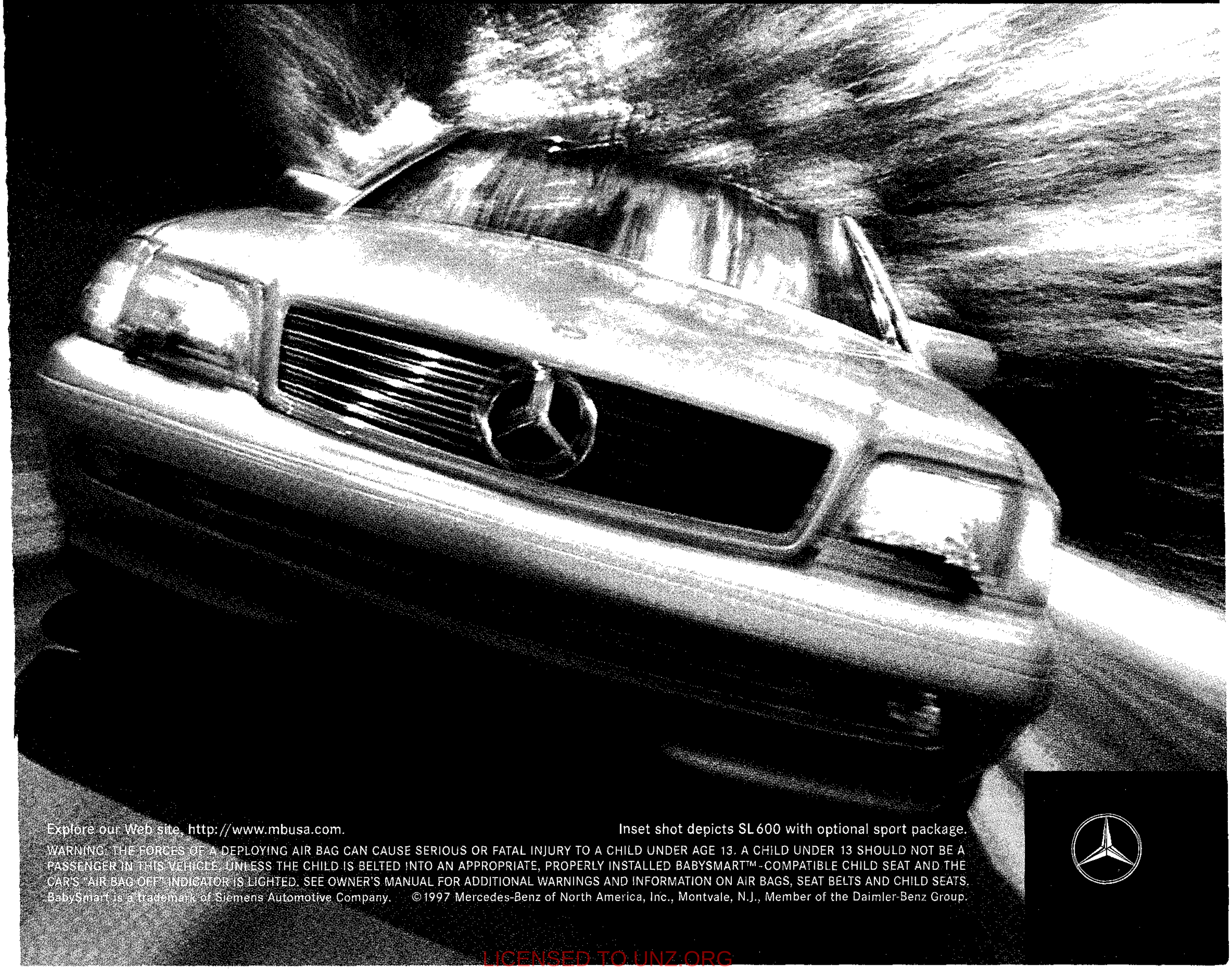

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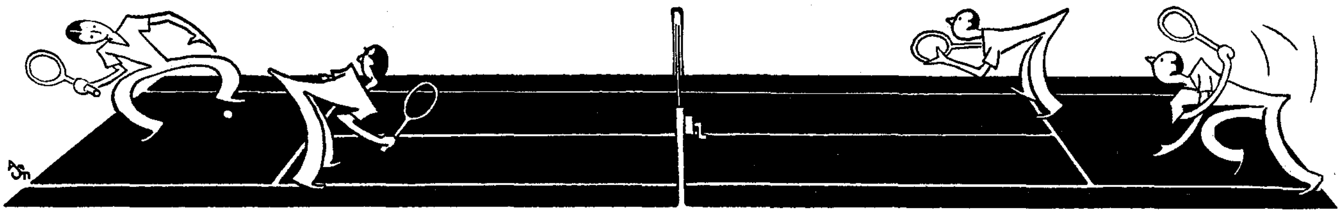
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

And the Sky Can Still Fall on Our Heads—An evening of one-acts, by Antonin Artaud, Michael LeLand, and Dennis Moritz. Opens Sept. 4 at 7:30 and continues through Sept. 28. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167.)

Broadway on Broadway—A free outdoor concert of numbers from both current and upcoming Broadway musicals, starring Ruben Blades, Robert Cuccioli, Linda Eder, David Alan Grier, Marilu Henner, Lucy Lawless, Marcia Lewis, Faith Prince, Brent Spiner, Lillias White, and others. Sept. 7 at noon. (Broadway between 43rd and 45th Sts.)

The Evil Spell of the Butterfly—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's version of García Lorca's 1920 fable, in which the actors portray insects. Preview on Sept. 3. Opens Sept. 4 at 8. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Hard Times—A stage adaptation of Dickens's novel by Stephen Jeffreys is the season opener for the Pearl Theatre Company. In previews through Sept. 7. Opens Sept. 8 at 7. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

Hello and Goodbye—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's 1965 drama, about a family living under apartheid, in a Rattlestick staging directed by Howard Meyer. In previews through Sept. 7. Opens Sept. 9 at 8. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

The Marital Bliss of Francis and Maxine—A couple of nineteen-twenties radio stars leading double lives plan an on-the-air publicity marriage, in a musical conceived by and starring Bill Torres and Fay Simpson. Preview on Sept. 4. Opens Sept. 5 at 8 and continues through Sept. 14. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 665-8223.)

Miracle Mile—In his one-man show, Clark Middleton recounts the highs and lows of his battle with rheumatoid arthritis. Opens Sept. 7 at 8 and continues through Sept. 28. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 358-5041.)

Plunge—A new comedy by Christopher Kyle, about four college friends whose country reunion takes an unconvivial turn, is the season's first offering from Playwrights Horizons. Ron Lagomarsino is the director. In previews. (416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Strictly Dishonorable—The Target Margin Theatre's Lost American Classics season begins with a 1929 stage comedy by Preston Sturges, set in a New York City speakeasy. Opens Sept. 3 at 8. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Not quite a revue, not quite a play, this spirited and Nashville-slick celebration of the late, great country singer is, rather, a streamlined song-delivery device: Tori Lynn Palazola, who plays Cline, sings twenty-one songs in a mere two hours. The show is based on Cline's relationship with a fan in Houston, played with large-hearted gusto by Margo Martindale. Palazola doesn't sound exactly like Patsy, but she's good at doing Patsy, and more than good when it comes to the slower numbers. The unsung, as it were, heroes of the production are the six members of the backup band, titans of twang all. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

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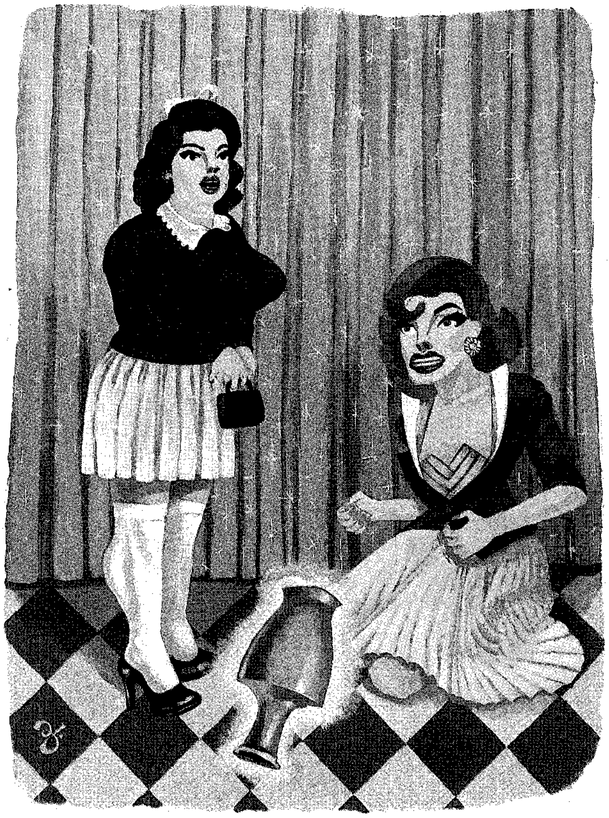


Varla Jean Merman and Lypsinka, starring in "Lypsinka Is Harriet Craig," a TWEED *production.*

ZOHAR LAZAR

Annie—Can the powerhouse waif find another bonanza in this twentieth-anniversary revival of her Broadway musical? With eight-year-old Brittny Kissinger wearing the red fright wig, anything is possible: no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the New York public. Directed by Martin Charnin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Bees in Honey Drown—In Douglas Carter Beane's comic indictment of America's obsession with fame, J. Smith-Cameron is hilarious as a cultural arbiter whose fabricated personality is, as an adoring Saks salesman (the delightful T. Scott Cunningham) puts it, "a mixture of every woman I've ever loved in a movie." The script, which has been given a vivid production by the Drama Dept., is a gleeful bon mot-filled éclair whose satirical power sours only when, every once in a while, it takes itself too seriously. With Bo Foxworth, as the young novelist who falls under Smith-Cameron's spell. Mark Brokaw directed. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer's rich, unmiked voice hits every note of sarcasm and self-loathing in William Luce's rambunctious script as he perfectly captures the grief behind the old ham's gallant frivolity. Well directed by Gene Saks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—A sexy gambler on the skids (Joseph Bologna) returns the zing to the lives of two elderly women, a Jew (Renee Taylor) and a Catholic (Nanette Fabray), whose sullen daughters have put them out to pasture in a Las Vegas retirement home. Audience members unfamiliar with the husband-and-wife playwright-actors Taylor and Bologna may think they've stumbled into the couple's monthly fan-club meeting at this silly farce, which traffics in the kind of cookie-cutter stereotypes that rate high on the matinée-crowd yuk-o-meter. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company presents its latest revue, "@Chicago City Limits.comedy." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

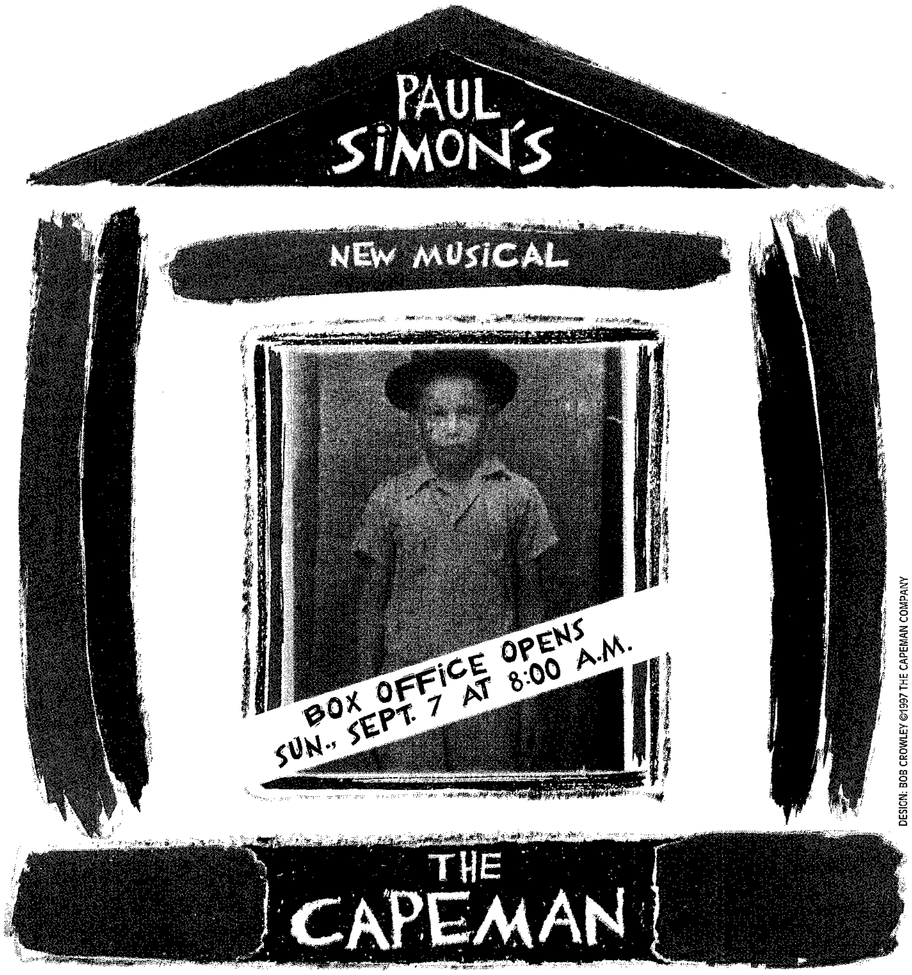
Forever Tango—This stepchild of Vegas and Buenos Aires gets everything right, from the basic ingredients (sex, pomade) to the big emotions (e.g., the weltschmerz of the bandonion players). One after another, the acrobatic couples flaunt their scissor steps with lubricious joy. But the real treat is the character dancing: it's a big surprise to encounter so many styles—suave, measured, sleazy, torrid, muscular, slapstick—and such a variety of song-length mini-dramas. Created and directed by Luis Bravo. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—Writer-director Moisés Kaufman renders the playwright's trials from edited transcripts, interposing passages from letters, Wilde's writings, and other people's memoirs and commentaries. The result, thanks to Kaufman's clever (if occasionally self-indulgent) direction and a strong, versatile cast—especially Michael Emerson, in the title role—is powerful and surprisingly theatrical. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's memory play, about a young woman (Jayne Atkinson) who comes of age too quickly under the tutelage of her pedophile uncle (Bruce Davison), is a clear-eyed marvel, and the Vineyard Theatre has given it a beautifully spare and lucid production. With insight

RUBEN BLADES MARC ANTHONY
EDNITA NAZARIO

IN



PAUL SIMON'S

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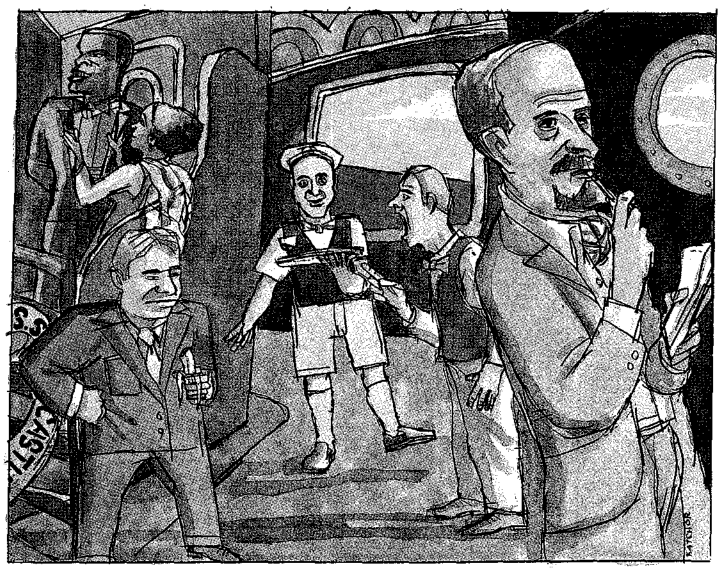
MARQUIS THEATRE BROADWAY & 46TH STREET and humor, Vogel opens up a subject previously narrowed by fury, voyeurism, and melodrama. Mark Brokaw directed. (Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Enjoyable bombast, loosely based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel. With music by Frank Wildhorn, lyrics and a book by Leslie Bricusse, and solid direction by Robin Phillips. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/97.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—In this romantic comedy of manners, set in Atlanta in 1939, Alfred Uhry stays true to a Southern sense of propriety: he takes on an unsavory topic (anti-Semitism among the Jewish upper crust) without dwelling on it long enough to offend anyone, and, like a practiced host, he shows you a good time without taxing you. Ron Lagomarsino directed. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)



Tom Stoppard's "Rough Crossing," in a Jean Cocteau Rep staging.

The Life—This new musical, about the oldest profession in Times Square (before it became known as the new Times Square) and the men who profit from its practitioners, is a cynical, poisonous concoction, featuring phony funk, fake blues, overcooked pop, and a cartoonish, insulting book. The cast includes some good singers, notably Lillias White and Pamela Isaacs. (5/12/97) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Lypsinka Is Harriet Craig—The drag artistes Lypsinka (in her first major speaking role) and Varla Jean Merman join forces in a song-and-dance version of the 1950 Joan Crawford film "Harriet Craig." (Mother, 432 W. 14th St., at Washington St. 366-5680. Closes Sept. 28.)

Mass Appeal—A revival by the Irish Repertory Theatre of Bill C. Davis's 1980 play, about a popular if not particularly religious priest (Tony Coleman) who must cope with a seminarian (Paul McGrane) whose intellectual passion overwhelms his humanity. The story of what each man teaches the other is a familiar one, but it's told well and with humor. And, because it's about priests, the play also explores vexed questions about faith and compassion and power, intelligently enough to give the evening some real depth. The two actors give strong performances under the deft direction of Charlotte Moore. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes Sept. 7.)

Mere Mortals—David Ives, who created the wonderful "All in the Timing," has lately changed his tune to "All in the Recycling": only two of the six short plays here are new. They are, however, Ives at his clever best. "Time Flies" is about the short life of two mayflies—only one day to grow up and get it on before going to the great beyond—and the two actors who play them, Anne O'Sullivan and Arnie Burton, are perfectly buggy. "Dr. Fritz; or, The Forces of Light" is a piece of insanity set somewhere south of the border, and Nancy Opel, woman of a hundred lunatic accents (she was simply terrific in "All in the Timing"), gives an inspired performance as a *loca* local and as a mad German doctor. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream and **The Taming of the Shrew**—Gorilla Rep's free outdoor stagings of Shakespeare's plays run in repertory—"Dream" on Thursdays and Saturdays, "Shrew" on Fridays and Sundays—through Sept. 21, in the southwest corner of Washington Square Park. (For more information, call 807-4999.)

Misalliance—Shaw's 1910 comedy, in a Roundabout Theatre staging directed by David Warren. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Rough Crossing—Jean Cocteau Rep launches its new season with Tom Stoppard's 1984 farce, based on Ferenc Molnár's 1925 "The Play in the Castle." It takes place aboard a steamship bound from Southampton to New York, where two theatrical partners (Craig Smith and Harris Berlinsky) are to open their new musical comedy, "The Cruise of the Dodo." A dramaturgically inclined cabin steward (Christopher Black), an unfinished second act, and a triangle involving the composer (Tim Deak) and the musical's libidinous stars (Elise Stone and Charles Parnell) keep the waters roiling. The talented cast's renditions of Stoppard's songs (with original music for this production by Ellen Mandel) are highlights. Scott Shattuck directed. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

1776—The 1969 musical by Sherman Edwards (music and lyrics) and Peter Stone (book). Directed by Scott Ellis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Titanic—Though this musical about history's most tragic maiden voyage contains no small number of historical and theatrical misjudgments, it nevertheless manages to take you very close to the heart of the matter—the enormity of the disaster and its heartbreaking human details—and it qualifies as a genuine addition to American musical theatre. Richard Jones, who directed, and Stewart Laing, who designed the sets, have established an operatic atmosphere that minimizes the flaws in Peter Stone's book and Maury Yeston's music and lyrics; miraculously, the show steers clear of both the Scylla of camp and the Charybdis of bad taste, and the result is an evening that's both sombre and joyful, grave and entertaining. John Cunningham appears as Captain Smith, David Garrison as the chairman of the White Star Line, and—most memorably—Brian d'Arcy James as a stoker, Martin Moran as a wireless operator, and Victoria Clark as a celebrity-obsessed second-class passenger. (5/12/97) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.

DANCE

Pilar Rioja—The *reina* of Spanish dance celebrates a quarter century of New York seasons with a range of work, from "La Monja Gitana," based on a García Lorca poem about a nun reminded of her Gypsy childhood, to her latest piece (in a more secular vein), "Orgía." (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Sept. 3-4, Sept. 7, and Sept. 9 at 7, and Sept. 5 at 8. Through Sept. 14.)

"The Poe Project"—Butoh dancer Min Tanaka has created a full-length work that alternates his solos with pieces he has choreographed for a group of eight American dancers. The script, which the dancers recite in time to their movement, was written by Susan Sontag, based on short stories of Edgar Allan Poe. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 3-7 at 9.)

"Brand New Dance"—Dance curators Yoshiko Chuma and Sarah Michelson kick off the fall season at Dixon Place with a fresh batch of premières and works in progress from five choreographers: Paula Hunter, Luis Lara and Jeremy Nelson, Glen Rumsey, and Cydney Wilkes. Hunter—who will follow this engagement with a performance next week at Dance Theatre Workshop of her memoir play "Mounting Evidence"—warms up here with "Decidedly for Daddy," a blend of dance with reminiscences about her eccentric father, a newspaper reporter in small-town Michigan. (He would make the children stand on their heads after dinner in the belief that the practice, in directing nourishment to their eyeballs, would help alleviate the family myopia.) Through most of her monologue, Hunter carries around a silent man—inescapably, a father figure—in a way that underlines her struggle with these burdens. The piece, she says, is about "this American notion of inventing yourself—which you can't really do." (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088. Sept. 6 at 8.)

BEN KATCHOR

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Epitaph Summer Nationals—A convocation of dimestore punk. Sept. 3: Amphetamine-fueled punk and ska featuring Pennywise, H_2O, and Down by Law. Sept. 4: More noise with NOFX, New Bomb Turks, and Wayne Kramer. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 307-7171. Doors open at 6.)

CMJ MusicFest '97—The kickoff concert of this annual indie-rock festival. (Just about all the performances listed in Clubs this week are CMJ-related.) Even if it's clear that techno isn't going to single-handedly revive the music business (we've got Jewel for that), this lineup of knob twirlers—including the unstoppable Aphex Twin (a.k.a. Richard James), the Crystal Method, Daft Punk, and Death in Vegas—is sure to dial up some extremely high-tech grooves. The odd group out is the Sneaker Pimps, a real band that's in many respects a nineties version of the Sugarcubes (minus the supertalented lead singer). (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Sept. 3 at 9.)

Donald Harrison—This saxophonist was one of the first members of the early-eighties New Orleans jazz diaspora to hit New York. With his plangent tone and pedal-to-the-floor momentum, he made himself right at home. (World Financial Center Plaza, West St. at Liberty St. Sept. 4 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Catherine Wheel—Above-average alternative rock of the raging-noise-sublime-quiet variety. With Feline. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Sept. 5 at 3.)

Kill Rock Stars Showcase—Another CMJ bill, featuring performances by the cream of this Portland, Oregon, indie outfit: Elliot Smith, an ascending singer-songwriter in the bleak-and-beautiful mold; the emotive Boston folksinger Mary Lou Lord; and the long-suffering Glaswegian pop band the Pastels. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Sept. 5 at 7.)

Joe Walsh—Unlike Neil Young, that other long-haired, guitar-slinging, songwriting, droopy-jeans-wearing throwback, Walsh has never meant much to today's hipsters. Don't worry about it. He's still sitting pretty from his days with the Eagles, and he's still a great guitarist and showman. Respect must be paid. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 5 at 8.)

The Blues Music Festival—A guitar catharsis, courtesy of B. B. King, the Robert Cray Band, Tower of Power, and rock legend J. Geils. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. Sept. 6 at 6:30.)

Beth Orton—This year's indie-rock cause célèbre is a singer-songwriter from rural England who invests her shrewdly observed material with real depth and sorrow. Until now, Orton had been best known for the lovely performance she turned in on "Alive Alone," from the Chemical Brothers' début album (the other guest vocalist was Noel Gallagher, from Oasis). But her recent release, "Trailer Park," is no longer a secret. (Westbeth Theatre Center. Sept. 6 at 8.)

Gipsy Kings—Talent runs in the family of this seven-man band, all of whose members—authentic Gypsies from France—are related. Led by the plaintive vocals of Nicolas Reyes and the rollicking guitar of Tonino Baliardo, the Kings have dominated the world-music charts for the past seven years with their fiery flamenco. Last year, they displayed an enticingly dreamy side on their album "Tierra Gitana"; the journey continues this year on their new disk, "Compas." (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 6-7 at 8.)

Jonathan Fireater—If Eddie Munster had grown up listening to the Cramps and living on the Lower East Side, he might be making the sort of music that these black-clad night crawlers do. Open caskets, embalmed hands, and undertakers are three typical subjects. (Westbeth Theatre Center. Sept. 6. Doors open at 10:30.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

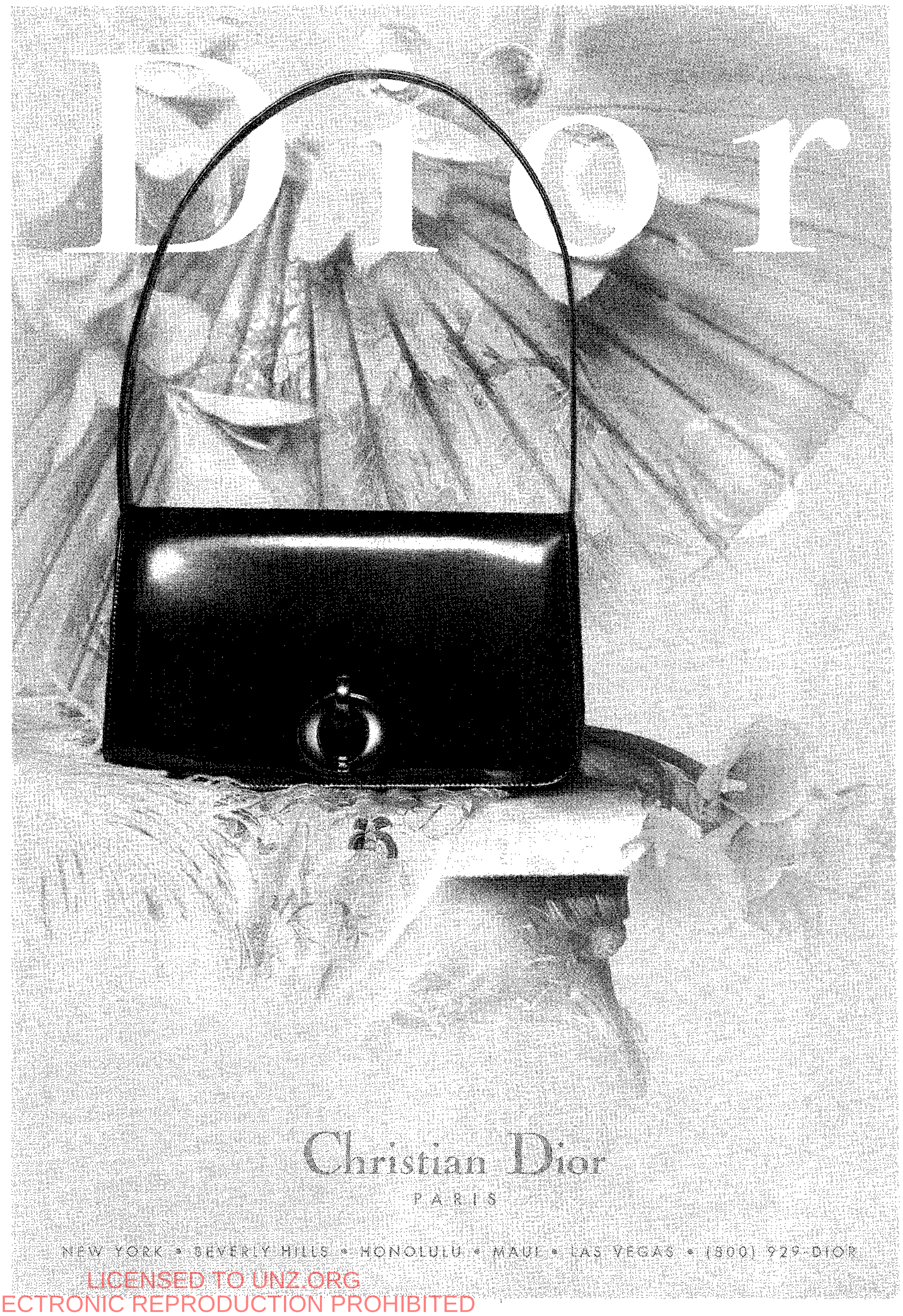
Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE BUDD** begins a three-week run in the Oak Room on Sept. 9. Dining.

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—From serious jazzman to pop artist and back again, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** (Sept. 9-10) has pulled off one of the rare third acts in American culture. His skilled, high-velocity blowing will be bolstered by the able pianist (and Gerry Mulligan vet) **TED ROSENTHAL** and his trio. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through Sept. 7: **KENNY BURRELL AND THE JAZZ HERITAGE ALL-STARS** and the **TERENCE BLANCHARD** quintet. The ever-tasteful Burrell isn't the most galvanic of guitarists, but there's always been enough dirt under his fingernails to inject even the most careful of runs with the sweet funk of the blues. The All-Stars are a mélange of the recognized and the somewhat overlooked. Familiar names include the celebrated pianist Sir Roland Hanna, *Über*-bassist Ray Drummond, trombonist Steve Turre, and vocalist Vanessa Rubin. The valuable but lesser-known players are trumpeter Jimmy Owens, reedman Jerome Richardson, and drummer Sherman Ferguson. As for Blanchard, he's the only mainstream trumpeter who can make Wynton Marsalis sweat. His bands are invariably spunky and well oiled. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **PETER MINTUN** is in charge at the Bemelmans Bar.

Citron 47, at 401 W. 47th St. (397-4747)—A comfy living-room bistro in Hell's Kitchen. The **CHUCK WILSON** trio is out to show that Monday nights aren't just for big bands. Swing saxophonist Wilson's chamber-jazz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threesome includes guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN**, a master of pre-bop idioms, and bassist **MURRAY WALL**. Dining.

Druids, 736 10th Ave., at 50th St. (307-6410)—Dark and neighborhoody atmosphere; bar-and-grill fare. A break from big bands at the start of the workweek is welcome, and **WEBBER'S WAILERS**—bassist and guitarist John Webber, organist Mike LeDonne, drummer Joe Farnsworth, and either Eric Alexander or Doug Lawrence, who alternate on tenor sax—is another ensemble intent on making Monday nights safe again for small groups.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—The **ART FARMER** sextet is in through Sept. 7. Urbanity has its place even in jazz's spontaneous and emotional universe. By picking the perfect notes, placing them exactly where they should go, and burnishing each one, brassman Farmer has made virtues out of control and calculation. His sophisticated, economical playing distills bop down to a purely lyrical state. The only bumptious aspect of his art is the name of his instrument: the flumpert, a flugelhorn-trumpet hybrid. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL**.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Pianist **PIERRE HUREL** and bassist **JONATHAN ROBINSON** are in through Sept. 6.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Through Sept. 13: Broadway vocalist **ANN DUQUESNAY**, in a tribute to Billie Holiday. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night. Sept. 3: The **SAM YAHEL ORGAN QUARTET**, featuring **RYAN KISOR** and **ERIC ALEXANDER**. Yahel mans the instrument that refuses to say die—the electric organ. Together with brisk trumpeter Kisor and saxophonist Alexander, he makes sure that the great jazz-blues-funk mélange of the sixties is with us still. Sept. 4: The **MYRON WALDEN** trio. Stocked to the gills with exciting players, the **JASON LINDNER BIG BAND** holds court every Monday.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. More polished these days, but no less impetuous, twentysomething altoist **ANTONIO HART** (through Sept. 7) is diligently nailing down a stylistic identity and a cohesive group sound. Starting Sept. 9: The **ANDY BEY** trio. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks and feels like a classic jazz club: subterranean and thick with the spirits of past masters. Currently, the **TOMMY FLANAGAN** trio is in for two weeks. Now close to seventy, Flanagan presides over all of jazz piano. Of a poetic cast, he unreels endlessly supple lines, paying them out at whatever speed they demand. He likes to spread the melody out in chords in the first chorus, then compress the song into brand-new single-note improvisations that contain sudden ascending arpeggios, beautiful little countermelodies, and patches of mock double time. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. Sept. 4: The **GREG TARDY** quintet. The playing field won't ever be so crowded as to prevent another ardent and rapidly maturing tenor saxophonist like Tardy from being welcome. Sept. 5-6: Pianist **DAVE KIKOSKI** and violinist **MIRI BEN-ARI**.

TABLES FOR TWO

Savann, 414 Amsterdam Ave., at 80th St. (580-0202)—A bistro is a hard sort of place to define these days. But at this nearly two-year-old Upper West Side café it's easy to recognize the uncomplicated, earthy approach to food that the French once cornered the market on. A storefront space crammed with one too many paper-topped tables loaded with big white plates, Savann has exposed-brick walls decorated with a few gilt-framed mirrors and black-and-white photographs, a mop-topped, angst-ridden maître d', and waiters who at least grin as they ignore your wave. The place teems with eardrum-rattling conversation and, occasionally, fragrant clouds of smoke from the tiny open kitchen, all stirred together by a slow ceiling fan. Diners take the hubbub in stride because the food is delicious and ridiculously affordable.

The menu, like the wine list, is small and navigable, a modern, Mediterranean-influenced array of satisfyingly full-bodied food. You can start with cornmeal-crusted oysters with celery-root purée, or chunks of lobster on a baby-spinach salad with a port-and-lemon sauce, or a cold asparagus soup in which a sharp goat-cheese dumpling and sweet enoki mushrooms have been submerged. There's a tasty grilled leg of lamb and a nice hanger steak, and the fish is consistently fine. The fat sautéed sea scallops, accompanied by a cheese-rich corn-and-red-pepper pudding and wilted frisée, are particularly succulent. But, as at any good bistro, the proof is in the poussin: the one here is juicy perfection under its crispy skin, and it comes with a comforting mushroom risotto, heady with thyme and scattered with sweet little red onions and a sugary dice of glazed squash.

If you can't possibly make room for a dessert, have the sorbet anyway. Otherwise, you can tuck into the dreamy chocolate fondant, warm and squishy under chocolate sauce and vanilla ice cream. (Open daily for dinner. Entrées $14.50-$17.)

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Through Sept. 6: Saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS**, and bassist **SANTI DI BRIANO**. Dining.

ROCK, ETC.

Arlene Grocery, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—A narrow, dimly lit renovated bodega that's the perfect generic environment for three to five unknown bands each night trying to escape obscurity. The energy generated has drawn a lot of higher-profile acts down to check out the scene and (sometimes) play unannounced sets.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE** hold forth on Sept. 4. A "Required Listening" evening (Sept. 5) features up-and-comers **KAMI LYLE**, the **BLAZERS**, the **GOURDS**, and **LES SAMPOU**.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. Sept. 4: High-end modern rock with the **GERALDINE FIBBERS** and **RAILROAD JERK**. Sept. 6: The postmodern metal of **UNSANE**.

Chez Es Saada, 42 E. 1st St. (777-5617)—The improbably grand tiled staircase brings you down to a basement transformed by scattered rose petals and golden light into the secret Tangier of Burroughs and Bowles. North African-flavored bistro fare is served throughout, d.j.s play everything from nineteen-fifties Egyptian 45s to up-to-the-minute Moroccan *chaiba* dance music, and you can slouch on a hassock and sip a vintage cocktail. For all the glamour, though, the owners are determined to maintain a neighborhood atmosphere, easygoing and friendly.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dedicated to the music of the Windy City. On Sept. 5, **C. J. CHENIER**, son of Clifton, the legendary king of zydeco, carries on the family name.

Coney Island High, 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959)—On Sept. 6, **JOEY RAMONE**, leader of the band that could never break up, hosts his "Blitzkrieg Bash II," featuring **DEE DEE RAMONE**, **RONNIE SPECTOR**, **SONNY VINCENT**, the **PRISSTEENS**, the **INDEPENDENTS**, and **WAYNE KRAMER**.

Continental, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is SqueezeBox, a vinyl-and-velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Misstress Formika.

Downtime, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. On Sept. 3, **SKELETON KEY** is on hand for an acoustic set with **BETTIE SERVEERT** and the **SMOKING POPES**. The **MINGUS BIG BAND**, a fourteen-piece ensemble that concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its inspiration, the late bassist and composer, still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Sept. 3: **G. LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE**, a dynamite trio from Philadelphia that plays amazingly loose and swinging rap songs—funky odes to John Lee Hooker, hoops, beer, and other lowdown pleasures. Sept. 4: Indie stalwart **SUPERCHUNK** preaches to the converted. Sept. 5: **MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?** These space-age stowaways from Alabama play lo-fi surf punctuated with sci-fi samples from the fifties; in the past they have toured with a theremin and a six-foot-tall tesla coil. With **SKELETON KEY**, whose front man, Erik Sanko, has worked with such desperadoes as John Lurie, Gavin Friday, and John Waite; his

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own band's raunchy material sounds a bit like Nirvana meets Tom Waits. Sept. 6: **TANYA DONNELLY,** lead muse of Belly, is joined by fellow New Englander **JULIANA HATFIELD.** (See the Thread Waxing Space.) . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—One of the most consistently interesting rock bands hovering on the edge of stardom, **CORNERSHOP** (Sept. 3) mixes high-octane Brit-pop songwriting with brightly curried Bollywood trimmings. Sept. 4: Having waited for a break as big as their talent, the **DANDY WARHOLS** finally got it recently when the Day-Glo photographer David LaChapelle made a hysterical video (his first) with them. The **HIGH LLAMAS,** also on the bill, bring a quirky, Brian Wilsonish preoccupation to their wonderful songs. Sept. 5: The **DAMBUILDERS,** one of New York's most underappreciated bands, deliver melodic rock that brings to mind the long-lost pleasures of the Waitresses. With **CINNAMON,** whose waifish female singer and candy-coated New Wave sound make them the next best thing to the Cardigans. The Duluth trio known as **LOW** (Sept. 6) specializes in high-impact emotion without histrionics; a Low guitar solo can often be just a methodically strummed single note. Also playing is the polished and captivating Oregon duo the **SPINANES,** featuring the burnished vocal hues of Rebecca Gates (see the Thread Waxing Space). Sept. 7: Nicole Blackman presents an evening of d.j.s and word-association poetry.

The Mingus Big Band, performing Thursday nights at Fez.

RICHARD MERKIN

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side blues. Sept. 4: **SUGAR BLUE,** whose harp work (most famously on the Stones' "Miss You") has earned him the sobriquet Jimi Hendrix of the Harmonica.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—A medium-sized, brick-walled haven of a back room where, no matter who's onstage, the listening is a pleasure. Sept. 4: **TUSCADERO,** D.C.'s favorite coed combo; **STARRY EYES,** the noise-pop progeny of Velocity Girl; and the Chicago jump band the **MIGHTY BLUE KINGS.** On Sept. 5, Minty Fresh, the savvy Chicago-based indie label that introduced the Cardigans to the United States, shows off its wares with sets by the **ORANGE PEELS, DOKTOR COSMOS,** the **LEGENDARY JIM RUIZ GROUP,** and the utterly irresistible popsters **PAPAS FRITAS.**

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, and a horse trailer has been converted into a bar. It's just about the best free house in town.

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Dining.

SPY BAR, 101 Greene St., between Prince and Spring Sts. (343-9000)—Sept. 3: A rare comeback gig by **JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS** and an Iggy Pop tribute, with the ubiquitous **JOEY RAMONE** (see Coney Island High), **NADA SURF,** and others.

THREAD WAXING SPACE, 476 Broadway (966-9520)—Sept. 3: The gloomy, melancholic sounds of **DAMON AND NAOMI** (formerly of Galaxie 500) highlight a Magic Eye Records lineup. Sept. 5 is an alternative acoustic night, starring **MARK EITZEL,** one of our finest poets of tenderloin passion and despair, **REBECCA GATES,** of the Spinanes (see the Knitting Factory), Australian teen savant **BEN LEE,** and the coy and supple-voiced **JULIANA HATFIELD.**

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Sept. 3: New York art-noise stars **BLONDE REDHEAD.** On Sept. 4, the impenetrable, experimental Drag City record label presents a sixteen-band revue, featuring **WILL OLDHAM, JIM O'ROURKE, GASTR DEL SOL, SMOG, EDITH FROST,** and **ROYAL TRUX.** Sept. 5: The snappy Amsterdam quartet **BETTIE SERVEERT** plays deeply satisfying garage rock with a lean, let's-make-a-record-in-a-day sound, and the Lower East Side's **MADDER ROSE** concocts appealingly dark, boho post-punk. **CHAVEZ** (Sept. 6), a kind of indie-rock supergroup, features former members of Live Skull and Bullet LaVolta. The band is best heard live; its canny, artful intensity provides arena-size bliss.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Sept. 4: A bill of Americana with former pugilist **PAUL THORN** and the yodelling cowboy **DON WALSER.** Sept 6: Ninja Tunes, a label specializing in d.j.-driven exotica, presents **COLDCUT, KID KOALA,** and **DJ FOOD.**

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist," a comprehensive retrospective of the Chicago-based painter (1897-1983) of moral rot and deliquescent flesh. The works are far removed from modernist taste, and their hamminess can be tiresome, especially in such a large dose, but they certainly stand out. Remember the 1945 M-G-M version of "The Picture of Dorian Gray"? It was Albright who provided the picture, a grotesque masterpiece that is one of the highlights of this show. His work is icky but compelling, and this is one of the Met's best recent exhibitions of contemporary art. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Wordrobe," an exhibition at the Costume Institute, explores the use of words, letters, and numbers in fashion, with examples ranging from love notes that fit inside corset stays to an Evans and Wong slip in black Ultrasuede, liberally adorned with quotations from Emily Post's "Do's and Don'ts for the Debutante." Through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz" comprises eighty-one photographs of the painter, thirty of which have rarely been exhibited. Through Oct. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—The Projects room has been turned over to figurative paintings by three ultra-hip practitioners of the genre: John Currin's poisonous portraits of fashion victims; Luc Tuyman's wispy, low-key "unimages" (a door handle, a glove)—things so boring that they verge on non-being; and Elizabeth Peyton's glossy, seductive portraits of pop stars and gay boys. Through Sept. 9. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—The Basque sculptor Cristina Iglesias tempers the brute forms of Minimalism with—dare it be said?—a feminine touch. She backs a Serra-style aluminum curve with a tapestrylike forest scene; she conveys airy lightness with a massive cast-aluminum screen of a bamboo grove. She also has a bit of post-Minimalist fun with a series of silk screens of her sculptures, crudely executed in the style of early, "serious" Warhol. Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—The museum is closed for the installation of the Robert Rauschenberg retrospective, which opens on Sept. 19.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The Keith Haring retrospective gathers early drawings, graffiti, subway posters, large-scale paintings, photographs, videos, and personal memorabilia of the artist, who died in 1990. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Twenty-five photographs by Larry Fink, of boxers and their camp followers. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Views from Abroad 3: American Realities." In this series, European curators are asked to rifle through the Whitney's vaults and select a group of pieces which represents their vision of American art. This installment was curated by Nicholas Serota and Sandy Nairne, of the Tate Gallery, in London, and their idea of "American Realities" is far removed from the standard version. Their emphasis is on figuration—Abstract Expressionism, Minimalism, and Conceptualism get short shrift. The one conspicuously vanguard movement they acknowledge is Pop art, which is itself figurative. (It's worth noting that Pop got its start in Britain in the fifties, and that the phrase "Pop art" was coined by a British critic, Lawrence Alloway.) Serota and Nairne have unearthed a curious array of artists, with Raphael Soyer, Philip Evergood, and George Tooker among the better known. This is American art viewed through eyes used to looking at Francis Bacon and Lucian Freud. Through Oct. 5. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs." Fossils, time lines, and a re-creation of a paleontological dig, displayed in the shadow of a seventy-foot-long reconstruction of a mamenchisaurus. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"The Hands of Rodin." More than fifty bronze studies of an extremity the sculptor was quite smitten with. ("There are times," he wrote, "when they seize the void and, molding it as a snowball is molded, hurl it in the face of Fate.") The examples on display are divided into groups ("Hands of Tribulation," "Afflicted Hands," etc.), and many were models for hands in such larger works as "The Gates of Hell" and "The Burghers of Calais." Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions." Prints (Lyonel Feininger, Louise Bourgeois, Vito Acconci), drawings (John Singer Sargent, Kiki Smith), and photographs (Roy De Carava, Lorna Simpson) demonstrate the technical range of works on paper. Through Sept. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

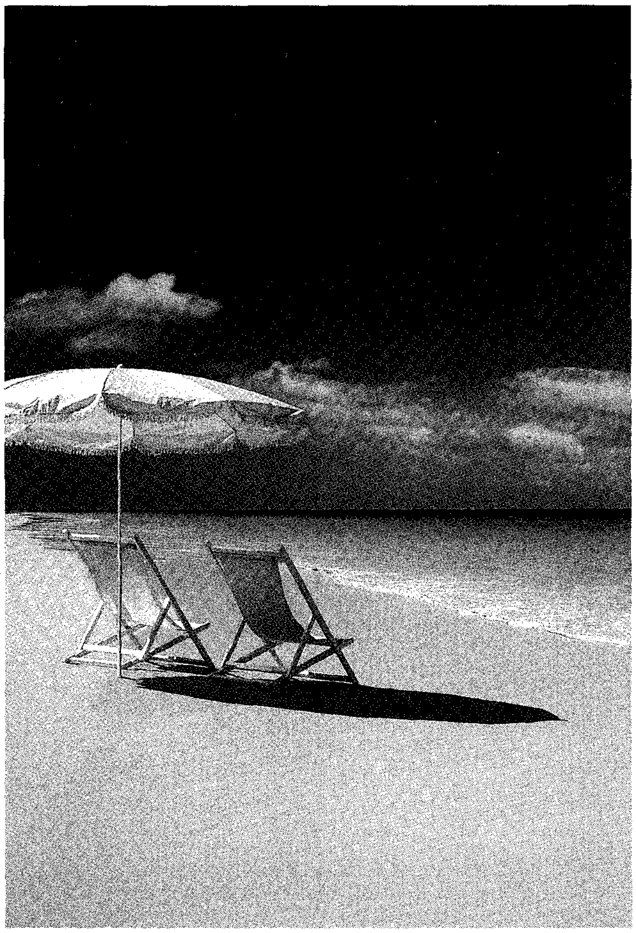
Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse (718-681-6000)—"Against the Tide" gathers works by five Chinese-born women artists who take domestic detritus as their medium. Hou Wen Yi, for example, embeds cigarettes and tampon wrappers in handmade paper. Yin Xiuxhen unravels old sweaters and reknits them together. Cai Jin paints banana leaves on mattresses and seat cushions. Through Sept. 14. (Open Wednesdays, 3 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6894)—The mansion's garden looks like it's hosting the fanciest slumber party on Fifth Avenue: "Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors" comprises ten tents pitched on the lawn, ranging from the tiny Blue Omar Pop Tent, which snaps open from a flat, two-foot disk into a shelter just adequate for a not-too-tall person, to the Two Meter Dome, a yellow-and-white portable version of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic designs. Through Oct. 19. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—"Camille Pisarro in the Caribbean, 1850-1855: Drawings from the Collection at Olana" presents plein-air sketches—long thought to be the work of Pisarro's Danish friend Fritz Melbye—of the artist's native St. Thomas and neighboring islands. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ "Letters from Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800-1500" marks the discovery a hundred years ago of a cache of medieval manuscripts, many of which appear here: a draft of Moses Maimonides's "Guide to the Perplexed," along with his letter resolving a dispute among *mohels*; a book of helpful magic demonstrating, among other things, how to prevent dog bites; a letter from the bilingual (Hebrew and Arabic) poet Judah ha-Levi, praising a lavish gift—a ream of paper. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ The forty-five-foot-long mosaic floor of a fifth-century synagogue in the Galilee, at a site called Sepphoris, has been broken up into slabs and transported here. (Curators at the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, which supervised the project, say it's the largest ancient mosaic ever sent out of their country for exhibition.) The museum has created a model installation, surrounding the floor with a breathtaking panoramic photomural of Sepphoris. Through Oct. 12. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—"Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses" presents an assortment of personal items and collectibles, each with its own odd purchase on history: Lord Byron's ring, Lewis Carroll's pocket watch, Thoreau's pencil, a lock of hair from the tail of Robert E. Lee's horse. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth Century German Drawings" follows the shift in artistic practice from imagination (exemplified by the works of Caspar David Friedrich and Philipp Otto Runge) to reportage (Adolph Menzel). Through Jan. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400)—"Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village," an exhibition devoted to the African-American and Irish community that was razed to make way for Central Park, includes a re-creation of one of its streets (85th Street, near Sixth Avenue), histories of some typical residents (Andrew Williams, bootblack; Epiphany Davis, porter), and a reference center at which museumgoers can follow the subsequent genealogies of Seneca Village families. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ "The



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Birds of America," a hundred and fifty watercolors by John James Audubon, the illegitimate son of a French sea captain and a chambermaid, who came to these shores to avoid a Napoleonic conscription. Through Oct. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Malcolm X Blvd., at 135th St. (491-2200)—"America's Reconstruction: People and Politics After the Civil War." An exhibition that captures the political and social achievements of that brief era with historical documents (the Emancipation Proclamation, a Klan screed) and more mundane objects (a ballot box, a carpetbag, a Union Army button from the freedmen's village of Mitchville, South Carolina). Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are generally closed Tuesdays and open Sundays.)

Stanley Boxer—Sculptures, in marble (Cheshire gray, Vermont white, Portuguese rose) and wood (willow, fir) of detailed totems and simple geometric forms. Opens Sept. 9; through Oct. 4. (Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays. 879-6606.)

Judy Glantzman—Self-portraits in oil, with the painter's seven-month-old daughter. Opens Sept. 6; through Oct. 11. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810.)

Roberto Juarez—Seven large panels and a dozen smaller views based on the painter's perambulations through Old Rome over the past year. Opens Sept. 9; through Oct. 4. (Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

Cynthia Knott—Turneresque panels devoted to elemental vistas of sea, sky, and horizon. Opens Sept. 9; through Oct. 4. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111.)

Holly Lane—Bosch-like allegorical paintings in elaborate hand-carved frames. Opens Sept. 3; through Sept. 27. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122.)

Ruth Marten—The former tattooist has created an homage to hair of every description and provenance. Opens Sept. 4; through Oct. 4. (Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. 980-2323.)

Silvio Merlino—Landscapes in bright oils, studded with papier-mâché, rubber swim fins, painted T-shirts, etc. Opens Sept. 4; through Oct. 11. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays. 888-3550.)

Itty Neuhaus—An installation of translucent papier-mâché pods, split open, lighted from within, and loosely linked in a gallery-size net. Opens Sept. 2; through Oct. 7. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. 879-3500.)

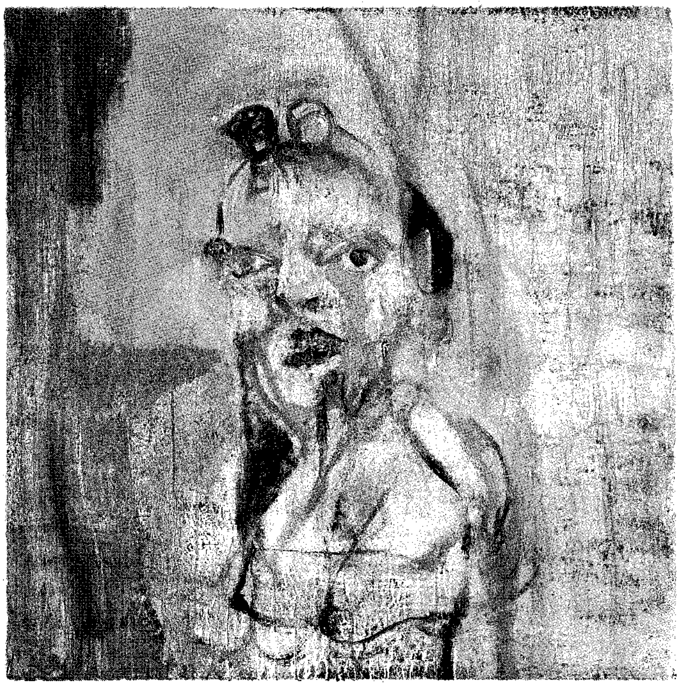
Curtis Phillips—Numinous landscapes in paint and beeswax. Opens Sept. 4; through Sept. 27. (O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays. 355-3330.)

Sean Scully—Paintings of vertical and horizontal elements in varying scale. Opens Sept. 6; through Oct. 18. (Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929.)

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Anonymous—From the gallery that last season brought off the clever but largely unremarked hoax of hanging a cache of purportedly Jazz Age homoerotic portraits by the apocryphal Bruce Sargeant, which were in fact the recent creations of Mark Beard, comes a series of photocollages by an unnamed artist from the late twentieth century. Opens Sept. 6; through Oct. 12. (Wessel O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. 242-8811.)

Michael Bevilacqua—Acrylic-on-canvas paintings of pop images (Kiss paraphernalia, Oasis logos) and characters from children's fiction (Willy Wonka, Harold from "Harold and the Purple Crayon") floating on flames, pinstripes, and other semi-abstractions of a type more often found on customized cars. Through Sept. 27. (Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. 633-6555.)



Self-portrait by Judy Glantzman (Hirschl & Adler Modern).

Richmond Burton—Abstract panels by the erstwhile architect. Opens Sept. 9; through Oct. 11. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Joachim Koester—"Pit Music," a video that documents a string quartet performing inside an orchestra pit constructed in the gallery, and a series of photographs, "Day for Night, Christiania, 1996," that uses the film technique of the title for snapshots of life in an anarchist enclave in Denmark. Opens Sept. 5; through Oct. 18. (Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770.)

Max Mohr / Thomas Nozkowski—Sculptures made of diaphanous fabrics and prostheses. / Untitled abstract paintings. Both open Sept. 6 and run through Sept. 27. (Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999.)

Calvin Seibert / Lee Boroson—As part of his ongoing "Encyclopedia of Twisted Sub-Plots," the artist presents drawings as tear sheets from an apocryphal larger document. / An installation of billowy—and staticky—fabric. Both open Sept. 4 and run through Oct. 5. (Eller, 529 W. 20th St. 206-6411.)

Joseph Stashkevetch—Large-scale drawings in charcoal and Conté crayon, based on snapshots of the L.A. freeways. Opens Sept. 4; through Oct. 4. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

Jim Torok / Matt Magee—Small oil-on-wood portraits of the artist's friends. / Meditative emblems and personal arcana painted in a faux-Masonic style. Both open Sept. 4 and run through Oct. 4. (Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318.)

"Very Large Array"—Named for the world's largest movable radio telescope, this group show presents small works by artists who share a preoccupation with scientific technique, mathematical clarity, or technological methods. Opens Sept. 6; through Sept. 30. (Debs, 529 W. 20th St. 674-7080.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Helen Beckman / Daniel Carello—"Some Monkeys and Some Apes," a suite of blue gouaches executed as though based on extravagant secondhand descriptions of primates. / Three modern couches arranged in such a way as to appear, at first, to be one painting, in perspective, of lake, mountains, and sky. Both open Sept. 5 and run through Oct. 4. (A/C Project Room, 15 Renwick St. 219-8275.)

Peter Begley—Archetypal renderings of commonplace images (the back of a head, a single high-heeled shoe), done with cave-painterly clarity. Through Oct. 4. (Vega, 107 Mercer St. 274-8102.)

Sam Durant / Allyson Strafella—Sculptural furniture, or furnitural sculpture, of chrome-plated steel tubing. / Works on paper, created with a typewriter, and a wall drawing. Both open Sept. 5 and run through Oct. 11. (Marcus, 578 Broadway. 226-3200.)

Ellen Harvey—Eight freestanding paintings of bedsheets, placed in such a manner as to create a hexagonal room. Opens Sept. 4; through Oct. 4. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 477-8423.)

Elisa Jimenez—A couture collection inspired by Titania, the fairy queen in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Opens Sept. 5; through Sept. 20. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777.)

Elizabeth Silver—Drawings and paintings, based on life studies, in a neo-Expressionist style. Opens Sept. 4; through Oct. 4. (DFN, 560 Broadway. 334-3400.)

Darren Waterston—Landscapes, both wild and domestic, in oil and encaustic on wood. Opens Sept. 2; through Oct. 11. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. 925-3500.)

Frank Webster—Monochromatic paintings of local architecture from the industrial Midwest. Opens Sept. 5; through Oct. 4. (Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway. 431-1304.)

Rebecca Welz—Sculptures in Plexiglass which have been repeatedly sanded and stained to achieve their patina. Opens Sept. 4; through Sept. 30. (June Kelly, 591 Broadway. 226-1660.)

Nahum B. Zenil—Paintings, collages, and mixed-medium works by the Mexican artist. Opens Sept. 2; through Nov. 1. (Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Sq. E. 998-6780.)

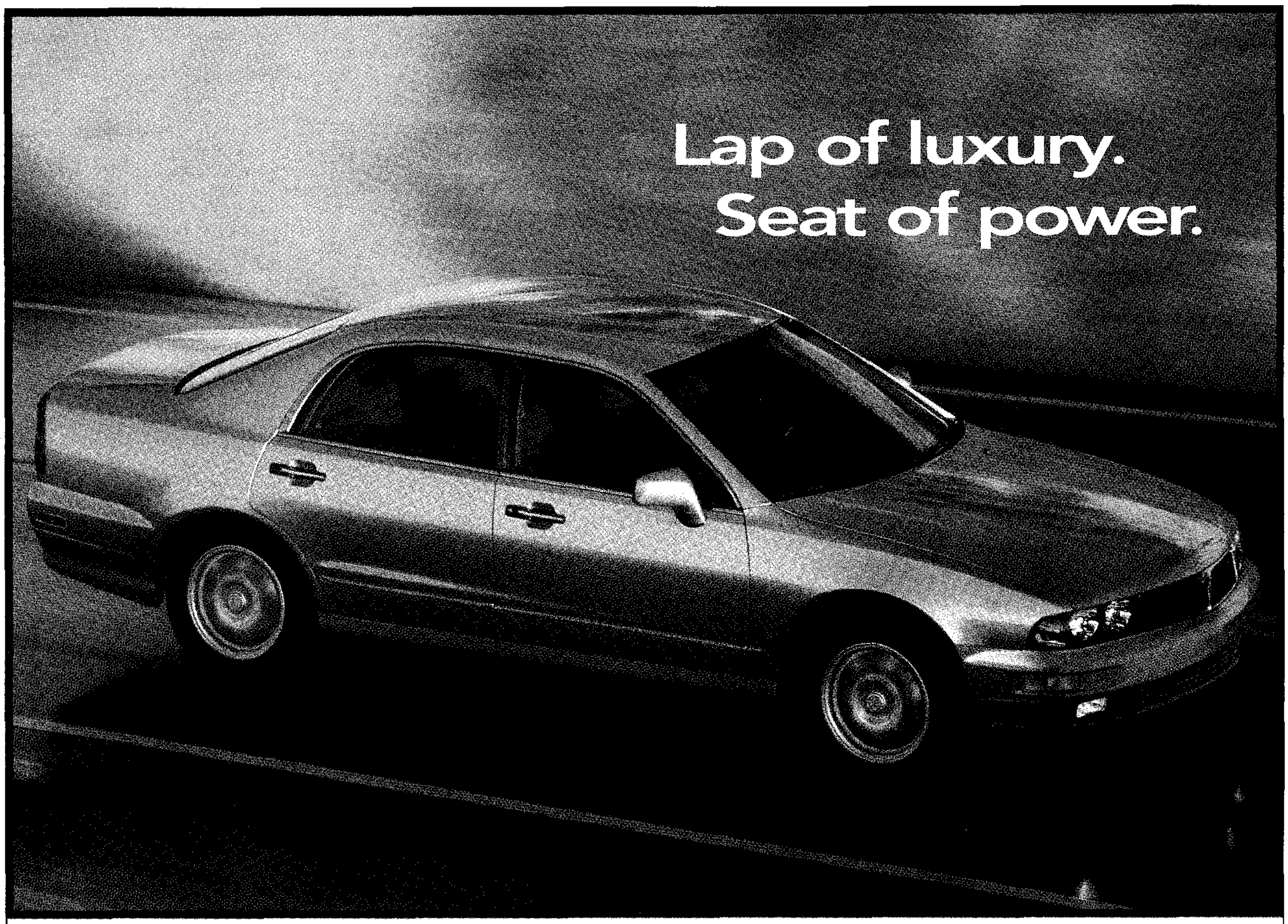
"Delta"—An installation by Steve Doughton, consisting of seven nine-minute segments of a single film (a day in the life of Doug, a suburban stoner) projected simultaneously throughout the gallery. Opens Sept. 2; through Oct. 4. (Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888.)

"The Narrative Image"—Work by seven artists, including Polly Becker, Calef Brown, Christian Clayton, and Jonathon Rosen, whose techniques derive in equal measure from the graphic arts and traditional painting. Opens Sept. 3; through Sept. 30. (Ozone, 400 Broome St. 965-1719.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

"Chubb's Antiques Roadshow"—This PBS television series has proved popular thanks to a simple formula: a bevy of auction specialists come to town, and Middle America lines up with its real or imagined valuables to find out what they're worth. Often Aunt Tillie's teapot proves to be nothing special, but the possibility of wealth always hovers, and a few articles of unsuspected value invariably materialize in front of the cameras. On Sept. 6, the show puts down stakes just west of the Big Apple, and everyone is invited to bring an item or two for a free appraisal. (Meadowlands Exposition Center, Secaucus, N.J. Doors open at 9 A.M. and remain open until the hall's capacity is reached. For information, call 888-762-3749.)

Pennsylvania Folk Art—A bit farther afield, Christie's holds an auction of Pennsylvania-German folk art—principally decorated furniture, quilts, pottery, and fraktur—at the Bucks County home of collectors Paul and Rita Flack. (Holicong, Penn. Sept. 6. For information, call Christie's at 212-546-1000.)



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PHOTOGRAPHY

Lauren Greenfield / Helen Levitt—"Fast Forward," a series of terrifying slices of adolescent life in Los Angeles: coolly sensational color photographs and texts from interviews with the subjects. They make it seem as if all the children of show-business executives have BMWs, nose jobs, and six-figure catered parties under their belts before they graduate from high school. / "Helen Levitt: Crosstown," a thoroughgoing retrospective spanning five decades of photographic anthropology on the streets of New York. The exhibition leaves one with an impression of remarkable continuity in the life of the city: if it weren't for the automobiles and the hats, you'd barely be able to distinguish the forties from the eighties. Both shows through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lisette Model (1901-83)—A retrospective of the photographer and teacher's career, from the collection of the International Center of Photography. Through Sept. 19. (PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. 713-2885.)

Marc Riboud—Pictures the globe-trotting French photojournalist shot in China over the past forty years. Through Sept. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"Eyewitness 1997"—The best press photographs of 1996, selected by the World Press Photo Foundation. Opens Sept. 4. (North Bridge, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Open daily, twenty-four hours.)

"Summer Pleasures"—The beach, the porch, the open road: estival imagery from the likes of Lartigue, Cartier-Bresson, Dahl-Wolfe, LaChapelle, and Turbeville. Through Sept. 6. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223.)

Season Openers—**STÉPHANE COUTURIER,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220. Opens Sept. 4. . . . **GREGORY CREWDSON,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600. Opens Sept. 6. . . . **KOICHIRO KURITA,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Opens Sept. 3. . . . **MICHAEL MARTONE,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. 780-0071. Opens Sept. 4. . . . **HIROMITSU MORIMOTO,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Opens Sept. 4. . . . **ROBERT STIVERS,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Opens Sept. 4.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

IN TOWN

"Brahms on Broadway"—Trinity Church's summer lunchtime series concludes with a recital by the wife-and-husband duo-piano team of Arianna Goldina and Remy Loumbrozo, who perform Brahms's Waltzes (Op. 39), his Hungarian Dances (Book One), and his own transcriptions of his "Academic Festival Overture" and "Variations on a Theme by Haydn." (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Sept. 4 at 1. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—A curiosity opens this program: Beethoven's D-Major Notturno for Viola and Piano (Op. 42). It's actually an arrangement by Franz Xaver Kleinheinz of Beethoven's Serenade for String Trio (Op. 8), but it passed the composer's muster nonetheless. In 1803, Beethoven wrote to his Leipzig publishers (who the following year would issue the Notturno plus another arrangement from the same Serenade): "The *arrangements* were not made by me, but I have gone through them and made drastic corrections in some passages. So do not dare to state in writing that I have arranged them. . . . I could never have found the time, or even the patience, to do work of that kind." Completing the program are two piano pieces (Chopin's Ballade No. 4 and Paganini-Liszt's "La Campanella" Étude) and two works by Sarasate. The performing roster comprises Mark Peskanov (violin), Toby Hoffman (violin and viola), and Paige Hoffman (piano). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Sept. 4 at 7:30 and Sept. 7 at 4.)

Division—A recently formed instrumental ensemble, conducted by Kurt Briggs, performs Corelli's F-Major Concerto Grosso (Op. 6, No. 2), Tippett's "Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli," and Haydn's Symphony No. 104. (Church of the Holy Apostles, 296 Ninth Ave., at 28th St. Sept. 6 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Nari Matsuura—The pianist performs works by Liszt (his Tarantella), Schumann, Chopin, and Rachmaninoff. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Sept. 7 at noon.)

"Music at the Anthology"—A new series promoting pieces by composers under forty opens with a program of works on both pacifist and martial themes, by Frances White, Lisa Bielawa, Peter Alexander, Erik Santos, Jonathan Hart Makwaia, and (as an obeisance to more ancient composers) John Cage. (Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. 505-5181. Sept. 7 at 5.)

Makiko Hirata—Pianist, performing Beethoven's Sonata "Quasi una Fantasia" in C-Sharp Minor (Op. 27, No. 2, the "Moonlight") and Ravel's "Miroirs." (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Sept. 7 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

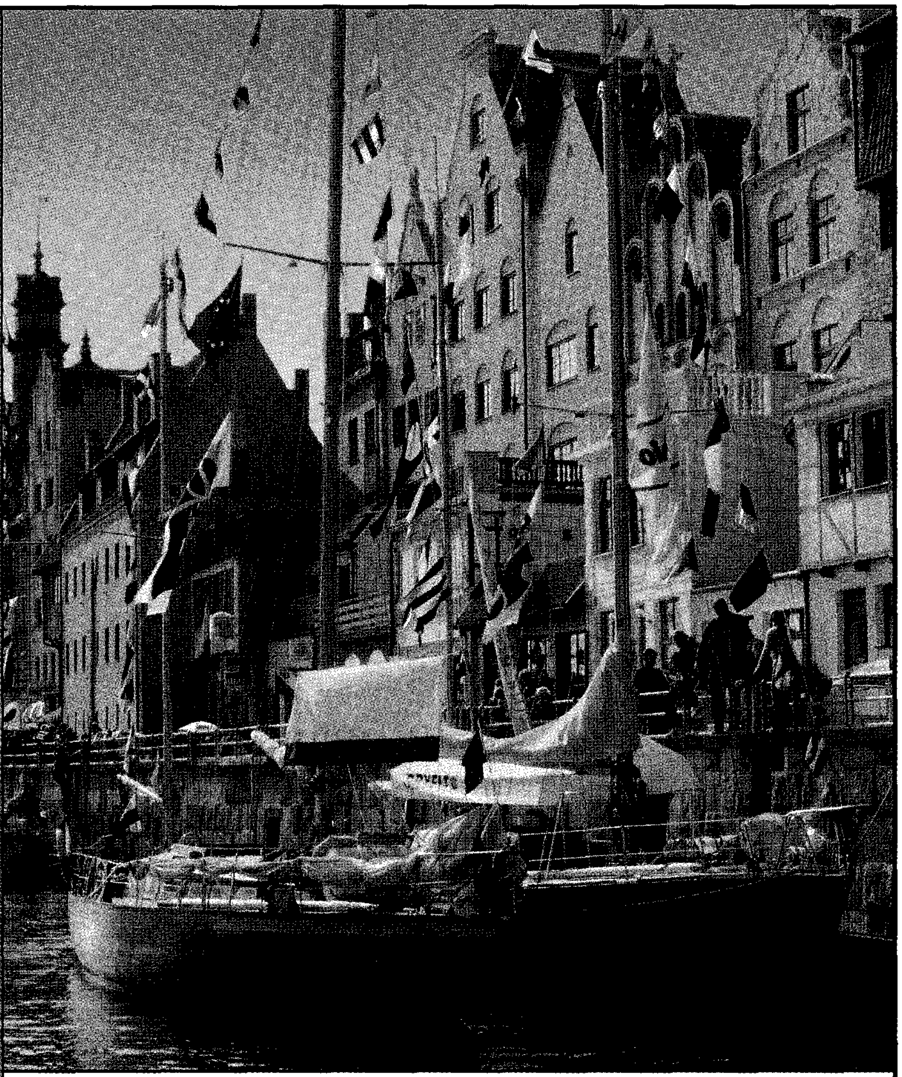
• •

LISTENING BOOTH

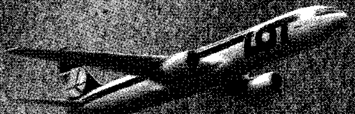
American Traditions—A delightful new release by the American Moravian Chamber Ensemble (two disks; New World 80507-2) presents the two principal collections of eighteenth-century American chamber music: **JOHN ANTES'S STRING TRIOS AND JOHANN FRIEDRICH PETER'S STRING QUINTETS.** Both composers were associated with the music-loving Moravian Church, which was then establishing communities in Pennsylvania and North Carolina. Peter (1746-1813) was best known for his sacred vocal works, but his six Viola Quintets of 1789, pleasant but not deep, show that he also had a deft hand at instrumental writing. Better still are the three Trios for Two Violins and Cello by Antes (1740-1811), a cosmopolitan Pennsylvania native who composed these pieces in Egypt, dedicated them to a Swedish diplomat stationed in Constantinople, sent a copy to Benjamin Franklin in Paris, and had them published in London. Transparent, lighthearted, and suggestive of Haydn, the trios mark the apex of early-American instrumental writing. They have committed advocates in this disk's performers, most of whom also play with San Francisco's Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra.

The ensuing half century is the province of **AN AMERICAN IDYLL: AMERICAN SONGS FROM 1800-1860** (Fleur de Son FDS 57924—and don't fail to visit the producer's informative Web site, at http://www.americanidyll.com). Baritone Daniel McCabe and his accompanying ensemble show that, when it comes to performing early-nineteenth-century American parlor songs, less is definitely better. While more famous singers persist in smothering Stephen Foster under layers of operatic pretension, McCabe (who has performed widely with the Boston Camerata) hits the bull's-eye with an approach of unhampered simplicity. A set of Foster songs represents the disk's high point (McCabe's beguiling performance of "Gentle Annie" fully deserves a place on the shelf next to Jan DeGaetani's classic Foster recordings), but the earlier repertoire, which includes several Shaker melodies, also repays a listener's attention. Forthright and honest, this sleeper is a recording to cherish.

AN AUSSIE WALKS INTO A STORE IN POLAND, SAYS "G'DAY" TO THE SHOPKEEPER. SHE SAYS "NO, GDANSK."



"You must be here for our Millennium Celebration," she says in English, laughing at her little joke. "Gdansk's birthday party is the biggest one in Europe." "You've got quite the crowd," the Aussie smiles back. "Yes," the shopkeeper notes. "We have visitors here from all over the world." "I know," the Aussie says. "We had already planned to meet our cousins from Chicago here in Europe. And Poland was someplace that seemed a bit different. So when they suggested coming here for the Millennium, we got right on it. Quick flight for them too, since your LOT has the only nonstop flights from the States." "Yes," she smiles. "And the newest planes in the sky." The Aussie makes his purchase, and tips his hat to the shopkeeper with a quick "G'day." "No," she laughs, "Gdansk."



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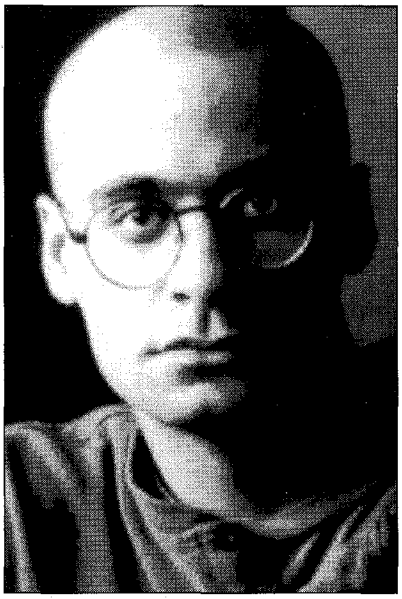

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PARTHENIA—A consort of viols, presenting Renaissance and early-Baroque works from England and Scotland. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. Sept. 8 at noon. Admission by contribution.)

IMMANUEL DAVIS AND PARK STICKNEY—The flutist and the harpist play works by Bach, Jean-Michel Damase, and others. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. Sept. 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

MAVERICK CONCERTS—The nation's oldest continuous chamber-music festival, Maverick has always been matter-of-fact about integrating contemporary music into its general programming. It's also one of the last to let go of summer. In the penultimate concert of the festival's eighty-second season, the Emerson String Quartet offers quartets by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 589), Wolfgang Rihm (his Fourth), and Smetana (his First). (Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-8217. Sept. 7 at 3. A benefit concert.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"CENTURY BIKE TOUR"—The folks at Transportation Alternatives, who spend their days thinking of ways to make the city a better place for the carless, seem to be on the right path: last year, twenty-six hundred riders turned out for this annual event. This time around they've organized three different tours (a forty-, a seventy-five-, and a hundred-miler) designed to show off some of the city's more enjoyable routes. (Sept. 7 at 6 A.M. For more information, call 629-3311.)

CATCH AS CATCH CAN—Attention six-to-twelve-year-olds: fifty thousand large-mouth bass, chain pickerel, catfish, golden shiners, and bluegills are in Central Park's Harlem Meer, just waiting for you to catch them. On Sept. 6-7, from 10 to 4, bait and poles will be supplied for an old-fashioned fishing derby, with awards for the longest fish caught, greatest variety, and so on. Parents needn't worry about gutting and scaling: it's strictly a catch-and-release affair. For registration, which is required, call 860-1370.

"URBAN STARFEST"—Although New Yorkers may be proudly blasé about the Hollywood and Broadway luminaries in our midst, it would be a shame if we also ignored the celestial bodies overhead. On Sept. 6, from 8 to 11, the Urban Park Rangers and members of the Amateur Astronomers Association will share helpful pointers, and their telescopes, for taking in the constellations. (Sheep Meadow, Central Park.)

READINGS—Sept. 5 at 7:30: In honor of the late composer John Cage, on his birthday, more than thirty of his friends—dancers, poets, writers, singers, and others—read selections from his writings. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 7: Edmund White reads from his latest novel, "The Farewell Symphony." (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 7: Sebastian Junger offers his tragic mariners' tale, "The Perfect Storm." (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

TALKS—Sept. 6 at 1: The Friends of Dickens book-discussion group opens its season with a consideration of and a dramatic reading from "The Pickwick Papers." Coffee will be served. (New York Public Library, Epiphany Branch, 228 E. 23rd St. For reservations, which are required, call 718-796-8249.) . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2: Watercolorist Richard Yarde talks about how his life and his art have changed since he suffered from catastrophic kidney failure six years ago. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: André Aciman, native Alexandrian, resident of Manhattan, and author of the memoir "Out of Egypt," inaugurates a series of lectures on memory, exile, and emigration. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tickets at the door.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Peel Me a Grape

WITH this year's unusually early Bordeaux harvest, œnophiles everywhere are having visions of a superlative '97 vintage. Could it rival the 59 B.C. vintage that Horace prized? Let's hope, at least, that whoever samples it will be more temperate than Noah (the first viticulturist, according to Genesis), who got so drunk on his new concoction that he exposed himself. That kind of behavior was nothing in the ancient world, when Dionysus (or Bacchus) embodied the disruptive powers of the drink; the frenzied rituals of his worshippers lie at the destructive heart of Euripides' tragedy "The Bacchae."

EVER MEULEN

Keats, in the "Ode to a Nightingale," compares the escape that "Bacchus and his pards" offer with that of poetry. John Hollander, in "For a Thirtieth Birthday, with a Bottle of Burgundy," not only compares the passing of life to an emptying bottle but even arranges the poem's lines to look like a bottle. The wine-and-poetry connection found its most famous English expression when Edward FitzGerald, translating "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," put literature and wine (and food and love)—"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough, / A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou"—side by side on his checklist for happiness.

Contemporary œnophiles look to Jancis Robinson, author of "The Oxford Companion to Wine," and Robert Parker ("the man with the paragon palate"), editor of the bimonthly magazine *The Wine Advocate,* for guidance. Of course, not all connoisseurs are to be trusted. The late Roald Dahl's short story "Taste" (in the collection "Someone Like You") involves a phony wine authority who uses his apparent expertise to cheat people. According to J. D. McClatchy, who based his libretto for William Schuman's opera "A Question of Taste" on the story, Dahl's œnological knowledge was as dubious as his protagonist's: "He told me in a letter that he knew nothing about wine when he sat down to write the story," the poet reports.

CULTURE WARS IN THE ACADEMY.

Required Reading
by Andrew Delbanco
In chapters on Melville, Wharton, Richard Wright and others, Delbanco shows how our best authors created a kind of democratic prose style, which enriched and expanded the American language as well as the sense of American possibility. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux)
Pub. Price $24.00
B&N Price $21.60

The Western Canon
by Harold Bloom
In this guide to the great works and essential writers of the ages, critic Harold Bloom decries the politicization of literary studies and argues for the primacy of aesthetic judgment. (Riverhead)
B&N Price $15.00

Culture and Imperialism
by Edward W. Said
The author of *Orientalism* demonstrates how Western art in the 19th and early 20th centuries—everything from *Heart of Darkness* to *Aida*—reflected and reinforced an era's empire building. (Vintage)
B&N Price $13.00

History on Trial
by Gary B. Nash, Charlotte Crabtree and Ross E. Dunn
Examining the purpose of teaching history, the authors chronicle the recent debate over the creation of national standards for the history curriculum in our elementary and high schools. (Knopf)
Pub. Price $26.00
B&N Price $23.40

Literature Lost
by John M. Ellis
A professor attacks the "politically correct" perspective of the new college humanities curricula. He contends that the new orthodoxy's emphasis on race, gender and class is fraught with contradictions and misconceptions. (Yale University)
Pub. Price $25.00
B&N Price $22.50

The Cultural Studies Reader
edited by Simon During
Essential reading for anyone interested in the genesis and evolution of cultural studies, this collection of essays covers every important method and theory. (Routledge)
B&N Price $21.95

Great Books
by David Denby
Writer and film critic David Denby returned to college at the age of 48 and gained a fresh perspective on the great works of literature and philosophy of the Western world. (Touchstone)
B&N Price $15.00

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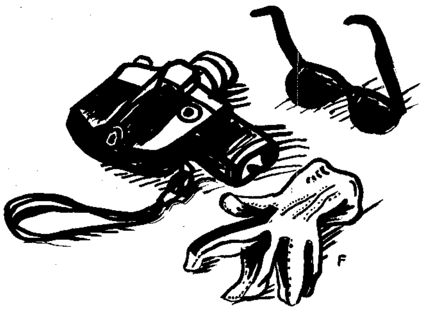


THE MOVIES

OPENING THIS WEEK

Family Name—A documentary by Macky Alston, about his search for other Alstons descended from slave owners and slaves on plantations his ancestors owned. Sept. 3-9. (Film Forum.)

Fire Down Below—An environmental thriller, starring Steven Seagal as an E.P.A. agent and Kris Kristofferson as a mining tycoon. Also with Marg Helgenberger and Stephen Lang. Directed by Felix Enriquez Alcalá, from a screenplay by Jeb Stuart and Philip Morton. Opening Sept. 5. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Gravesend—Writer-director Salvatore Stabile's début film focusses on four Brooklyn friends who are trying to get rid of a corpse. Opening Sept. 5. (Angelika Film Center.)

Intimate Relations—A black comedy, set in small-town fifties England, in which the life of a family is disrupted by a lodger. Starring Rupert Graves, Julie Walters, Matthew Walker, and Laura Sadler. Written and directed by Philip Goodhew. Opening Sept. 5. (Angelika Film Center.)

The Keeper—Giancarlo Esposito, Isaach De Bankole, Regina Taylor, and Shiek Mahmud-Bey star in a film written and directed by Joe Brewster, centering on the relationship between prisoners and the men assigned to guard them. Opening Sept. 5. (Quad Cinema.)

Mouth to Mouth—A comedy about an actor (Javier Bardem) who takes a job as a phone-sex operator. Also with Aitana Sánchez-Gijón and María Barranco. Directed by Manuel Gómez Pereira. In Spanish. Opening Sept. 5. (Quad Cinema and 62nd & Broadway.)

FILM NOTES

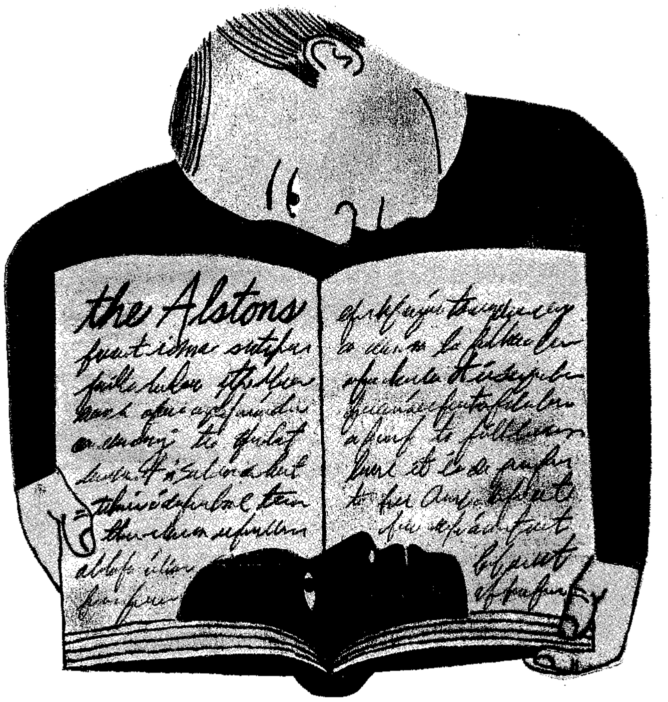
(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Air Force One—In Wolfgang Petersen's ludicrous thriller, Harrison Ford plays a red-blooded, two-fisted President who, when Air Force One is hijacked, turns into a business-suited guerrilla, foiling the plans of the ruthless, goateed head terrorist (Gary Oldman). The picture's attempt to satisfy the aggressive fantasies of a graying white-male audience is weirdly fascinating. It's something you don't see every day: a geriatric comic book.—*Terrence Rafferty* (7/28/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Career Girls—Mike Leigh's new picture follows a pair of former college roommates (Lynda Steadman and Katrin Cartlidge) seeing each other for the first time in six years. Leigh, using frequent flashbacks, appears content simply to alternate the heroines' shared past with their briefly shared present, and to elicit a few casual comic observations from the contrast. The film is generally amiable, but it's hard not to suspect that in this case the director went to work with an idea that was too thin for a feature film and with actors who lacked the versatility to flesh it out.—*T.R.* (8/11/97) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Regency.)

Conspiracy Theory—Mel Gibson teams up with the director Richard Donner for an interminable thriller about the dark forces that lurk below the surface of American life. (If Hollywood is to be believed, it's getting kind of crowded down there.) Gibson plays a New York taxi-driver who crams his head, and his apartment, full of evidence of massive conspiracies, one of which turns out to be real—a slice of bad luck that lands him in a dripping torture chamber with his eyelids taped open and Patrick Stewart about to puncture him with a syringe. The movie looks creepy and oppressive, but Donner doesn't have the wit to keep his material at arm's length; he speeds up the editing to make us feel that paranoia is the only possible response to a menacing world. Julia Roberts, as a lustrous and sympathetic lawyer, provides the few bright spots in a dour couple of hours.—*Anthony Lane* (8/18/97) (Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Contact—Jodie Foster plays Ellie, a scientist of nervous disposition who spends her days listening for radio signals from space. One day, space calls and leaves a message. There's barely a smile, let alone a good laugh, in Robert Zemeckis's boggy movie, unless you count Matthew McConaughey in the richly ridiculous part of a religious thinker.—*A.L.* (7/21/97) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6.)



At Film Forum, Macky Alston's "Family Name."

Contempt (1963)—A ravishing new print brightens the glow of greatness that has always surrounded Jean-Luc Godard's willful and obsessive movie. It tells the story of Jerry Prokosch (Jack Palance), a great gaunt monster of a producer, who is putting together a film of the Odyssey; his director, Fritz Lang (playing himself); his screenwriter, Paul (Michel Piccoli); and Paul's wife, Camille (Brigitte Bardot), who falls for Jerry—she is a Penelope who couldn't wait for her wanderer to return. The picture is not simply an acid satire on filmmaking but a larger look at the way in which we helplessly cast others as the unwilling co-stars in our own lives. It sports the nimbleness of comedy while strolling defiantly in the direction of the tragic, and it emerges, after thirty-four years, as quite inexplicably moving. In French.—*A.L.* (7/7/97) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and The Screening Room.)

Cop Land—A careful, clever, slightly unexciting drama from the young writer and director James Mangold. It's set in a New Jersey town where, although most of the citizens are New York policemen, a lawlessness—an instinctive corruption—hangs in the air like a bad smell. The rotten eggs are played by Harvey Keitel, Robert Patrick, Ray Liotta, Peter Berg, and Michael Rapaport. On their trail is a badly dressed cynic from Internal Affairs (Robert De Niro). The only recognizable good guy is the local sheriff; he's a fat, half-deaf deadbeat, which makes it all the more surprising that he's played by Sylvester Stallone. The movie is most impressive as a kind of high-intensity actors' workshop. (The actresses, including Cathy Moriarty and Annabella Sciorra, get short shrift.) But the rhythm is hurried and choppy, as if Mangold, realizing that his movie was too ruminative for its own good, had tried to stir it up in the editing.—*A.L.* (8/18/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

Def Jam's How to Be a Player—A comedy in which a ladies' man (Bill Bellamy) gets his comeuppance when the women in his life band together. Directed by Lionel C. Martin. (State.)

The Delta—Writer-director Ira Sachs's drama centers on the gay romance of a young Jewish Southerner and a half-black, half-Vietnamese refugee. (Quad Cinema.)

Event Horizon—A space adventure set in the year 2046, starring Laurence Fishburne, Sam Neill, Kathleen Quinlan, and Joely Richardson. Written by Philip Eisner. Directed by Paul Anderson. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Waverly.)

Excess Baggage—Marco Brambilla's drama about a staged kidnapping gone awry. With Alicia Silverstone, Benicio Del Toro, Christopher Walken, and Jack Thompson. (Embassy 4, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

Face/Off—In John Woo's latest action extravaganza, the good guy (John Travolta) and the bad guy (Nicolas Cage) literally exchange faces and voices. Incredibly, Woo seems not to have recognized that this story can be treated only as a joke. He takes a full hour to plod through the exposition and after that portentous buildup the high-concept gag produces no more than a tiny, disappointing spark, like a damp firecracker.—*T.R.* (7/14/97) (Art Greenwich Twin and New York Twin.)

Fire—A rather basic soap opera with a lesbian twist, written and directed by Deepa Mehta. Radha (Shabana Azmi, one of India's premier actresses) is a dutiful wife in a sexless, joyless fifteen-year marriage, and her sister-in-law, Sita (Nandita Das), a beautiful young bride with a cheating cad of a husband; both are victims of India's deeply misogynistic social code. When these two neglected beauties finally get together, the sex is of the good, old-fashioned, romance-novel variety—sensual, romantic, and agenda-free. But, despite Azmi's expert performance and some arresting scenes of modern New Delhi, not much happens that you couldn't see coming a hundred miles away.—*Sarah Kerr* (Quad Cinema.)

The Full Monty—An amiable light comedy, directed by Peter Cattaneo, about six unem-

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

ployed British steelworkers who mount an all-male strip show for cash. The script, by Simon Beaufoy, is clean and well developed. Each character is given his bit to do, and when the motley crew comes together the actors all work wonderfully with one another, finding a sexy, warm performance rhythm as they gyrate to some classic seventies disco. Two actors—Mark Addy, who plays an overweight, insecure worker, and Robert Carlyle, as the ringleader—are sensational.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center, Coronet Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

George of the Jungle—An old animated cartoon is the very scant basis for this live-action Disney movie, which consists essentially of George (Brendan Fraser) talking to the animals and swinging around on vines, smashing into trees. The director, Sam Weisman, keeps it easygoing. Fraser is adorably clumsy, but the real scene-stealer is George's pet elephant, Shep, who thinks he's a dog—computer-generated imagery allows him to fetch sticks, scratch behind his ears, and bound happily around.—*B.D.* (Manhattan Twin.)

G.I. Jane—Demi Moore stars as a naval officer who faces the resentment of her male colleagues when she joins the SEALs. Ridley Scott directed. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 2, Gotham Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Guantanamera—Juan Carlos Tabio and the late Tomás Gutiérrez Alea teamed up to direct this picaresque road trip across present-day Cuba. Riding in one car are a sad, beautiful woman (Mirtha Ibarra) and her awful husband (Carlos Cruz); riding in a truck nearby is a farmer (Jorge Perugorria) who once knew the beauty and still carries a torch for her. But the best shots simply look out through the windshield and capture life along the Cuban highway with a haunting combination of wit and despair. In Spanish.—*S.K.* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Hercules—The new Disney animated adventure feels secondhand: the youthful hero is an obvious retread of Aladdin, and the scary ambush sequence is set in exactly the same kind of valley that trapped Simba in "The Lion King." The only good news is the presence of James Woods as the voice of evil. Otherwise, the picture is distinguished only in its unblushing will to sell itself and its spinoff products.—*A.L.* (7/7/97) (Guild.)

Hoodlum—The story of the struggle between Ellsworth (Bumpy) Johnson (Laurence Fishburne) and Dutch Schultz (Tim Roth) for control of the numbers racket in thirties Harlem. With Andy Garcia as Lucky Luciano. Directed by Bill Duke. (Astor Plaza, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly.)

In the Company of Men—In Neil LaBute's audacious first film, two executives (Aaron Eckhart and Matt Malloy) come up with a plan to date a deaf secretary (Stacy Edwards) and then dump her. If LaBute's sole purpose had been to show off these two misogynists, the film would be a pretty tasteless affair, but the twists of the plot turn it into a black-hearted examination of power and manipulation, as dark and as uncomfortable to watch as the best of Mamet.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Kiss Me, Guido—A dumb lug (Nick Scotti) from Arthur Avenue, in the Bronx, goes to Manhattan and, through a series of mishaps, moves in with a gay man (Anthony Barrile). Tony Vitale's blunt attempt at lighthearted comedy tries hard to sell itself as a slice of New York life, but only Craig Chester, in the role of Barrile's hip, take-action friend, gives a performance out-there enough to enliven the tired script.—*B.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas and Lincoln Square.)

Kull the Conqueror—Kevin Sorbo plays the hero in this fantasy-adventure based on Robert E. Howard's pulp novels of the thirties. Directed by John Nicolella. (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, National Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and 34th St. East.)

Leave It to Beaver—The Cleavers enter the nineties. With Christopher McDonald as Ward, Janine Turner as June, Erik von Detten as Wally, and Cameron Finley as the Beaver. Andy Cadiff directed. (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, National Twin, and Orpheum VII.)

Love Serenade—Two small-town Australian sisters (Miranda Otto and Rebecca Frith) fall for the d.j. who has moved in next door (George Shevtsov), in Shirley Barrett's black comedy. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Man's Castle (1933)—Spencer Tracy and the lovely, big-eyed Loretta Young in a Depression idyll about an independent-minded man who takes in a homeless waif and falls in love with her—one of Frank Borzage's heavily sentimental yet magically romantic movies. The script is by Jo Swerling, the cinematography by Joseph August.—*Pauline Kael* (Walter Reade Theatre; Sept. 5-6.)

Masterminds—An adventure in which a sixteen-year-old misfit (Vincent Kartheiser) takes on a group of kidnappers at a private school. With Patrick

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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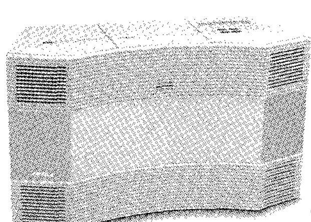
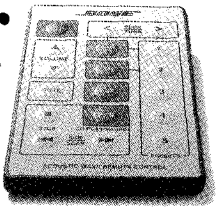
(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.





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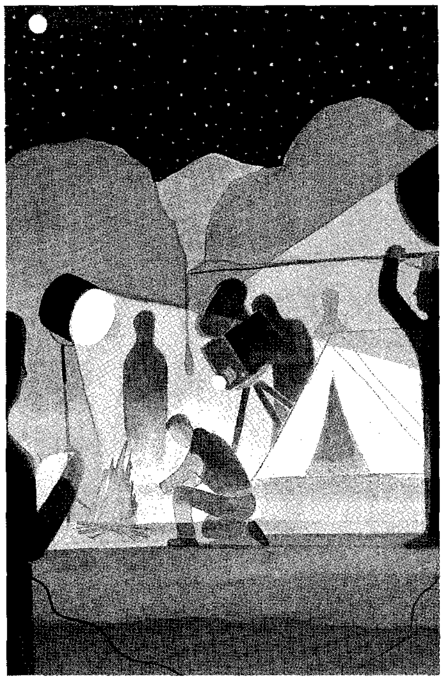
Stewart, Brenda Fricker, Brad Whitford, and Matt Craven. Directed by Roger Christian. (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, and Manhattan Twin.)

Men in Black—Barry Sonnenfeld's science-fiction comedy is indolent, confident, and shy of risks. Tommy Lee Jones (very cool) and Will Smith (speedy and high-spirited) play government agents who spend their days policing the activities of resident aliens; whenever the camera wanders away from them, your attention goes with it. Even Linda Fiorentino, as a horny medical examiner, feels irrelevant to the action.—*A.L.* (7/7/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Mimic—A science-fiction thriller about genetically engineered bugs set loose in the subway system. With Mira Sorvino, Jeremy Northam, Charles S. Dutton, and Josh Brolin. Directed by Guillermo Del Toro. (86th Street East Twin, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, State, and Village East Cinemas.)



Mrs. Brown—Queen Victoria (Judi Dench), in mourning for her husband, Prince Albert, is reassured, and then comforted, by John Brown (Billy Connolly), who had worked for Albert. Over time, the Queen's private secretary (Geoffrey Palmer) and her Prime Minister, Disraeli (Antony Sher), become alarmed by the growing intimacy between monarch and manservant. The director, John Madden, could have set this up as a minor tragedy, but he has the wit, especially in the first half, to play it cool and droll, and he is helped no end by a series of finely gauged performances.—*A.L.* (8/4/97) (Angelika Film Center, Carnegie Hall Cinemas, and Cinema II.)

Money Talks—Chris Tucker is an escaped prisoner accused of killing cops and Charlie Sheen a television newsman looking for a scoop, in a comedy-adventure directed by Brett Ratner. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII.)

My Best Friend's Wedding—In P. J. Hogan's romantic comedy, a writer (Julia Roberts) learns that her former lover and current best friend (Dermot Mulroney) is engaged to be married; she suddenly realizes that she's in love with him and resolves to sabotage the nuptials by any means necessary. For the first hour or so, Roberts's enthusiastic, sexy clowning energizes the picture, but then the filmmakers spoil our enjoyment: they allow dull good sense to triumph over their star's outsized appeal. Also with Cameron Diaz and Rupert Everett.—*T.R.* (6/16/97) (First & 62nd Cinemas and Lincoln Square.)

187—A high-school teacher (Samuel L. Jackson) has to come to terms with a weak administration and a violent student body, in a drama written by Scott Yagemann and directed by Kevin Reynolds. (Criterion Center.)

Picture Perfect—In Glenn Gordon Caron's romantic comedy, Jennifer Aniston plays a workaholic advertising executive who asks a sweet cameraman (Jay Mohr) to pose as her fiancé; the result, of course, is that they fall in love for real. Aniston and Mohr display real charm, but the cluttered, meandering, feeble script works overtime to hide it. With Olympia Dukakis as a hysterical mother and Kevin Bacon as an office Casanova.—*S.K.* (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Shall We Dance?—A middle-aged Japanese businessman (Koji Yakusho) sees a young woman standing at a high window; in an act of admirable folly, he tracks her down and finds that she is a dance teacher. He therefore learns to dance—initially in order to be near her, and then, more surprisingly, because he starts to enjoy himself. Masayuki Suo has written and directed a comedy that exerts a cool and slightly mysterious charm. In Japanese.—*A.L.* (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 72nd Street East.)

She's So Lovely—A love-triangle story, starring Sean Penn, Robin Wright Penn, and John Travolta. Directed by Nick Cassavetes, from a screenplay by his late father, John. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Embassy 1, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

A Smile Like Yours—Keith Samples wrote (with Kevin Meyer) and directed this romantic comedy about a couple (Greg Kinnear and Lauren Holly) with fertility problems. (Beekman, East 85th Street, and Embassy 3.)

Spawn—Yawn. New Line Cinema has turned Todd McFarlane's popular comic-book series—a hyperviolent roam through city streets by a living-dead superhero who has to choose between leading Satan's armies and avenging his own murder—into a bleak and bland try for a PG-13-rated franchise. It's a surprising disappointment, especially since McFarlane himself was an executive producer.—*B.D.* (Manhattan Twin and State.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep, fantasy level. The film's vision is narrow and puny; Peckinpah sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. With David Warner.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 7.)

Sunday—Director Jonathan Nossiter's drama about the chance meeting of an out-of-work actress (Lisa Harrow) and a homeless man (David Suchet). (Film Forum 3.)

Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation—A sequel to the 1974 horror film, starring Renée Zellweger and Matthew McConaughey. Written and directed by Kim Henkel. (Criterion Center and Village East Cinemas.)

Trojan Eddie—Stephen Rea and Richard Harris head the cast in a story about a small-time crook in a small Irish town. Directed by Gillies Mackinnon, from a script by Billy Roche. (Quad Cinema and Sutton.)

Ulee's Gold—In Ulee Jackson, a widowed beekeeper living in the Florida panhandle, Peter Fonda has a role that makes virtues of his expressive limitations. The movie, written and directed by Victor Nunez, is designed to draw this lonely, quietly embittered man out of his emotional hibernation, and for once Fonda's very deliberate style feels appropriate: there's pain in it, and fear, and an awful kind of resignation. Also with Patricia Richardson.—*T.R.* (6/16/97) (59th Street East Cinema.)

ALSO PLAYING

AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BATMAN & ROBIN** (reviewed in our issue of 7/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE FIFTH ELEMENT:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA:** Paris. . . . **A LIFE APART:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK** (6/2/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **NIGHT FALLS ON MANHATTAN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SPEED 2: CRUISE CONTROL** (7/7/97): Worldwide Cinemas.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—A program of films starring Pam Grier. Through Sept. 4: "Coffy" (1973, Jack Hill). . . . Sept. 5-6: "Foxy Brown" (1974, Hill) and "Friday Foster" (1975, Arthur Marks). . . . Sept. 7-8: "Black Mama, White Mama" (1973, Eddie Romero) and "The Arena" (1974, Steve Carver). . . . Sept. 9: "Sheba, Baby" (1975, William Girdler) and "Hit Man" (1972, George Armitage).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films written (alone or with others) by their directors. Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Fellini Satyricon" (1969, Federico Fellini; in Italian). . . . Sept. 4 at 6 and Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Brother Carl" (1970, Susan Sontag). . . . Sept. 5 at 6 and Sept. 7 at 12:30: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966, Roman Polanski). . . . Sept. 5 at 8:15 and Sept. 6 at 12:30: "Saint Jack" (1979, Peter Bogdanovich). . . . Sept. 6 at 3:15: "Parting Glances" (1986, Bill Sherwood). . . . Sept. 6 at 5 and Sept. 9 at 2:30: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970, Leonard Kastle). . . . Sept. 7 at 2:45 and Sept. 9 at 6: "'Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier). . . . Sept. 7 at 5:15: "Straw Dogs" (†). . . . Sept. 8 at 2:30: "GoodFellas" (1990, Martin Scorsese). . . . Sept. 8 at 6: "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977, Wes Craven).

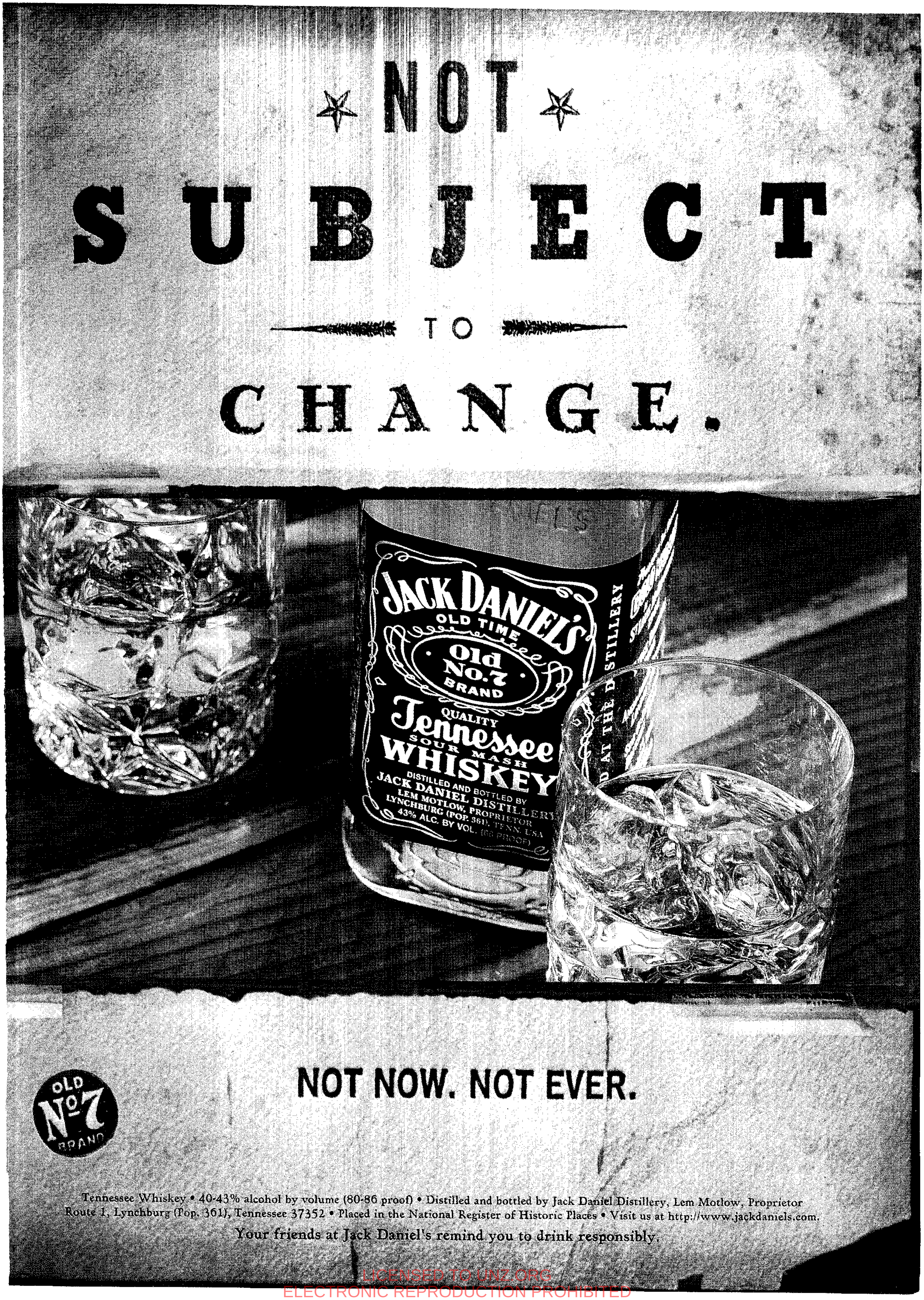
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of films directed by Frank Borzage and/or starring Margaret Sullavan. Sept. 3 at 2 and 6: "Only Yesterday" (1933, John M. Stahl), with Sullavan. . . . Sept. 3 at 4 and 8: "So Red the Rose" (1935, King Vidor), with Sullavan. . . . Sept. 5 at 6 and 9:30 and Sept. 6 at 8: "Man's Castle" (†). . . . Sept. 5 at 7:30 and Sept. 6 at 6 and 9:30: "The Good Fairy" (1935, William Wyler), with Sullavan. . . . Sept. 7 at 4 and 7:40: "No Greater Glory" (1934). . . . Sept. 7 at 5:40 and 9:15: "Cry Havoc" (1943, Richard Thorpe), with Sullavan. . . . Sept. 8 at 2 and 6:15: "I Always Loved You" (1946). . . . Sept. 8 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Back Street" (1941, Stahl), with Sullavan. . . . Sept. 9 at 2: "The Moon's Our Home" (1936, William Seiter), with Sullavan. . . .Sept. 9 at 4: "After Tomorrow" (1932). . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2: "The Leopard Son" (1996, Hugo van Lawick).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—A program of films from Hong Kong, all in Cantonese. Sept. 3 and Sept. 7: "Miracles" (1989, Jackie Chan) and "The Young Master" (1980, Chan). . . . Sept. 4 and Sept. 8: "Peking Opera Blues" (1986, Tsui Hark) and "A Queer Story" (1996, Shu Kei). . . . Sept. 5: "The New Legend of Shaolin" (1994, Wong Jing) and "The Blade" (1995, Hark). . . . Sept. 6: "Bullet in the Head" (1990, John Woo) and "The Log" (1996, Derek Chin Sung-kei). . . . Sept. 9: "Viva Erotica" (1996, Derek Yee) and "Christ of Nanjing" (1995, Tony Au).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Sept. 7 at 7, the feature will be "Marked Woman" (1937, Lloyd Bacon).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—A program of films by or about Werner Herzog; in German, with English subtitles. Sept. 3-4 at 7: "La Soufrière" (1977) and "Woyzeck" (1978). . . . Sept. 3-4 at 9:30: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978, Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch). . . . Sept. 5-6 at 6 and 10: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975). . . . Sept. 5 at 8 and Sept. 6 at 4 and 8: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1973). . . . Sept. 7 at 4 and 8, Sept. 8 at 6 and 10, and Sept. 9 at 6, 8, and 10: "Nosferatu the Vampyre" (1979). . . . Sept. 7 at 6 and 10 and Sept. 8 at 8: "Stroszeck" (1977).

GEOFFREY PARKER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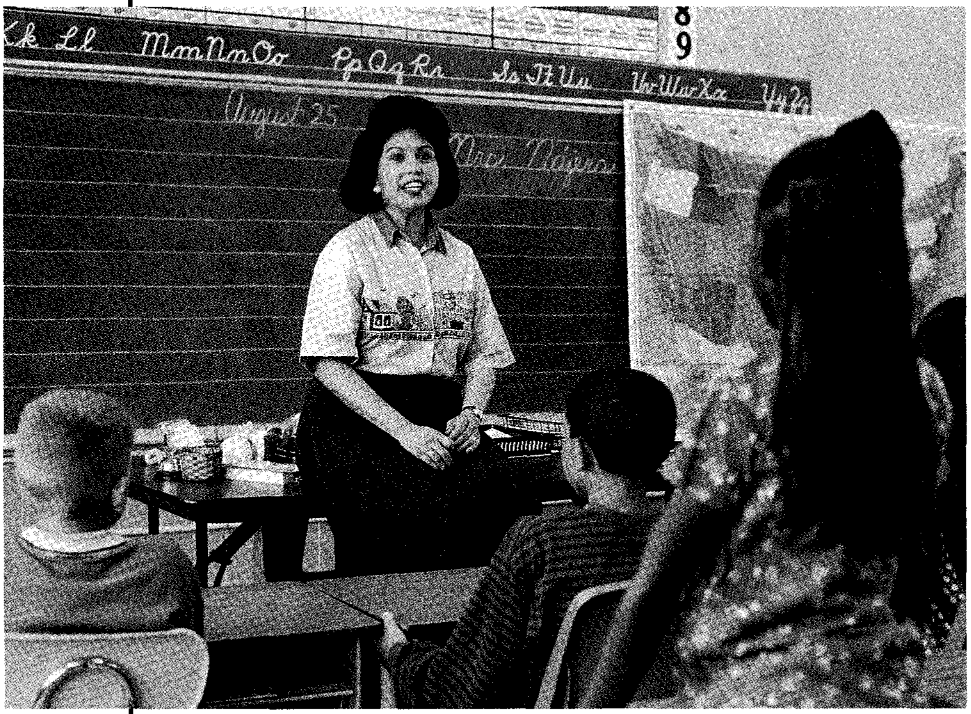
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

POSTCARD FROM THE BEACH

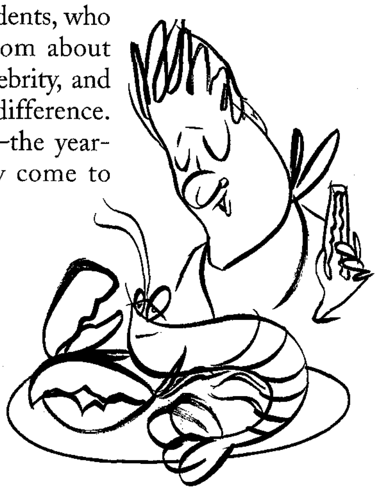
The Vineyard tries to ignore the First Vacation—and fails.

THE most powerful man on the face of the earth descended last month on the three-cornered dot in the ocean called Martha's Vineyard. To watch all that power being funnelled into such a tiny place was like watching a child pack a beach pail with sand. And the shovel at the top of the pail, the force for compression, constriction, restraint, was held by the island's own residents, who share an ancient wisdom about the rules governing celebrity, and a genius for happy indifference.

Some Vineyarders—the year-round residents—may come to this languor by New England birth. Others—the summer media-entertainment-politico crowd (in which group, I admit, I have relatives)—have learned it in other climates. Yet Presidential visits seem to tax especially the latter bunch. Faced with people more famous than they are, they tend to overdo their ennui. "You know everybody's seeing him, but no one says they're seeing him," said one person who would be seeing him. This was, after all, the fifth year of the Administration, and the third time the Clintons had come. Who wanted to look like a rube?

The year-round residents, insular at this point in no way but geography, have bought newspapers for decades next to the likes of Lillian Hellman, Jacqueline Onassis, Walter Cronkite, James Taylor, William Styron, and Princess Diana. They have endured Chappaquiddick and "Jaws." And they are confident enough in their poise by now to risk showing some enthusiasm.

The *Vineyard Gazette* knows a lot about island understatement. In 1974, it ran the headline "LONG LINES FORM AT ISLAND NEWSPAPER STORES ON MORNING FOLLOWING NIXON RESIGNATION." But the week the Clintons arrived it printed an elegant special supplement, ran a quote from Thomas Jefferson above its logo, and used its lead editorial to wish the President happy birthday.



President Clinton and friend.

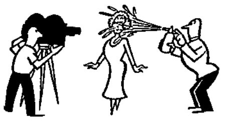
Other hints that Clinton was on island were equally cheerful and equally polite. Small American flags adorned a few shopwindows. Souvenir stores offered T-shirts sporting the famous Black Dog logo with the President's head in place of the usual Labrador's. There was a T-shirt of the President playing saxophone next to a lobster, and another of him on a nude beach. Real-estate firms took out half-page ads in the paper. A seafood place in Oak Bluffs offered a special Presidential ale. A handwritten sign in an ice-cream store read, "Mr. President and family—We have mango smoothies here." No doubt thinking of other Clinton appetites, someone with flowery script had put a note to Bill in a bottle that washed up on the beach near my house.

The truth is that Presidents, like road accidents, naked people, and triplets, are impossible to ignore. I tried not to look at President Clinton last week when he stopped at a store in Chilmark and held up traffic in three directions. The state trooper on the road had cars coming at him from every side. But even he kept turning around to see what Clinton was doing. The flash of the trooper's smile was as incongruous as the flash of the motorcade's lights on the country road.

For the record, I can tell you that the President looked extremely fit, that he was wearing a blue baseball cap, and that he shook somebody's hand. I don't know why I tried not to look: maybe too many summers of pretending I'm not awed by the people I sometimes meet here. I do know why I had to look: he's the President. It knocks me out. At the airport, I was entranced, too, by the sight of Air Force One. I knew it was just a plane, and I knew that Harrison Ford wasn't on it. But it gleamed on the runway like a spacecraft, and it was whiter than anything has a right to be. It is part of the country's splendor. So are the small, dwindling moments of August vacations. And so, too, is Presidential power. —LISA GRUNWALD

HOLLYWOOD AND VINE

A filmmaker-sommelier sizes up California's top exports.



HIS bleak and gritty film "Sunday" won the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance Film Festival before it opened last week, but Jonathan Nossiter hasn't quit his day job. Nossiter is the sommelier at Balthazar, this season's favorite "snooty, chic" (his words) SoHo bistro, and he approaches wine pieties with the same skepticism with which he eyes Hollywood. Here's his appraisal of

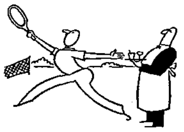
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

some current West Coast crowd pleasers:

"Many California wines, like many Hollywood movies, are very cynical calculations. In this country, we've gotten into this thing where Chardonnay, Cabernet, and Merlot are like Sharon Stone, Sylvester Stallone, and Tom Cruise. Sharon Stone is like Chardonnay, because it's totally manufactured, artificial, ubiquitous, and usually pretty trashy. Cabernet is more like Stallone, because it's over-buffed, squared off, and not genuinely interesting. People tend to like Merlot, because it's spuriously smooth and supple, just like Tom Cruise. These three grapes have become like movie stars, destroying the integrity of why I think wine can be beautiful." —DAVID YAFFE

THE SPORTING SCENE

John McEnroe's serve may have slowed down, but his mouth keeps on going.



IF, during these Sampras-Hingis U.S. Open days, you're missing the tennis-playing of good old (thirty-eight-year-old) John McEnroe (four singles championships and four men's-doubles championships), console yourself: he's missing himself. In his current incarnation, as an announcer-commentator on the USA Network and CBS, he not only describes the action; he can tell you, with a lot of instructive discourse, what the players are thinking and feeling before and after each shot.

Last week, on the Open's Day Three, McEnroe arrived, a huge black Nike carrying bag slung over a shoulder, at the USA broadcast booth in the Arthur Ashe Stadium a few minutes before airtime. He grabbed a hot dog, took a couple of big bites, and called for makeup to powder his face, especially the sunburned and peeling top of his nose. He looked like the early, puckish, vigilant McEnroe—the one with the audible mouth, ready to wake up myopic umpires—but with modestly graying and thinning hair. He wore a slate-blue silk designer suit, a navy shirt, an elegant gray print necktie, shiny black shoes, and white tennis socks. He had an exceptionally handsome gold loop attached to his left ear.

"Six years ago, I was having difficulty going to a tennis match," he told me. "I wanted to be there, but I had no reason to be there. I have to give credit to Vitas Gerulaitis. He was here." McEnroe put on his headphones with mouthpiece and took his position, facing several TV monitors, alongside Ted Robinson, his co-announcer. "Vitas got me doing this. The producer Gordon Beck said, 'Hey, you guys are great together.' So I started doing it with Vitas. Lately, I've been doing Wimbledon, the French Open, and this. It's been good for me. I feel comfortable now at tennis matches. I hang out with the guys in the locker room. It's an opportunity for me to get the feel for the way the intensity is affecting them. I sort of try to be there for them. I know what it is. I've been there."

The broadcast began. McEnroe and Robinson started talking. First, they talked over a replay of an earlier match—Thomas Muster (Austria) vs. Tim Henman (England)—that had not got on the air. McEnroe said that Henman, who won the second set in a tiebreaker, was very talented. Robinson talked about both players' stats and histories. McEnroe started looking intense. "Muster has a tendency to try to hit the ball too hard," he said. "Henman can be in the top ten if he gets himself a little bit stronger."

During a commercial, Robinson had a hot dog. McEnroe turned down a second hot dog. He said, "Vitas didn't digest hot dogs; he just ate them, four or five at a time."

Back on the air, McEnroe said, "If you go at an opponent, be like Lendl—go right at him." On the monitor, Muster was smiling. At one point, Henman made a great exchange of volleys, and Muster pretended to go running after him, racquet raised. Big laughter in the crowd. McEnroe drummed on the table with a pen, holding it, like his racquet, in his left hand. "The way I was brought up, if you joke around you lose your concentration," he said. Henman made some magnificent passing shots. "Henman's showing he has plenty of gas left in the tank," McEnroe said. Muster flubbed a backhand shot.

REPENT YOUR SINS

THE PICTURES

What's the recipe for a typical New York City crowd?

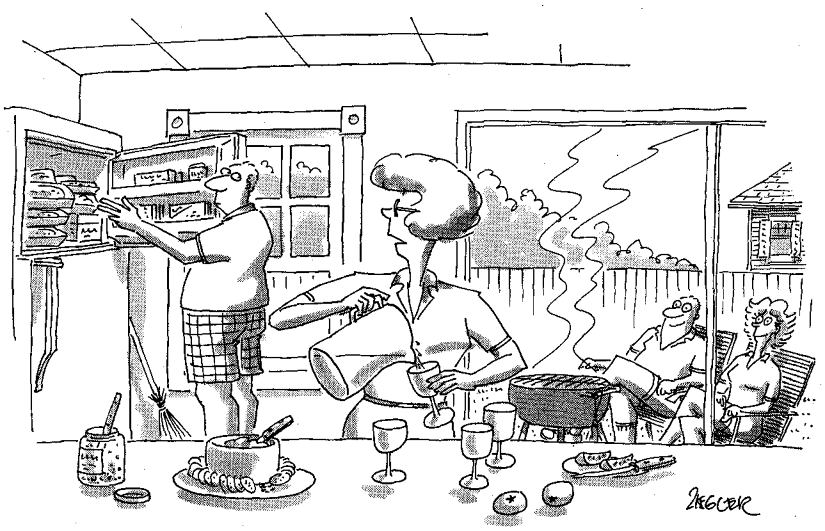
IF the announcement of a ball dropping unleashes pandemonium in Times Square, imagine the scene after the mob learns that a comet is about to decimate Earth. That's the effect the producers of the apocalyptic thriller "Deep Impact" were aiming for when, one night last month, they cleared away a Times Square crowd to make room for a Hollywood version of a Times Square crowd. The scene they were filming calls for the assembled mob to stare at a giant TV screen, as the President of the United States (Morgan Freeman) breaks the news that annihilation may be imminent. The production's "call sheet" itemized the required mass of humanity as follows:

Atmosphere & Stand-Ins
(Screen Actors Guild)

2 end of the world preachers, 10 end of the world followers, 2 on-air reporters, 2 news cameramen, 5 prostitutes, 15 homeless people, 2 bartenders, 14 police, 10 bar patrons, 2 newsstand vendors, 14 mid-west tourists, 4 sanitation sweepers, 5 bachelor party types, 15 nondescript background with cars, 2 5 year old boys

(Non-Screen Actors Guild)

8 cab drivers, 10 end of the world followers, 12 Coast Guard, 15 Japanese tourists with video cameras, 8 shop owners, 5 professional news photographers, 25 bar patrons, 100 nondescript businessmen, 100 nondescript businesswomen, 60 nondescript tourists with binoculars, 60 college students, 100 assorted New Yorkers



"It's only the Ericksons, so why don't you just use the recalled hamburger meat."

"Such a basic thing—but not as easy as it sounds—to keep your eye on the ball till the ball hits the racquet," McEnroe observed. "That's the only reason he missed it." Henman sent a deadly drop shot just out of Muster's reach. "Henman is playing great tennis," Robinson said. "And that's doing it without bending your knees at all," McEnroe added.

Then Henman won. "He's showing absolutely no emotion," McEnroe said. "Looking ahead, I suppose, to Wayne Ferreira"—his next opponent.

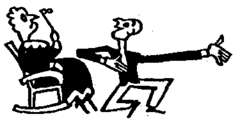
Another commercial break. McEnroe said, "I could always tell what my opponents were thinking; then I'd be imposing my will on them. That's how I got to be No. 1."

Former Mets first baseman Keith Hernandez, a McEnroe pal, entered the booth grinning. No. 17. Also missed.

—LILLIAN ROSS

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT DEPT.

The apron strings that bind: what kind of man lives with his mother?



IT may mean nothing, but one curious detail of the horrific police-brutality case involving Brooklyn's Seventieth Precinct is that three of the four policemen who have been arrested live with their mothers. Officers Justin Volpe and Charles Schwarz live with their parents in quiet communities on Staten Island. Thomas Bruder, who was arraigned in the second round of arrests, lives with his mother in the same whitewashed house on Long Island where he grew up.

The modern history of men living with their mothers is most often a story of misfits, weenies, prodigals, layabouts, mama's boys, and the occasional Supreme Court Justice. (David Souter lived with his mother in his childhood home in New Hampshire until he was forty-two.) Traditionally, guys who never left home suffered from the four "no"s: no money, no apartment, no prospects, and no independence. But recent surveys show that more and more young men are living at home for economic reasons, and liking it.

Unnatural closeness to Mom, psychologists say, often represents a fear of going out into the world. Certainly that was not the case with Franklin Roosevelt. After F.D.R. married, his mother built a house in New York for the newlyweds, and moved into half of it. (One Roosevelt biographer suggested that the aloof but adoring way in which the President treated his mother was a paradigm of how he dealt with the American people.)

Society tends to look more kindly on a fellow who invites his mother to come live with him than on a guy who, like Albert Brooks in last year's movie "Mother," simply moves back into his old room. The former is deemed a good son, the latter a loser who can't separate. Andy Warhol was a bit of both. The youngest son of Julia Warhola brought his babushka-wearing mother to New York from Pittsburgh soon after he arrived, in 1949, and lived with her for almost twenty years. When she died, in 1972, he told almost no one, and if he was asked how his mother was he invariably replied, "Oh, fine."

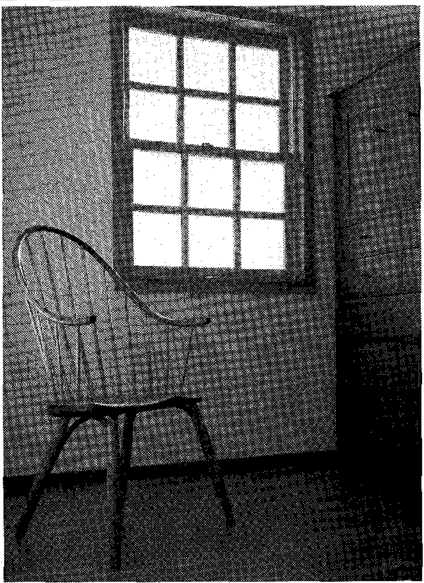
Some of those we think of as most intrepid were in fact most homebound. When Henry David Thoreau was finishing up at Harvard, his mother advised him to buckle his things into a knapsack and "roam abroad to seek your fortune," whereupon Thoreau sat down and wept. He lived in the attic of his mother's house for most of his life, and even when he was living at Walden Pond rhapsodizing about the rewards of roughing it, he often walked home for a slice of pie.

Jack Kerouac, the poet of the open road, spent far more time in his mother's house than on the highway. Her kitchen, he once said, was "ever the source of life"—to say nothing of ham sandwiches. And just before Frederick Exley was taken to an asylum in 1958, he built a room for himself in his mother's attic.

Mama's boys very often are bad boys, the kind only a mother could love. The Long Island serial killer Joel Rifkin lived with his mom. But victims also fit the profile: Michael McMorrow, the hapless real-estate broker who was allegedly stabbed to death in Central Park by two teen-agers this past summer, lived with his mother on Second Avenue. And when the homebody Richard Jewell was exonerated by the F.B.I. he announced, "For eighty-eight days, I lived a nightmare. For eighty-eight days, my mother lived a nightmare, too. Mom, thanks for standing by me."

Inevitably, there's something sad about a grown man who lives with his parents. It bespeaks failure and late nights drinking milk from the carton—a kind of Norman Bates weirdness. In a funny way, the broken-windows theory of halting crime by prettifying bad neighborhoods—put into practice by Mayor Guiliani and former Police Commissioner Bratton—is not paternalistic but maternal: the clean-up-your-room strategy of policing. And though a cop who lives with his mother may be the boss on the street, he's a little boy at home. That can't be a good combination.

—RICHARD STENGEL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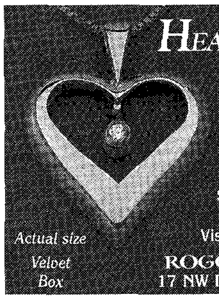
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LETTER FROM SILICON VALLEY

THE PERCEPTIONIST

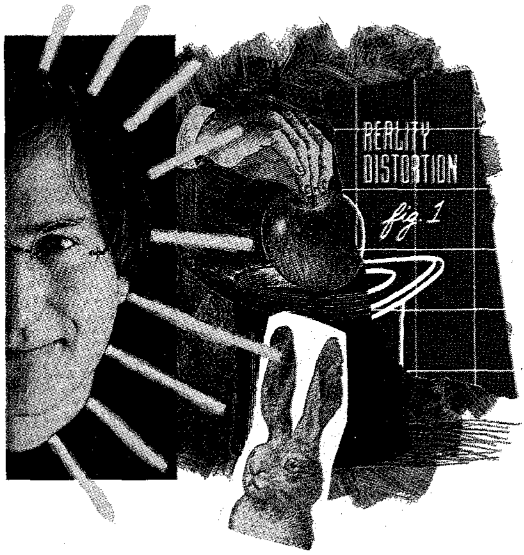
How Steve Jobs took back Apple.

BY JOHN HEILEMANN

"EVERYTHING at Apple is as much about perception as about reality," the company's former C.E.O. John Sculley said to me a few days after his old partner and rival, Steve Jobs, unveiled the alliance he had engineered with Microsoft. Since Sculley was deposed, in 1993, after running Apple for ten years, he has rarely spoken about the firm or about Jobs, and his tone was one of cynicism tinged with grudging respect. "The deal is good for Apple," he said. "But it has nothing to do with technology or business and everything to do with what Steve is a master of—perception."

Jobs's mastery of perception has long been known to his allies and his detractors alike as his "reality-distortion field"—an uncanny ability, through enthusiasm, charisma, and intimidation, to make people see what he wants them to see. In the weeks since Jobs announced the Microsoft deal, at the Macworld trade show in Boston, he has deployed the distortion field adroitly, creating the impression that the deal is his greatest coup. In fact, the real coup is the way Jobs has recaptured control of the firm he co-founded twenty-one years ago in his parents' Silicon Valley garage.

No technology company has ever risen—and then fallen—so far so fast. Under Jobs's passionate leadership, Apple was the firm that, with the Apple II, gave birth to the personal-computer industry and, with the Macintosh, literally changed the face of technology itself. But Jobs's passion had its dark side. Mercurial, abrasive, and prone to scheming, Jobs was a profligate manager, and, in 1985, he left Apple after a showdown with Sculley, a former president of Pepsi whom he had recruited. In the next decade, Sculley presided over Apple's most dynamic period of growth, but he was also responsible for a series of famous blunders—the refusal to license the Mac operating system, the failure to make a dent in the corporate market, the decision to pursue high profit margins at the expense of high market share—which led eventually to his own ouster. By the mid-nineties, Apple was in steep decline: bereft of strategy, bleeding talent, guided by an ineffectual board of directors, its share of the P.C. market sliding toward irrelevance.

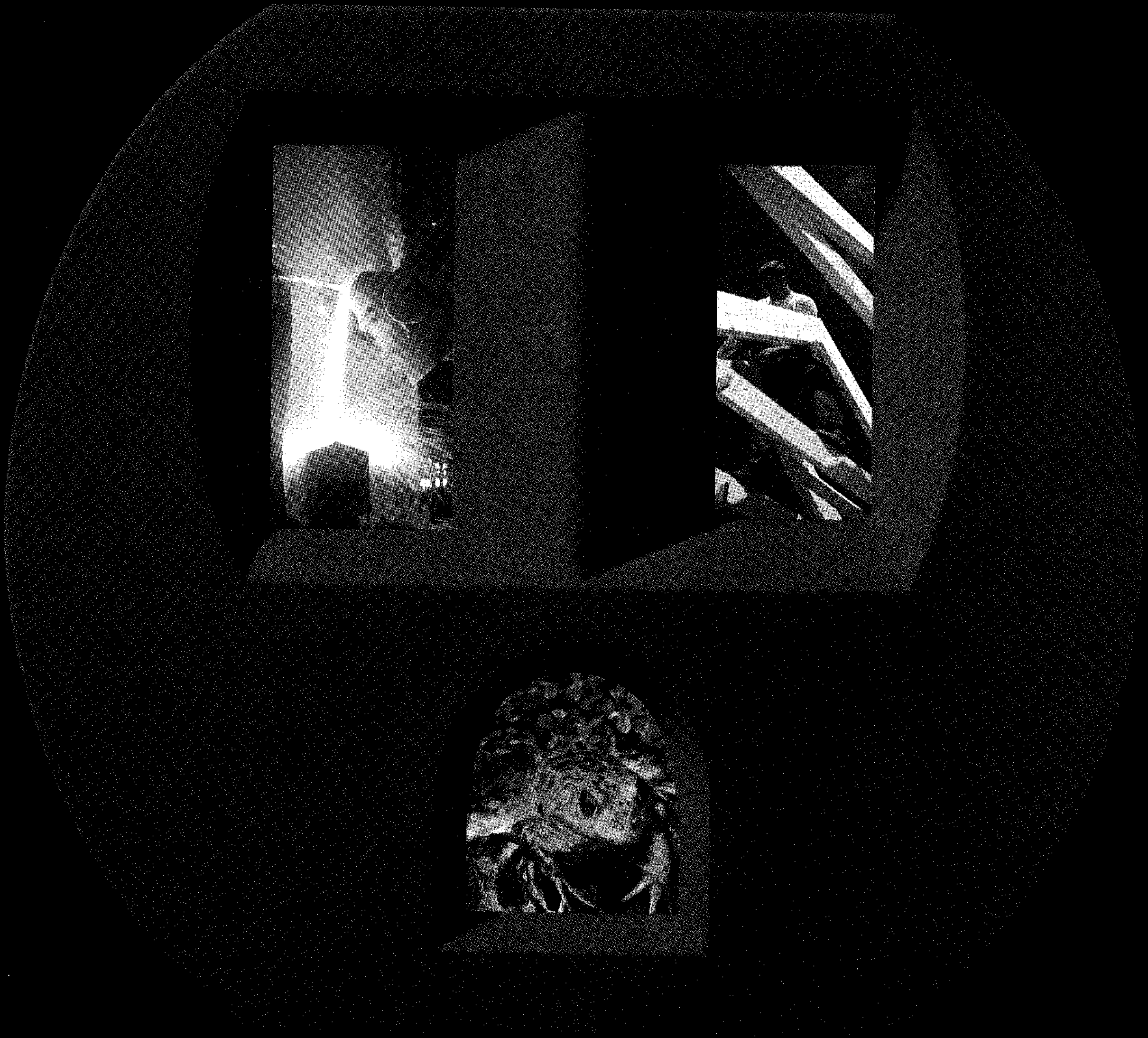


The Microsoft deal wasn't Jobs's biggest coup.

It was into this morass that Jobs stepped last December, when Apple's C.E.O. at the time, Gil Amelio, purchased Jobs's struggling software company, NeXT, and brought Jobs back into the fold as an "adviser." What followed was a chain of events which makes all the earlier episodes in Apple's soap-operatic history seem banal. These events can be described only as a reverse takeover of Apple, a company with close to ten billion dollars in revenues last year, by NeXT, whose revenues typically hovered around fifty million. And this takeover, in turn, led to the ouster of Amelio and the transformation of Jobs from prodigal son into self-styled messiah, and culminated in the Microsoft deal, which was hailed in the media and, briefly, on Wall Street as the last, best hope to save Apple.

The undistorted—and unsurprising—reality of the deal is that it is a boon for Microsoft. For Apple, however, it is es-

GENE GREIF· STEVE JOBS PHOTO BY LOUIS PSIHOYOS/MATRIX



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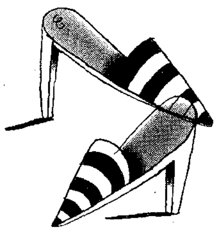
sentially a triumph of perception. As Sculley put it, "Steve gets on the cover of every newspaper and magazine in the world, and suddenly everyone believes that Apple has a chance again." For a company whose very survival had been in doubt, that perception is valuable. But it is nothing like a remedy for the huge underlying problems that have caused Apple to lose $1.7 billion in the past seven financial quarters alone.

For the moment, those problems are almost entirely in Jobs's hands. Though he has turned down an offer to be Apple's C.E.O., he is leading the search for someone to fill that role, and is devising a new strategy for the company. He has joined the board, and will undoubtedly become its most vocal member. And despite the fact that Jobs, after seriously considering becoming Apple's chairman, passed up that opportunity as well, there is reason to view this decision as less than final. Jobs declined to be interviewed for this article. But Edgar Woolard, the chairman of DuPont, and the Apple board member who has emerged as Jobs's main partner in putting Apple right, told me, "There are two ways to go. Either we get someone as C.E.O. who can do it all—who can handle operations and strategy and be out there creating public confidence in Apple's future—or we get someone who can make the trains run on time and who's willing to step aside and let Steve be the chairman and the public face of Apple. I don't know if Steve would ever agree to it. But I certainly keep that option open."



ONE morning when I was in Cupertino, where Apple is based, the phone rang, waking me, and Gil Amelio was on the line. In the three weeks since he'd been fired, in early July, he had lain relatively low, but now he was apparently ready to talk at length about his tenure. Before coming to Apple, Amelio, who is fifty-four, had served as the C.E.O. of National Semiconductor, where he developed a reputation as a turnaround artist—or, as he put it, a "transformation manager." When we spoke, he was quick to claim that at Apple "I was the practical business guy who took a company that was literally in danger of not surviving and got it on its feet again."

Amelio became C.E.O. of Apple in early 1996. The well-publicized errors of more than a decade—which had been compounded over the previous few years as the board and the prior C.E.O., Michael Spindler, concentrated on trying to sell Apple to everyone from I.B.M. to Philips to Sun Microsystems—left Amelio facing a slew of crises, and he handled some of them capably. In particular, he shored up Apple's precarious cash position, raising six hundred and sixty million dollars on Wall Street with a bond issue, and he repaired the quality of the product line, which had faltered so severely that one PowerBook model had to be recalled because of a flaw that made it liable to burst into flames.

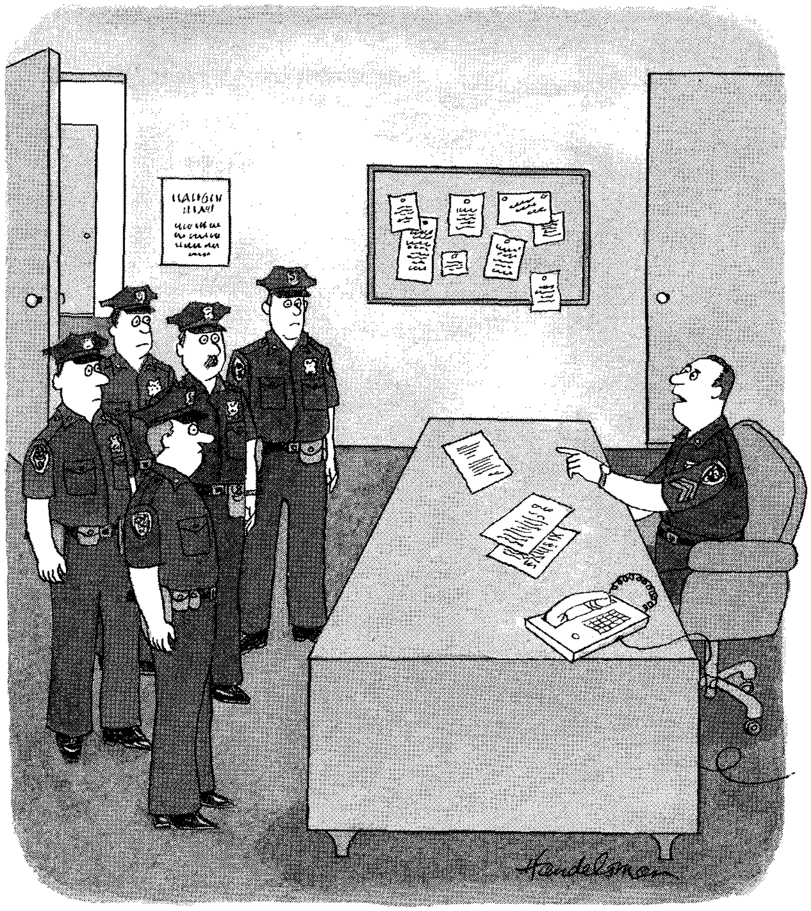
"Gil did triage," I was told by Heidi Roizen, who was then the Apple executive responsible for dealing with firms that developed software for the Mac. "He found the body on the side of the road and got it to the E.R." But that wasn't enough. With no prior experience in the computer business, Amelio was unprepared for the industry's pace and for the chaos of Apple. As he admitted to me, he failed to cut costs quickly or deeply enough. Most critically, he failed to devise a strategy to halt Apple's precipitous declines in sales and market share. And his lavish compensation package—a minimum of two and a half million dollars a year in pay and bonuses, a five-million-dollar personal loan, a deal whereby Apple leased his personal jet—turned much of the Apple workforce against him. One industry observer told me, "The employees looked at him and said, 'Holy shit, the carpetbaggers have arrived.' "

Meanwhile, Jobs was turning his attention to Apple again. In the past dozen years, he had started two firms—Pixar Animation Studios, which had many lean seasons before creating the hit film "Toy Story," in 1995, and NeXT, which he had hoped would rival Apple but which had, instead, limped along. Then, in the fall of 1995, when the scale of Apple's troubles had become fully apparent, Jobs told *Fortune* that he had a plan to fix the company. Joe Graziano, who was then Apple's chief financial officer, told me that he had already urged A. C. (Mike) Markkula—who, with Jobs and Steve Wozniak, was one of Apple's founders, and who had exercised considerable power during his long tenure on the board—to consider bringing Jobs back. Markkula called Jobs, but the discussion went nowhere. Later that year, Jobs and his close friend Larry Ellison, the C.E.O. of the database giant Oracle, weighed making a bid for Apple, but decided against it. "I'm not a hostile-takeover kind of guy," Jobs told the *Times*.

Hostility would prove to be unnecessary. Last November, Apple, which had been looking for a next-generation operating system to update the aging one that ran the Mac, was thinking of buying a software startup called Be. Jobs phoned Ellen Hancock, who was Amelio's lieutenant and Apple's chief technologist, to advise her against the purchase. For years, Jobs had been trying either to take NeXT public or to sell it, and now he saw an opening. Within days, he was back at Apple for the first time since his ouster, pitching the NeXT operating system to Amelio. In particular, Jobs contended that NeXT's technology could help the Mac—whose software and hardware had always been ill-suited to the needs of businesses—to make inroads into the corporate market. He convinced Amelio and Hancock. At a press conference on December 20th, Amelio, joking that "we picked Plan A instead of Plan Be," announced that Apple would buy NeXT for four hundred million dollars, half of which would go to Jobs, some of it in cash, the rest in the form of one and a half million Apple shares. And, Amelio added, Jobs himself would be coming back.

In the high-tech industry, purchasing NeXT was seen as a risky, and even a foolish, move. Originally, NeXT had manufactured a black, cube-shaped computer targeted at businesses. But its pricey hardware—ten thousand dollars a box—was a bust, and, by the time Jobs had turned NeXT into a pure software firm, in 1993, its formerly cutting-edge technology had been overtaken. Few people believed NeXT was worth anywhere near what Amelio had paid. "It was a terrible acquisition," Graziano, a friend of Jobs's who now sits on the Pixar board, told me. "The whole idea that Apple could now break into the corporate market—ridiculous! Businesses hate Apple. And the technology was a waste; I'm not sure it'll ever be used." Graziano added, "But it could turn out to have been a good thing, because it got Steve reëngaged."

On January 7, 1997, Jobs made his public return, appearing with Amelio during the C.E.O.'s keynote address at the winter Macworld, in San Francisco. For Amelio, the keynote was an important moment. Eighty thousand Apple developers, partners, and devoted Mac fans were there, along with much of the Silicon Valley élite. Jobs's cameo, which was preceded by a thunderous ovation, was brisk and entertaining, and lasted twenty minutes. Amelio's keynote, which was unrehearsed and was littered with walk-ons by celebrities like Jeff Goldblum and Peter Gabriel, dragged on for three hours. Somewhere in the middle of it all, an executive who was sharing the stage with Amelio shook his hand, and found it trembling and damp with sweat.



"I'm warning all of you. In the future, only normal brutality will be tolerated."

As the NeXT deal was being sealed, Amelio was warned that Jobs's return would threaten his leadership of Apple. "I remember sitting in a meeting and saying to Gil, 'If you buy NeXT, Steve will end up running the company,' " a former senior Apple executive told me. "But Gil didn't understand how much firepower Steve had. Either that or he felt he could harness it. And you can't. Steve doesn't know how to do anything but lead." Another Apple alumnus, who has known Jobs since the early eighties, put it more colorfully, and more cynically: "I called Ellen Hancock, and I said, 'Ellen, Steve is going to fuck Gil so hard his eardrums will pop.' "

But Amelio wasn't dissuaded. Certain that Jobs's return would boost morale among Apple's despondent employees, and that he himself was a commanding enough C.E.O. to hold his own, Amelio ignored even the advice of Hancock, who told me that she was worried that Jobs would succumb to "founderitis." As Amelio explained his decision to me, "I was driven not by what was right for Gil Amelio but by what was right for Apple. I said, 'Steve, I'll never be as charismatic as you and you'll never be as good an operating guy as me.' He agreed."

That, at least, is what Jobs's response was to Amelio. What he said to others was less agreeable. He told friends and associates in the industry that Amelio was incompetent, self-centered, not bright enough to run Apple. He was even harsher about Hancock, a networking specialist and a twenty-eight-year veteran of I.B.M. whom Jobs referred to routinely as a "bozo" and a "moron," urging Amelio to demote her. Amelio complied, taking away many of Hancock's primary duties, and installing two Jobs allies: Avie Tevanian, NeXT's software guru, and Jon Rubinstein, who had once been NeXT's top hardware engineer. "I don't think Steve set out to undermine Gil," Heidi Roizen said. "Steve loves Apple, he didn't like what he found, and he became emotionally involved again."

Almost immediately, Jobs began to eclipse Amelio within Apple. Because Jobs was running Pixar, his appearances on the Apple campus were rare, yet even when he wasn't physically in evidence his presence was pervasive. He was in constant contact with top managers by phone and by E-mail, and his surrogates—Tevanian, especially—could be counted on to advance his positions on questions of strategy. When Jobs did materialize, he made his opinions even more forcefully known, arguing, for example, that the company should shut down its vaunted research group and its quality-testing unit, putting both under the umbrella of product development, and that nobody at the company (except for the C.E.O.) should have a "C" title, such as chief technology officer. And in meetings where both he and Amelio were present Jobs was the dominant figure. "Apple is a technology company," an executive who took part in some of those meetings told me. "The head of hardware and the head of software are Steve's guys. He's the founder. And he's *Steve*, for God's sake. You say, 'Gee, I wonder who's in charge here.' "

On March 27th, Jobs's intentions became the subject of intense speculation in Silicon Valley when Larry Ellison said in an interview with the San Jose *Mercury News* that he was considering a takeover of Apple. Ellison, a flamboyant billionaire with a yen to provoke, had been quoted saying that his friend Jobs was "the only one who can save Apple." Amelio had tried to phone Ellison to discuss the situation, but, according to Amelio, the Oracle C.E.O. didn't return his call. A month later, Ellison punctured his own trial balloon, saying that he was backing off "for the time being." But by throwing Apple's future ownership into doubt, and confusing its customers and business partners, Ellison had weakened Amelio's tenuous hold on Apple.

This maneuvering was probably superfluous. For months, the board's members had feared that Amelio was incapable of convincing consumers that Apple wasn't in a "death spiral," as Ed Woolard, who had become the board's de-facto leader, put it. Now, as the board closely monitored the declining revenues, the death spiral seemed to be real. After a board meeting in June, Woolard was asked to figure out, in effect, whether Amelio should go. Woolard told me that he did not seek Jobs's opinion. "That would have been inappropriate," he said. But he did consult senior managers at Apple, many of whom were by then in Jobs's camp. Woolard delivered his verdict to Amelio by phone over the July 4th weekend.

Despite the many warning signs, Amelio told me that the call was "a bolt from the blue." He had made a promising start at healing Apple, he believed, and the board had acted too hastily. "The most talented executive in the world couldn't have turned Apple around in seventeen months," he said. I asked Amelio whether he harbored any malice toward Jobs for what had happened, and he insisted that he didn't. He said that he and Jobs had "a trusting relationship, and we talked openly," and that Jobs had called him on the day the board asked him to step down and had assured him that he had had nothing to do with it. "I tell you, honestly, if I had the same decision to make all over again, I'd do the same thing, even knowing what I know now," Amelio said. "I do not think that reconnecting Steve Jobs with Apple has been a bad thing."

GOOD or bad, it has been dramatic. From the moment that Amelio was gone, Jobs took over Apple. In conversations with friends, he began chewing over everything from the costs of Apple's sabbatical program to his intention to rehire TBWA Chiat/Day, the advertising agency that had created the famous "1984" spot used to introduce the Mac. He discussed whether he should take the chairman's job and whether Apple should start producing a "network computer"—a bare-bones machine, championed by Ellison, which would in theory be less complicated and costly than today's P.C.s, and which many analysts believe could be the next great wave in the high-tech industry. And he began turning up on the Cupertino campus regularly. At forty-two, Jobs is still boyishly handsome, with the appearance of a gracefully aging rock star—the jeans, the running shoes, the thinning black hair—and his presence has inspired a minor frenzy among the employees, for whom he is a sort of cult figure. "It's Beatlemania," a former Apple executive said dryly. "Retro vanity."

One of Jobs's first decisions was to install a new board. There are a few articles of faith that are universally shared about Apple, and one of them is that over the years the board has been a catastrophe. For much of its history, it included nobody with a serious technical background in computers. More damningly, its record of hiring and firing C.E.O.s—the one real responsibility that a board has—has been dismal. Amelio, the third C.E.O. to have been removed in the past four years, was hired without even the pretense of an executive search.

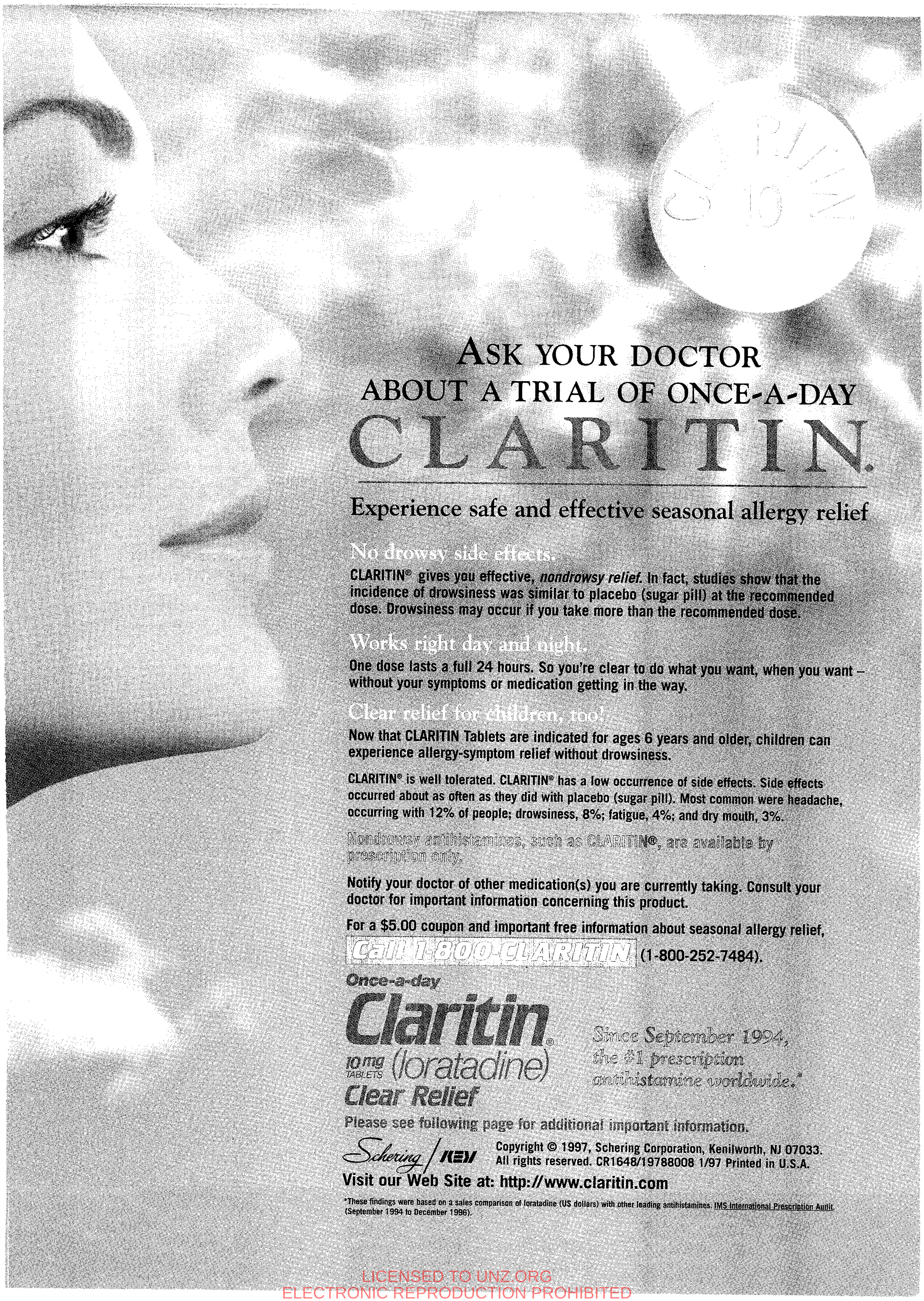
The one consistent presence on the board from the start had been the press-shy, chain-smoking Apple co-founder Mike Markkula. "Steve went to Mike and told him that he was associated with the past, and the past is failure, and that therefore he had to go," an associate of Jobs's told me. Indeed, such was the extent of Jobs's control and of the board's desperation that by early August Jobs had persuaded all the members, including Woolard, to resign in order to make room for people Jobs had in mind—a remarkable fact, considering that, at the time, Jobs was still only an adviser at Apple, and had recently sold all but one of the million and a half shares he got in the NeXT buyout. Jobs then pieced together the new board, keeping Woolard and one other member, and filling the other seats with friends and industry leaders like Ellison and William Campbell, the C.E.O. of the financial-software firm Intuit.

Jobs's other major endeavor was the Microsoft deal. Not long after Apple acquired NeXT, Bill Gates and Greg Maffei, now Microsoft's chief financial officer, had flown down to meet Amelio, Hancock, and Jobs in Cupertino to discuss improving relations between the two companies. Jobs was keen to talk about Microsoft's creating applications for Rhapsody, the operating system targeted at businesses which Apple was planning to build on the basis of NeXT's technology. Gates had long been a NeXT skeptic; several years ago, when he was asked whether Microsoft would develop software to run on Jobs's system, he replied, "Develop for it? I'll piss on it." Gates's reaction this time was less rude but no less skeptical.

Jobs called Gates after Amelio's departure, and the Microsoft chairman assumed that Rhapsody was on his mind again. When Jobs told him that he was interested in a broader alliance, including having Microsoft invest in Apple, Gates sent Maffei to Cupertino, where, on two successive Sundays, he and Jobs more or less nailed down the deal that Jobs would unveil at Macworld. The computer industry is full of odd bedfellows, with firms that compete in one realm coöperating in another. Even so, Maffei expressed concern about Jobs's intention to put Ellison—who is perhaps the fiercest and is certainly the loudest of Silicon Valley's Microsoft bashers—on the board. "That took us some time to get comfortable with," Maffei told me. Aware that Ellison had argued in the past that Apple should focus on making network computers, Maffei asked Jobs what he thought of N.C.s. "He said he wasn't very optimistic about them," Maffei said. "He said that making N.C.s wasn't a very workable business model for Apple."

Microsoft's worries about Ellison and N.C.s are not trivial. After a prolonged period of being in denial about the rise of the Internet, Gates and his team now understand that it is the central fact of the next phase of computing, and that it poses a real threat to Microsoft's power. In 1995, Sun Microsystems introduced an Internet-centric programming language called Java, which creates programs that can run on any operating system and is fast becoming the standard lingo of the Net. In a Java-fuelled future, the reign of the P.C. might be challenged by the N.C., which would let users "borrow" programs from the Net and would have no need for Microsoft's Windows—developments that would create enormous upheaval in many of the software markets that Gates's firm now dominates.

This is a vision that Ellison and Scott McNealy, Sun's C.E.O., are ardently pursuing. To thwart them, Gates wants to create his own version of Java, tailored to Windows. The Microsoft deal commits Apple, in effect, to helping Gates do it—an idea that Jobs had advocated in the meeting with Gates earlier this year, in contradiction to Apple's long-standing pledges of support for Sun, and one that cannot have been embraced enthusiastically by Ellison. And, in a blow to another Apple ally, Netscape, the deal makes Microsoft's Internet browser the default browser on the Mac, thus aiding Gates in



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*These findings were based on a sales comparison of loratadine (US dollars) with other leading antihistamines. IMS International Prescription Audit. (September 1994 to December 1996).

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BRIEF SUMMARY (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: CLARITIN is indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of age or older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Patients with liver impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day). (See **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: *Special Populations***.)

Drug Interactions: Loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been coadministered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies in adult volunteers. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of loratadine and/or descarboethoxyloratadine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine, as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT_c intervals, and no reports of sedation or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of Loratadine and Descarboethoxyloratadine After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers

	Loratadine	Descarboethoxyloratadine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+ 40%	+46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+103%	+ 6%
Ketoconazole (200 mg Q12h)	+307%	+73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.6 (loratadine) and 18 (descarboethoxyloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 *(loratadine) and 67 (descarboethoxyloratadine) times higher than in humans given the* maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is not known.

In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) assays, or in the assay for DNA damage (rat primary hepatocyte unscheduled DNA assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenesis assay and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse lymphoma assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis).

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of animal teratogenicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg (approximately 75 times and 150 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because *animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN* should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, descarboethoxyloratadine, pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC_{milk}/AUC_{plasma} ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for loratadine and descarboethoxyloratadine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and descarboethoxyloratadine was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 188 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN for the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on an extrapolation of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions and the likelihood that the disease course, pathophysiology, and the drug's effect are substantially similar to that of the adults. The recommended dose for the pediatric population is based on cross-study comparison of the pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in adults and pediatric subjects and on the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets: Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older, received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day varied from 2 weeks' to 6 months' duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1926	**PLACEBO** n = 2545	**CLEMASTINE** 1 mg BID n = 536	**TERFENADINE** 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	11	8	8
Somnolence	8	6	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were similar to those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets): Approximately 500 patients received CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical trials of 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those seen with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not result in an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

CLARITIN Syrup: Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age received 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these, 188 children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adverse events in these pediatric patients were observed to occur with type and frequency similar to those seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuance due to adverse events among pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF $\geq$ 2% IN LORATADINE SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS (6-12 YEARS OLD) IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS, AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 188	**PLACEBO** n = 262	**CHLORPHENIRAMINE** 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	4	2	2
Wheezing	4	2	5
Fatigue	3	2	5
Hyperkinesia	3	1	1
Abdominal Pain	2	0	0
Conjunctivitis	2	<1	1
Dysphonia	2	<1	0
Malaise	2	0	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	<1	0

In addition to those adverse events reported above ($\geq$ 2%), the following adverse events have been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

Autonomic Nervous System: Altered lacrimation, altered salivation, flushing, hypoesthesia, impotence, increased sweating, thirst.

Body As A Whole: *Angioneurotic edema, asthenia, back pain, blurred vision, chest pain,* earache, eye pain, fever, leg cramps, malaise, rigors, tinnitus, viral infection, weight gain.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension, hypotension, palpitations, supraventricular tachyarrhythmias, syncope, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Blepharospasm, dizziness, dysphonia, hypertonia, migraine, paresthesia, tremor, vertigo.

Gastrointestinal System: Altered taste, anorexia, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatulence, gastritis, hiccup, increased appetite, nausea, stomatitis, toothache, vomiting.

Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia, myalgia.

Psychiatric: Agitation, amnesia, anxiety, confusion, decreased libido, depression, impaired concentration, insomnia, irritability, paroniria.

Reproductive System: Breast pain, dysmenorrhea, menorrhagia, vaginitis.

Respiratory System: Bronchitis, bronchospasm, coughing, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemoptysis, laryngitis, nasal dryness, pharyngitis, sinusitis, sneezing.

Skin and Appendages: Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, photosensitivity reaction, pruritus, purpura, rash, urticaria.

Urinary System: Altered micturition, urinary discoloration, urinary incontinence, urinary retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; alopecia; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

OVERDOSAGE: In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with overdoses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Extrapyramidal signs and palpitations have been reported in children with overdoses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syrup. In the event of overdosage, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdosage would reasonably consist of emesis (ipecac syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 1200 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis.

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his effort to control as many portals to the Net as possible.

The implications of the deal for Apple, on the other hand, are modest. For a time, in negotiations to resolve a long-running patent dispute between the two companies, Microsoft had used as leverage the possibility that it might stop providing popular software applications such as Word and Excel for the Mac—a threat that was probably an empty one, given how profitable this software is for Microsoft. As part of the deal—which included an undisclosed payment to Apple to settle the patent matter, and an investment of a hundred and fifty million dollars—Microsoft formally agreed to continue updating its Mac applications for five years. This commitment may convince some consumers that the Mac isn't likely to disappear any time soon. "The deal addresses our biggest problem: the problem of perceived viability," Guerrino De Luca, Apple's marketing chief, told me.

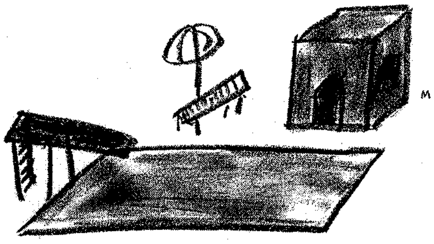
But if such reassurances keep existing Mac users from fleeing in panic to Windows-based P.C.s they seem unlikely to attract many new consumers to Apple. Meanwhile, despite his sales pitch to Amelio, it appears that Jobs has abandoned the notion that NeXT's technology will provide the key to Apple's breaking into the business market. In the July negotiations with Microsoft, he backed off from his insistence that Gates's firm develop applications for the NeXT-based Rhapsody, the future of which now seems to be in doubt, and De Luca admitted to me that "the corporate-enterprise market is lost for us—it's been lost for a long time."

Facing up to this, Jobs is implementing a strategy tightly focussed on two markets in which Apple has a solid hold: education and what he calls "creative content," meaning publishing and design and Web-site development. At the same time, Jobs appears to have some plans with respect to N.C.s—plans that seem to dovetail with Ellison's agenda. Despite what Jobs may have told Maffei, he is said by people close to him to be launching a crash program to build an N.C., which could make its début at the San Francisco Macworld this January.

Whether these measures will be enough to give Apple a prosperous future, or any future at all, remains to be seen. The firm's strengths in the education and creative-content markets are real enough, and, by directing all its energies into those markets, Jobs may be able to turn Apple into a competent niche player. Yet the number of mass-market manufacturers that have successfully scaled back their ambitions in this way is remarkably small, and the challenges faced by Jobs are particularly daunting. Joe Graziano, for one, is pessimistic. Having served as the company's chief financial officer from 1981 to 1985 and from 1989 to 1995, Graziano knows as much about Apple's underlying business as anyone. He also thinks that, over the years, Jobs has mellowed and matured into a fine corporate leader. Yet Graziano said, "Contrary to Steve, I don't think Apple is going to be able to be economically viable." The education market offers low profit margins, the publishing market is small, and in both areas the Mac is losing ground fast to Windows-based P.C.s. As for N.C.s, Graziano believes, as do many others in the industry, that businesses will be the primary market for the machines, and that such firms are unlikely to overcome their distaste for Apple or their fears about its ultimate ability to stay alive.

In all probability, Apple is destined to become, at best, a break-even company in an industry where the leaders—Compaq or Dell in hardware, for instance, and Microsoft or Netscape in software—often grow by more than thirty per cent a year. For a firm that a decade ago had the best technology and the most potent brand in the business, and which had inherited from Jobs a vision of itself as not merely a commercial enterprise but a revolutionary social movement, this would be quite a comedown. But it would be an improvement over the past few years, and it would certainly be an improvement over the other likely alternative: death. "I think Apple can be saved, and I think it will be saved, technically speaking," Graziano concluded. "Maybe it'll become a great niche player, or maybe it'll just plod along. But, with Steve around, Apple will survive. Because, if nothing else, Steve's a survivalist."

A few hours after Jobs announced the Microsoft deal, I had dinner at the Boston Four Seasons with Jean-Louis Gassée. A middle-aged Frenchman with a raffish air, Gassée founded Apple France and then moved to California to be John Sculley's chief technical wizard. Today he is the C.E.O. of the software firm Be, which Apple considered buying until Jobs came into the picture with NeXT. Gassée began to riff on the meaning of the Apple logo. "You have the apple—the symbol of knowledge," Gassée said. "It is bitten—the symbol of desire. You have the rainbow—but the colors are in the wrong order. Knowledge, lust, hope, and anarchy: any company with all that cannot help being mythic."



Years of gross mismanagement, infighting, and mounting losses have gone a long way toward erasing what was left of the Apple myth. In Silicon Valley, there remains a deep attachment to the company that not only spawned the P.C. industry but built the machine on which many of the industry's leaders discovered the wonders of computing. Yet the circumstances that surround Apple are so grim that Jobs and Woolard will have a difficult time finding a top-calibre C.E.O. The job has a history of scarring its occupants. It will entail the joyless task of paring back the ambitions of a once great company. And whoever ends up as C.E.O. will labor under the watchful eye and the long shadow of Steve Jobs. It is this mixture of romance and pragmatism—the appealing drama of Jobs as savior, the intimidating prospect of Jobs as overseer—that leads many people in the Valley to the conclusion that the best C.E.O. for Jobs's new Apple is Jobs himself.

Jobs, of course, is not among them. "I have another life now," he has said—running Pixar and being a husband and a father to two young children. He has told friends that being Apple's boss would be too rigorous, too all-consuming. There are others, naturally, who see Jobs's half-in, half-out position as an attempt to have it both ways: to be able to claim credit if Apple is somehow restored but to avoid blame if it finally collapses.

Whatever Jobs's true motives, Gassée agreed that the situation at Apple presents a set of realities to which Jobs's distortion field is well suited. "It is a strong field—the kind that can create self-fulfilling prophecies, which is what Apple needs right now," he said. "Look at the record: a year ago, Steve was in the wilderness, and everybody thought that NeXT was going nowhere. Then, as if by magic, he manages to sell it to Apple, for a very high price, and gain control of Apple in the process, and now he is in the position of again becoming a revered figure in the history of computing. If that's not leadership, I don't know what is." ♦

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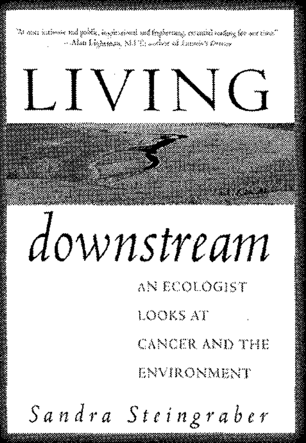

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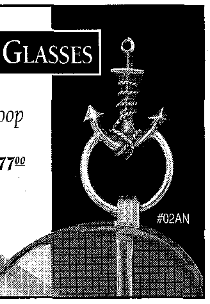

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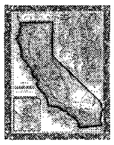

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PERSONAL HISTORY

TRAVELLING

Why do we remember some things and not others? The author reconstructs an important bus journey that her mother took fifty years ago.

BY GRACE PALEY

MY mother and sister were travelling South. The year was 1927. They had begun their journey in New York. They were going to visit my brother, who was studying at the Medical College of Virginia, in Richmond. Their bus was an express and had stopped only in Philadelphia, Wilmington, and now Washington. Here the darker people who had got on in Philadelphia or New York rose from their seats, put their bags and boxes together, and moved to the back of the bus. People who boarded in Washington knew where to seat themselves. My mother had heard that something like this would happen. My sister had heard of it, too. They had not lived in it. This reorganization of passengers by color happened in silence. My mother and sister remained in their seats, which were about three-quarters of the way back.

When everyone was settled, the bus driver began to collect tickets. My sister saw him coming. She pinched my mother—"Ma! Look!" Of course, my mother saw him, too. What frightened my sister was the quietness. The white people in front, the black people in back—silent.

The driver sighed, said, "You can't sit here, ma'am. It's for them"—waving over his shoulder at the Negroes, among whom they were now sitting. "Move, please."

My mother said, "No."

He said, "You don't understand, ma'am. It's against the law. You have to move to the front."

My mother said, "No."

WHEN I first tried to write this scene, I imagined my mother saying, "That's all right, mister. We're comfortable. I can't change my seat every minute." I read this invention to my sister. She said it was nothing like that. My mother did not try to be friendly or pretend innocence. While my sister trembled in the silence, my mother said for the third time—quietly—"No."

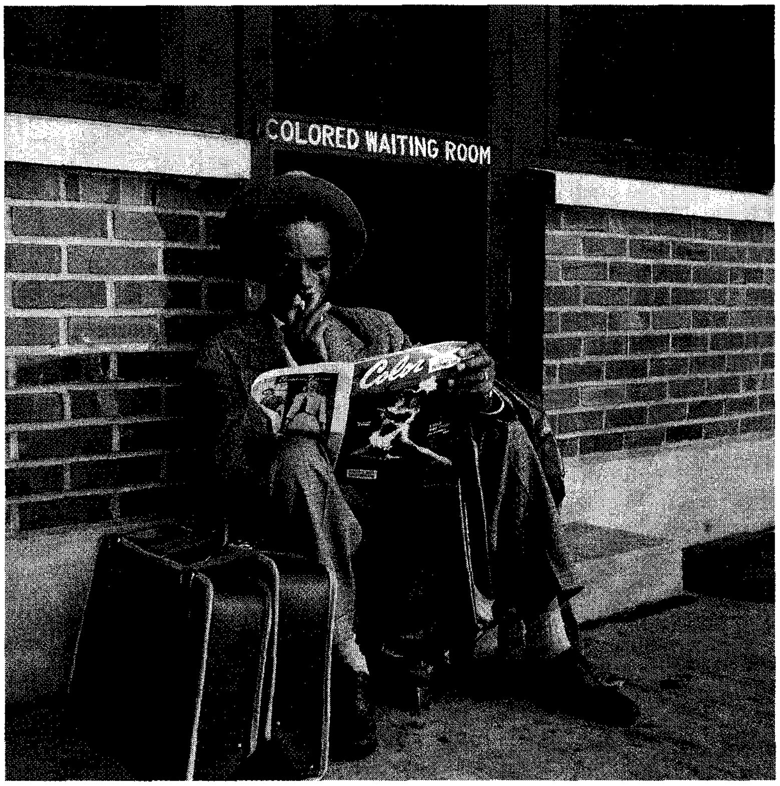
Somehow, finally, they were in Richmond. There was my brother, in school among so many American boys. After hugs and my mother's anxious looks at her young son, my sister said, "Vic, you know what Mama did?"

My brother remembers thinking, What? Oh! She wouldn't move? He had a classmate, a Jewish boy like him, but from Virginia, who had had a public confrontation with a Negro man. He had punched that man hard, knocked him down. My brother couldn't believe it. He was stunned. He couldn't imagine a Jewish boy wanting to knock anyone down. He had never wanted to. But he thought, looking back, that he had been set down to work and study in a nearly foreign place, and had had to get used to it. Then he told me about the Second World War, when the disgrace of black soldiers forced to sit behind white German P.O.W.s shook him. Shamed him.

About fifteen years later, in 1943, in early summer, I rode the bus for about three days from New York to Miami Beach, where my husband and hundreds of other boys in sweaty fatigues were trudging up and down the streets and beaches to prepare themselves for war.

By late afternoon of the second long day, we were well into the South, beyond Richmond, maybe in South Carolina or Georgia. My excitement about travel in the wide world was damaged a little by a sudden fear that I might not recognize Jess, or he me. We hadn't seen each other for two months. I took a photograph out of my pocket; yes, I would know him.

I had been sleeping, waking, reading, writing, dozing, waking. So many hours, the movement of the passengers was like a tide that sometimes ebbed and now seemed to be noisily rising. I opened my eyes to the sound of people brushing past my aisle seat. And looked up to see a colored woman holding a large sleeping baby, who, with the heaviness of sleep, his arms tight around her neck, seemed to be pulling her head down. I looked around and noticed that I was in the last white row. The press of new travellers had made it impossible for her to move farther back. She seemed so tired, and I had been sitting and sitting for a day and a half at least. Not thinking, or maybe refusing to think, I offered her my seat.



My mother had heard that this might happen when they reached the South.

BERN KEATING/BLACK STAR

She looked to the right and left as well as she could. Softly, she said, "Oh, no." I became fully awake. A white man was standing right beside her, but on the other side of the invisible absolute racial border. Of course, she couldn't accept my seat. Her sleeping child hung mercilessly from her neck. She shifted a little to balance the burden. She whispered to herself, "Oh, I just don't know." So I said, "Well, at least give me the baby." First, she turned, barely looking at the man beside her. He made no move. Then, to my surprise, but obviously out of sheer exhaustion, she disengaged the child from her body and placed him on my lap. He was deep in child-sleep. He stirred, but not enough to bother himself or me. I liked holding him, aligning him along my twenty-year-old young woman's shape. I thought ahead to that holding, that breathing together that would happen in my life if this war would ever end. I was so comfortable under his nice weight. I closed my eyes for a couple of minutes but suddenly opened them to look up into the face of a white man talking. In a loud voice, he addressed me: "Lady, I wouldn't of touched that thing with a meat hook."

I thought, Oh, this world will end in ice. I could do nothing but look straight into his eyes. I did not look away from him. Then I held that little boy a little tighter, kissed his curly head, pressed him even closer, so that he began to squirm. So sleepy, he reshaped himself inside my arms. His mother tried to narrow herself away from that dangerous border, too frightened at first to move at all. After a couple of minutes, she leaned forward a little, placed her hand on the baby's head, and held it there until the next stop. I couldn't look up into her mother face.

I WRITE this remembrance more than fifty years later. I look back at that mother and child. I see how young she is. Her hand on his head is quite small, though she tries by spreading her fingers wide to hide him from the white man. But the child I'm holding, his little face as he turns toward me, is the dark-brown face of my *own* grandson, my daughter's boy, the open mouth of the sleeper, the full lips, the thick little body of a child who runs wildly from one end of the yard to the other, leaps from dangerous heights with experienced caution, muscling his body, his mind, for coming realities.

OF course, when my mother and sister returned from Charlottesville the family at home wanted to know: How was Vic doing in school among all those Gentiles? Was the long bus ride hard? Was the anti-Semitism really bad or just normal? What happened on the bus? I was probably present at that supper, the attentive listener and total forgetter of information that immediately started to form me.

Then, last year, my sister, casting the net of old age (through which recent experience easily slips), brought up that old story. First, I was angry. How come you never told me about your bus ride with Mama? I mean, really, so many years ago.

I don't know, she said. Anyway, you were only about four years old and, besides, maybe I did.

I asked my brother why we'd never talked about that day. He said he thought now that it had had a great effect on him; he had tried unravelling its meaning for years—then life, family, work happened. So I imagined him, a youngster, really, a kid from the Bronx in Virginia in 1927—why, he was a stranger there himself.

In the next couple of weeks, we continued to talk about our mother, the way she was principled, adamant, and at the same time so shy. What else could we remember . . . Well, I said, I have a story about those buses, too. Then I told them: how it happened on just such a journey, when I was still quite young, that I first knew my grandson, first held him close but could protect him for only about twenty minutes fifty years ago. ♦

THE PUBLISHING WORLD

BEST-SELLER

The agent from Texas that New York can't ignore.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

ONE day in 1985, a literary agent from Dallas named Jan Miller was making the rounds at the midtown offices of Random House. It was her second year in the business, and she had yet to succeed in placing something with any of the big New York publishing houses. While she was waiting for her next appointment, an editor took her into his office to show her a manuscript that had been sent to him, unsolicited, by someone named Stephen Covey. "It's your kind of thing," the editor told her. As usual, Jan Miller failed to make a sale that day. But she did not leave empty-handed. She took with her the manuscript that the editor had given her.

A lot has changed since then for Miller. She sold a revised version of Covey's manuscript to Simon & Schuster, which published it, in 1989, under the title "The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People." The book sold more than seven million copies in the United States alone, and the paperback edition is still on the best-seller lists. Last year, Miller's agency had revenues of just over twelve million dollars, and she may now be the most sought-after agent in the country for her "kind of thing"—books that blend self-help, philosophy, anecdote, and relentlessly positive messages. That mix has yielded twenty best-sellers since Miller became an agent, thirteen years ago, including, at one point, four of the five best-sellers on the *Times*' "advice, how-to, and miscellaneous" list. With forty books in the publishing pipeline—eleven due this fall and eighteen just published in the spring/summer season—she is often compared to the legendary agent Irving (Swifty) Lazar. Her influence extends, after a fashion, even to the White House. Stephen Covey and another of Miller's authors—Anthony Robbins, a hyperextroverted motivational coach—spent a weekend at Camp David with President Clinton and various members of his Administration after the 1994 Republican congressional sweep. Random House is among the major publishers now bidding avidly for Miller's authors and projects. This fall, it will publish, with much fanfare, its first Jan Miller book: "Power Living," by Jake Steinfeld, trainer to the stars; author of "Body by Jake," the book; star of "Body by Jake," the long-running cable fitness series; and editor of *Body by Jake*, a magazine now being test-published by Hachette Filapacchi.

Jan Miller, photographed by Amy Arbus, in Dallas. Miller almost single-handedly reinvented the self-help genre.

At the Random House sales conference last spring, in Scottsdale, Arizona, Steinfeld took the stage before a skeptical sales force, with Miller looking on. A strategy was in place to get across the message that "Power Living" was not about bodybuilding, and that Steinfeld himself was not a "musclehead" but a successful entrepreneur with a message to sell. Steinfeld recalls, "From all these intellectual types the look was 'uh-oh.' They looked down. They buried their heads." Harold Evans, the president of Random House, was there. Steinfeld turned to him and said, "Harry, get over here. Get down on the floor and do the perfect pushup. Let's go for a hundred reps. . . . O.K., ten." As Evans good-naturedly proceeded to do the pushups, the audience shouted out the count. Then Steinfeld continued, "In this book there will not be one pushup, not a mention of biceps or triceps. It's about power living. What's power living? It's the ability to get the president of a company down on the floor doing pushups." The audience, according to Jake, "yelled and whooped" its approval.

Despite the enthusiasm for Steinfeld's book, his editor, Ann Godoff, who was recently named editor-in-chief of the Random House imprint and is known for acquiring the long-running best-seller "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil," is a little defensive about what is undeniably a departure from her list. "This is the first book of this kind I've done," she told me recently. "This is not Proust. But it is something that is lively, helpful, informative. It has a really good life lesson. A lot of this work doesn't have that."

JAN MILLER, unlike many literary agents, makes no pretense that her work is about art, as opposed to commerce. But commerce is a quality that is increasingly prized in the book industry, which has been shaken by declining sales, unearned author advances, and a return rate on new hardcovers which recently hit forty-five per cent nationally. The depth of the industry's problems was painfully evident in HarperCollins's recent decision to cancel more than a hundred books that it had already contracted for and take a write-off of two hundred and seventy million dollars.

In this environment, Miller is no longer viewed as a literary embarrassment but as a potential savior. Rick Kot, an editor who recently moved from Disney's Hyperion imprint to Time Warner's Little, Brown, says, "Everybody now wants a good self-help book. Look at the advice and self-help best-seller list. 'Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus'—millions of copies. 'Seven Habits'—everybody wants one. 'Road Less Travelled'—that's a cash cow. It's backlisted. It's lucrative year in and year out." While Kot was still at Hyperion he signed his first Miller book—a motivational guide to navigating office politics.

The only major publishers still holding themselves aloof are Knopf and Farrar, Straus & Giroux. "Can you imagine taking Tony Robbins into Knopf?" Miller asked. Roger Straus, the chairman of Farrar, Straus, confirms that his company will not be bidding on a Miller book. "I don't know a damn thing" about her, he said. "Nor do I care to." But at other houses serious editors are vying for Miller's authors. In a coup for Richard Snyder, the former Simon & Schuster chairman, his firm, Golden Books Family Entertainment, will publish Stephen Covey's next book, "Seven Habits of Highly Effective Families," this fall. Miller managed to negotiate the deal so that Covey could work on the book with his Simon & Schuster editor, Bob Asahina, who had followed Snyder to Golden Books.

Simon & Schuster still has two Covey books under contract, but to stave off similar losses it flew a few of its authors who are Miller's clients to New York to reassign their editors and, in one case, sweetened an existing advance. The stakes are even higher for Golden Books Family Entertainment, the house that Snyder is trying to build from the former Western Publishing Company. Miller's authors account for a third of the books on Snyder's fall and winter lists. Asa-

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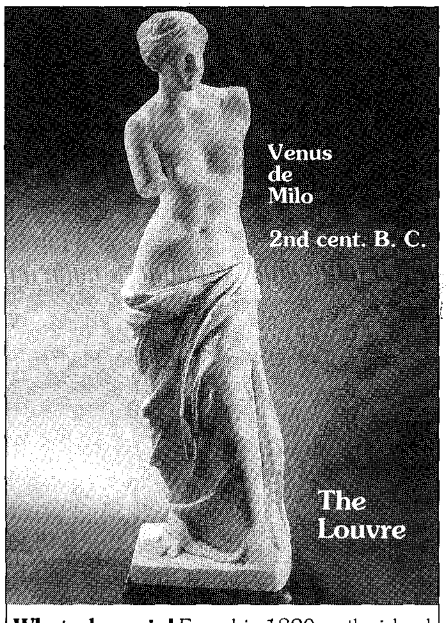

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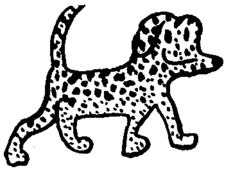
hina, who says he had hoped to concentrate on serious nonfiction and literary fiction and "had no intention of publishing Jan's books," now says, "I wouldn't have had a job without them."

THE genre of self-help tomes in America dates back at least as far as Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack." It doesn't take a genius to recognize the perennially successful subjects: money, diet, fitness, beauty, romance. Nevertheless, most such offerings fail. What, I wondered, has given Miller her sixth sense for best-sellers?

On one of Miller's visits to New York, I met her for drinks at the Four Seasons. She maintains an apartment in Manhattan, has a house in Dallas, and spends about five days a month at the Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles. She swept into the restaurant in a black cape, but, despite the theatrical entrance, she proved to be open, friendly, and likable. (She almost instantly fell into the habit of addressing me as "darlin'.") She is dark-haired, attractive, and stylish, and has the aura of someone who has benefitted from the diet, beauty, and positive-thinking prescriptions of the authors she represents. When I asked if that was so, she laughed and said, "I do my own thing."

She has, however, followed the advice of some of her authors. Thanks to her client José Eber, the Beverly Hills hairdresser and the author of "Shake Your Head Darling" and other books, I learned she has largely abandoned a look she favored in the eighties. Her hair then "was very severe, very striking," Eber, who styles Elizabeth Taylor and Cher, told me. "We were in Dallas. I chopped it off. I added a touch of softness. She never let it grow again. She has great style. She doesn't need me." Miller, for her part, told me that she has been lifting weights for years. "I met Arnold"—Schwarzenegger—"and he opened this world."



Like many of the authors she represents, Miller rose to celebrity and riches from an ordinary middle-class upbringing. She was born in 1950, in Denver, where her mother managed a sporting-goods store. Her father died when she was a teen-ager; her mother still works in the store, and Miller talks to her every day. After graduating from the University of Colorado, Miller moved to Dallas and went to work for Zales, a jewelry company that also owned a chain of sporting-goods stores.

She met Arnold Schwarzenegger in 1979, when he was still largely unknown outside bodybuilding circles. It was the dawn of the national fitness craze: Jane Fonda had launched her first "workout studio" in Beverly Hills, and Simon & Schuster was about to publish Schwarzenegger's book "Body Shaping for Women." Miller badgered Simon & Schuster to let Schwarzenegger sign and sell books at Zales as part of his publicity tour. On the day he appeared in Dallas, the book sold a couple of hundred copies at local bookstores. At Zales, it sold more than three thousand.

Miller quit Zales and opened a public-relations agency called Dupree-Miller. (Dee Dupree, her partner, subsequently married and left the firm, but Miller kept the name.) In 1981, Schwarzenegger, by then a movie star, returned to Texas to promote "Body Building for Men." Dan Green, the publisher of Simon & Schuster, hired Miller to do Schwarzenegger's publicity, and suggested that she put her marketing instincts to work as a literary agent. "There were plenty of agents in New York, in D.C., even in Boston, and there were beginning to be agents in San Francisco and Los Angeles," he recalled in a recent interview. "But there was nothing in Texas. I thought there was a lot going on there." Miller "is not in or of New York City. That means that she's seeing things that work that we didn't see."

Miller attributes part of her remarkable productivity to two of her clients. "Two events that had a dramatic effect on my life and business were Stephen Covey's Leadership Week and Tony Robbins's Date with Destiny," she told me. Covey's weeklong event in Sundance, Utah, is "gruelling," she said. "It's about strategic thinking and understanding the seven habits. There's a whole day on power and the effect that it has in the workplace. I could really see what a fight it is for women in the corporate world." The Date with Destiny is "a more introspective time," she went on to explain. "It's a three-day event with Tony. It focusses on an alignment of values, putting a priority on your values."

In 1984, Robbins, a twenty-four-year-old self-proclaimed "peak-performance" coach, came to Dallas for one of his motivational seminars and hired Miller to handle local publicity. She was "mesmerized," she recalled, by the effect he had on an audience of several hundred people who showed up to hear him at a hotel near the Dallas airport. He had the crowd, Miller included, chanting "We're going to feel good for no reason at all!" and lining up to walk barefoot over a bed of hot mesquite coals. She followed Robbins to Phoenix, and got on the phone to Green, who referred her to Bob Asahina. "Be nice," Green counselled him.

"Miller was sitting by a pool in Phoenix when she called," Asahina told me this past spring. "She had just walked on coals and said it was an amazing, transforming experience. She was so loud and enthusiastic I said, 'Let's keep things in perspective.' " Asahina, skeptical, told her to send him a proposal. "Proposal?" Miller recalled when I asked her about it. "I didn't know what a proposal was." She responded by flying to New York with Robbins.

"She was bigger than life," the low-key, almost scholarly Asahina said. "She had a Dallas manner, expensive clothes, and jewelry, and she talked fast. She didn't know the business, and she admitted it." Still, she had "enormous energy and enthusiasm," and Robbins, at six feet seven, was "overpowering." That Robbins made no claim to being a writer didn't even figure in the discussions; Miller would supply a ghostwriter.

At the time, Asahina told me, he knew "nothing about self-help and celebrity." But he recognized the elements of what would become the Miller formula: a personality with celebrity potential; a marketing mechanism outside normal book channels (Robbins's seminars); a personal story of overcoming adversity (Robbins claims to have once been an overweight janitor, who washed his dishes in the bathtub); and a life-transforming message that could easily be packaged for talk shows and advertising. "This was really a new genre," Asahina declared. "It merged self-help, autobiography, celebrity, and marketing. I don't know if Jan even realized this."

The Robbins book, after much discussion and many marketing-driven changes, was entitled "Unlimited Power." Robbins became one of the first authors to address a Simon & Schuster sales conference, and his motivational pitch brought the sales force to its feet. The book was published in October, 1986. Though critical reception was tepid, it became a *Times* best-seller that fall and sold a respectable hundred and twenty-five thousand copies in hardcover.

By that time, Robbins's seminar business had started to falter. Then he discovered television. His infomercial "Personal Power," which first appeared in 1989 and has had several incarnations, is said to be the most widely watched infomercial ever made. According to Robbins, it is aired somewhere in the world every thirty seconds. "Unlimited Power" went on to sell nearly two million copies in paperback. Robbins's next book for Simon & Schuster, part of a three-book, multimillion-dollar contract negotiated by Miller, was "Awaken the Giant Within," and it sold more than three hundred thousand copies in hardcover following its publication, in 1992. He has since written a small-format gift book of motivational meditations and, with a co-author named Joseph McClendon, a performance primer directed at African-Americans entitled "Unlimited Power: A Black Choice."

Immediately after the success of "Unlimited Power," Miller flew to Provo, Utah, to meet Stephen Covey, a management professor at Brigham Young University, whose manuscript she had been handed at Random House. The manuscript was actually a transcript of Covey's "Seven Habits" corporate-training program, but Miller sensed that it could be made into a best-seller. At the time, Covey was also a management consultant, and had a staff of about a dozen people promoting management seminars and an eight-tape audio series, "The Seven Basic Habits of Highly Effective People." Miller was deeply impressed by Covey's passion—a near-missionary zeal, which, he told her, he and his staff derived from their experiences as Mormons. Covey lacked the electric personality of a Tony Robbins, but he had a marketing organization, an easily articulated, life-transforming premise, and personal experience, so Miller encouraged him to rework his book.

TRAVEL
M. Twohy

"Are you pretty good with your fists?"

• •

Because Random House had given Miller the original Covey manuscript, she felt obliged to send her proposal there first. It was rejected. Several other publishers also passed. Only Bob Asahina liked it, in part because he was gaining faith in Miller's judgment, but he did say that the book would have to be oriented toward people, not just businesses and organizations. Despite Asahina's support, Simon & Schuster's editorial board rejected the proposal. Miller kept pressing, and Asahina kept bringing the project up. It was rejected three more times. Finally, Miller sent Simon & Schuster's then president, Joni Evans, a memo entitled "Seven Reasons Why You Should Buy This Book." Evans capitulated. "All right, already," she wrote back.

Covey, unlike the extroverted Robbins, was not a hit at the sales conference, nor did he make a splash on the talk-show circuit, and "Seven Habits" never made the *Times'* hardcover-best-seller list. But Covey's marketing organization kept pitching the book to prospective corporate clients, and word of mouth gave the book something of a cult following in the business world. Demand for Covey grew on the lecture circuit. Hardcover sales remained so steady—ultimately reaching three hundred thousand copies—that the paperback edition was delayed for several seasons. When it was finally published, in 1989, it shot to the top of the best-seller list, and it has remained there for more than two hundred and eighty weeks.

MILLER creates what she calls a "mind map" for each client, in which books, infomercials, consumer products, seminars, and commercial endorsements all build awareness and sales over time. She sets little store by positive reviews, a mainstay of traditional book marketing, because, nice as they are, she thinks they have little effect on the shelf life of most new titles. Accordingly, she maintains a full-time publicist of her own to oversee publicity efforts at the various publishing houses, and maintains a relationship with several freelance publicity firms. (Every call I made to a Miller author promptly occasioned a follow-up call from a publicist.) She also maintains a stable of ghostwriters, who have not only proved themselves in numerous works represented by Miller but have found ghostwriting for Miller to be far more lucrative than writing their own books. They include Wes Smith, a journalist at the Chicago *Tribune;* Gene Stone, a former West Coast Simon & Schuster editor; Skip Hollandsworth, a writer for *Texas Monthly*; and Cathy Harris, a writer for *Shape*, in Los Angeles.

The Miller approach may have found its purest embodiment in Susan Powter, the diet-and-fitness guru. Asahina had asked Miller to find him a "female Tony Robbins," so in 1992 she flew to New York with Powter, who at the time was the owner of the Susan Powter Exercise Studio, in Dallas. A manic, brash, spiky-haired bleached blonde who claimed to have shrunk from a "two-hundred-and-sixty-pound fatty" to a size 4, Powter was little known outside Dallas, and even there she had had limited success. But her manager had arranged regular appearances for her on ABC's then popular "Home Show." Miller sensed that the right book, in conjunction with national publicity, could transform Powter into a Robbins-size success. Asahina recalled that when the high-voltage Powter strode into his office, along with her manager, Miller, and a cassette of the "Home Show" clips, "I was overwhelmed. I can assure you that Jan was by far the quietest person in the room."

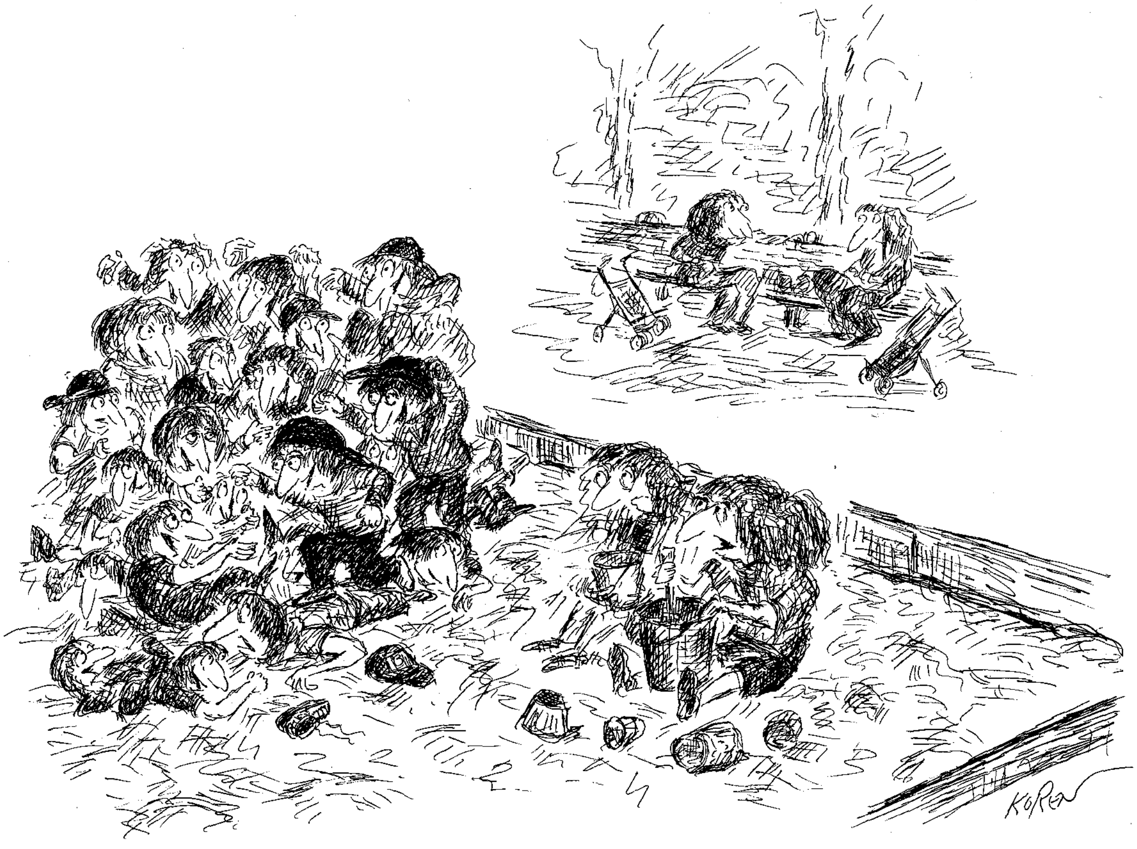
No book proposal was necessary. The book itself was simply one element in a comprehensive marketing campaign that included a publicity tour, further appearances on the "Home Show," and an infomercial used to sell audiotapes, low-fat recipes, and Powter-brand calipers to measure body fat. "Stop the Insanity!" became an immediate *Times* best-seller when it was published, in 1993. Never mind that Powter's brother publicly contradicted crucial elements of her autobiography, maintaining, for example, that she never weighed anything close to two hundred and sixty pounds. (According to Powter, he has since recanted.) Millions of people, most of them women, responded both to her attack on the precepts of the traditional diet-and-fitness establishment and to her high self-esteem, not to mention her no-starvation diet.

Despite her success and her relentlessly optimistic message, Powter soon fell on hard times. After a dispute with her original financial backers, she had to file for personal bankruptcy in 1995, and she was apparently battling some form of addiction. But such developments, while no doubt as painful for Powter as they would be for anyone else, have paid a dividend for her as an author of self-help and inspirational books. This fall, Simon & Schuster will publish what it hopes will be the biggest Powter blockbuster yet, tentatively entitled "Dance with the Devil." "It's the best book she's ever written," Miller said. "It's brilliant."

THE last week of July found Miller back in Manhattan. She had two of her clients in tow: the hairdresser José Eber and a relationship expert named Gary Smalley. Both men were looking for publishing contracts, and both were poised to trigger bidding wars.

Smalley, a Christian-oriented marriage counsellor based in Branson, Missouri, is the author of numerous love-and-marriage guides, including "Making Love Last Forever" and "Forever Love." Though his books have sold more than six million copies, he has largely escaped the attention of both the national media and the major publishing houses. (With the exception of two paperbacks, all his books have been published by religious publishers.) Miller saw Smalley on an infomercial, tracked him down in the Ozarks, and brought him to New York, where they were going to auction the publishing rights to his next, as yet unwritten book. Perhaps it was coincidence, but Miller herself got married this summer, to Jeff Rich, the president and chief executive of a Dallas-based data-processing company.

As for Eber, he says that interest in what will be his third book is "phenomenal," despite the fact that the 1990 "Beyond Hair," which Miller represented, sold modestly—not nearly as well as "Shake Your Head Darling," published in 1983. After all, the hairdresser claims, not only is he marking his thirty-fifth year in the business—and the celebrity testimonials will generate publicity—but he is about to add new locations to his nationwide chain



"Oh, it's just more white-male stuff."

of salons, partly in conjunction with Saks Fifth Avenue, which will offer obvious marketing tie-ins.

After returning to Dallas on Friday night, Miller flew on Sunday morning to Nashville, where the cosmetics entrepreneur Jinger Heath, whose book "Positively You" is being issued by Golden Books Family Entertainment this fall, was addressing a few thousand women attending the annual sales conference of her direct-sales company, Beauti Control. Not yet a household name, Heath is another Dallas-based entrepreneur. Her company, with fifty-five thousand sales representatives worldwide, each of whom will be promoting "Positively You," ranks just behind Avon and Mary Kay in sales. "Positively You," the book, will be cross-promoted with Positively You, a new hand cream. Moreover, each copy of the book—a hardcover priced at twenty-two dollars—will contain a coupon for a free container of Beauti Control lip-rejuvenation cream, which, according to Heath, is worth twenty-five dollars.

Miller had called Heath the day she read a feature about her in the November, 1995, *Texas Monthly*, and had told her that she had to write a book, because it would be huge. "I'm so enthusiastic and hyper, but that girl wears me out," Heath told me. "She's a dynamo. She sees the big picture." Evidently referring to one of Miller's mind maps, Heath said, "She drew a plan in five minutes. It was pods, circles, lines, kind of like an organizational chart. TV, infomercials, audiotapes—my head was swimming." Heath went on to say that when Miller brought her to New York one publisher asked for an outline or a sample chapter. "You don't get it," Miller retorted. "Obviously, this is a phenomenal project, but if you don't see it it's time to move on." With that, Miller got up and walked out, and Heath came scurrying behind her. "They chased after us," Heath recalled. "Jan was polite, but, once they didn't capture the vision, it was clearly a waste of time." Random House, Simon & Schuster, and Doubleday were among the publishers vying for the book.

The week after her trip to New York, Miller auctioned Gary Smalley's book to Simon & Schuster for a million and a half dollars and concluded six-figure deals for two personal-finance guides: "Smart Women Finish Rich," by David Bock, which she sold to Broadway Books, and "A Kick in the Assets," by Tod Barnhart, which was bought by Putnam. A final deal had not yet been reached for Eber's book.

At last count, Miller's authors had published a hundred and fifty books. About twenty of them have become best-sellers. She is disciplined and consistent about her formula. She will not do what she calls "airy fairy books," for example—books describing personal encounters with mystics, angels, or aliens. Nor will she represent notorious authors, like O. J. Simpson, each of whom she feels has the capacity for only a single best-seller. "I have an instinct," she says about the people and projects she decides to represent. "Can people leverage themselves into other areas? They have to be ambitious. They have to be media-savvy. They have to be genuine. They have to believe in themselves." If they meet those criteria, Miller believes in them. There is no hint of irony, of condescension, of élitism from Miller toward her clients—an ingenuousness that may be her most important asset.

Jake Steinfeld, for example, impressed Miller at a breakfast at the Hotel Bel-Air. "I was so engaged with him," she recalled. "He was the first personal trainer. I saw his TV show—he had all these endeavors, an empire! I said, 'I want a mind map of what you do.' We took the mind map to Random House—that's all we had." Steinfeld had never had an agent before Miller. "The lady always finds time," Steinfeld told me. "She always calls back. I say, 'I'm going to be in New York,' and she gets on a plane. She believes in me—that's the most important thing. She has the fire. I say, 'Go big or stay home.' That's how she lives. That's why I love her." As for "Power Living" itself, Steinfeld said confidently, "I'm expecting a best-seller, and I'm not settling for less."

Bob Asahina, who is one of the Miller formula's biggest admirers, is unsentimental about its purpose. "There's no reason to do these books unless they sell," he says. For her part, Miller says that her greatest satisfaction comes from a "legacy of having worked for people who have had an impact, like Robbins and Covey—people who have helped other people." She adds, almost in the same breath, "And I like making people rich." ♦

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THE POLITICAL SCENE

GIULIANI UNBOUND

August can be a stormy time for New York City politics, but the Mayor began the month believing that things would be different. He was wrong.

BY JOE KLEIN

"I LOVE five-borough days!" exclaimed Rudolph Giuliani, the hundred-and-seventh Mayor of the City of New York, with typically earnest enthusiasm, as his police helicopter lifted off from an East River pad for a brisk tour of the city at dusk one day in early August. He peered out the window, looking west, hoping to check the progress of work on the Central Park stage where Garth Brooks would be performing a few evenings hence. "It's in the North Meadow, near Harlem," he said, triumphantly, meaning: No other recent mayor would have dared lure a quarter-million melanin-deprived cowpokes to a free concert in *that* part of town. But it was a different city now: the No. 1 tourist destination in America, according to a recent poll; the city more Americans wanted to live in than any other, according to a different poll; the safest big city in the country, according to national crime statistics. These data were unimaginable and slightly threatening to true New Yorkers, who pride themselves on living in a place too fast, too crowded, too smart, too edgy to be easily endured by mere Americans. "New Yorkers hate to admit they're optimistic," the Mayor said several days later. "They hide it. I love it."

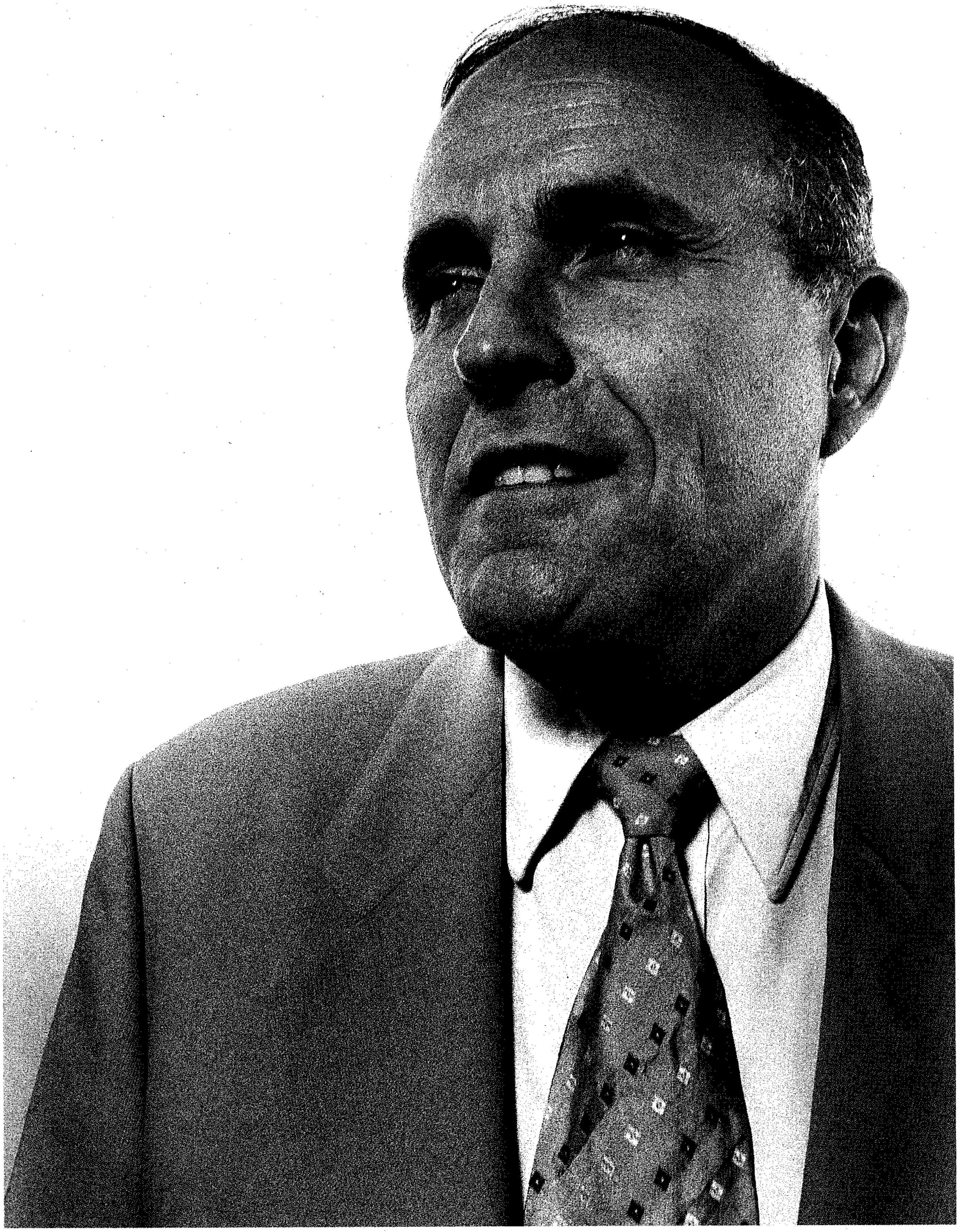
Optimism does seem a bit much, a yokel disposition—especially in August, and particularly in a municipal-election year. Bad things happen in August. One August night eight years ago, a mayoral election was transformed when a black youth named Yusuf Hawkins went shopping for a used car in the "wrong" neighborhood—Bensonhurst—and was surrounded by a group of white youths and murdered. Six years ago, on another August evening, a Hasidic Jew lost control of his car in Crown Heights and killed a black child named Gavin Cato, precipitating a terrifying riot, in which a yeshiva student was murdered in retribution. These were, arguably, the signal events in the political career of David Dinkins, the hundred-and-sixth Mayor of New York.

Giuliani, breezing, apparently, toward a second term, appeared eager that evening to face the challenges of an election-year August: he would play it like a video game, testing his political reflexes against the inevitable wild ride of urban calamities. It would begin with a five-borough victory lap of sorts: the fourteenth annual National Night Out Against Crime. "You remember how this started?" he asked as the helicopter curled north, toward the Bronx. "People were afraid to go out at night. There was a sense of dread. So this was a national effort to take the streets back, for one night each summer, to encourage people not to be afraid—and maybe get communities more involved in helping the police. People would come out, huddle together in the parks, and burn candles." The Mayor stopped, shook his head, and chuckled. "It was like a vigil. You'll see how the atmosphere has changed. Now it's more like a celebration."

But the celebration would be confounded by the August weather: immense, cement-colored clouds were massing to the north and west—they chased the Mayor across the city. The timing was hilariously precise: the wind began to gust as soon as Giuliani approached the podiums in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Queens; the first oversized, woolly raindrops spattered as he was introduced; then a Biblical deluge was loosed as he began to speak, and waned on cue, minutes after he left the podium. This seemed a rather blatant, tabloidy sort of symbolism: the commemoration of Giuliani's greatest achievement as mayor—the near-halving of the city's violent-crime rate—was being washed out. The Brooklyn rally was cancelled. Staten Island was moved indoors. The helicopter had been abandoned in Queens; the Mayor finished the tour, bedraggled, by car.

And, sure enough, within a matter of days Giuliani was confronted with a true August crisis—a case of alleged police brutality so sadistic as to be almost inconceivable. A Haitian immigrant named Abner Louima said that a toilet plunger had been forced up his rectum by police officers in the Seventieth Precinct station house, in Flatbush, after an altercation outside a night club early in the morning of August 9th. The soiled plunger handle, it was alleged, had then been jammed into Louima's mouth, breaking several of his teeth. The officers had shouted racial epithets as they brutalized Louima, including, "This is Giuliani time, not Dinkins time," and had left the victim, suffering, in the station house for more than three and a half hours before allowing him to be transported to Coney Island Hospital.

The Mayor and Police Commissioner Howard Safir responded to the accusations quickly. The initial reaction of even Giuliani's harshest critics was that he had done well. "He's had his best forty-eight hours as Mayor of this city," said Norman Siegel, of the New York Civil Liberties Union, who had been hounding the Mayor about violent police practices for years. But as the depressing reality of the case settled over the city—and other stories of recent police brutality were rehearsed and conflated in the media—a deeper unease set in: Could Rudolph Giuliani be held responsible for the atmosphere in which the Louima case had occurred? Was it the result of a jaunty, overaggressive police presence indirectly encouraged by a Mayor whose popularity was based, in large part, on effective police work? Fairly or not, "Giuliani time" had resonance—and the effects of the Mayor's brusque, peremptory personality on the govern-



The Mayor's response to the Louima case was impeccable, but he still faces bumps on his procession to reëlection. Photograph by Max Vadukul.

"I had a nice chat with my trainer today about Allah."

ing of the city had suddenly become a central issue in his campaign for reëlection.

• •

EVEN if the weather for Giuliani's National Night Out Against Crime excursion had been perfect and the crowds enormous, the celebratory tour would not have received much notice, because a different sort of deluge was in progress that week. The month had opened with a classic, grand-mal New York media convulsion: a story in *Vanity Fair* claimed that the Mayor's marriage was in trouble, and that he was carrying on an affair with his young communications director, Cristyne Lategano.

The curious state of the Mayor's marriage was not exactly fresh news—his wife, the newscaster Donna Hanover, had conspicuously lopped the "Giuliani" from her name, had decided not to campaign for her husband, and seemed to make a point of not vouching for his fidelity—and *Vanity Fair* produced only an unnamed source to support the equally longstanding rumors of an illicit romance. (Other unnamed sources, none of them friends of the Mayor, maintain that the relationship with Lategano was too, well, professionally intense to be sexual. "It's like an abusive father-daughter relationship," one of them told me. "You should hear him yell at her.")

On that early-August night, Giuliani and Lategano sat in the back seat of the helicopter, separated only by me. (Safir sat stiffly in front.) I discerned *no* sparks. We ate lukewarm hot dogs for dinner, which, as far as I could tell, were the only source of body chemistry as we fluttered above the dampened city. The Mayor had handled the personal questions well that day—dismissively, almost cheerily, with little evidence of his famous temper. (He became less cheery as the week went on and the story lingered.) But the episode was not without significance. Obliquely, it resurrected the darkest, most embarrassing, and, in some ways, most revealing confrontation of the Mayor's term so far: his defenestration of the brilliantly successful Police Commissioner William Bratton, in March of 1996.

The Mayor's inner circle was convinced that many of *Vanity Fair's* off-the-record sources—including, perhaps, *the* unnamed source—were Bratton-related (although the ex-Commissioner himself maintains that he doesn't think Giuliani and Lategano are having an affair). The most vehement on-the-record source for the story was John Miller, the WNBC-TV reporter who had served as Bratton's lead publicist (and had been a noted Giuliani target until he resigned, under pressure, in February of 1995). The sniping was nothing new. A muffled, intermittent guerrilla war had existed between Giuliani and Bratton since the earliest days of the administration.

The intensity and the duration of that scuffle were mystifying. The common belief, among connoisseurs of municipal perversity, is that the Mayor simply couldn't stand to share credit for his greatest triumph with a potential rival. (Bratton toyed with the idea of running for Mayor this year.) "We never had a direct confrontation about it," Bratton says. "The Mayor would communicate his apparent displeasure by having his staff leak negative things about me to the newspapers."

Not anymore. When I asked the Mayor what had happened with Bratton, he launched into a direct and fairly vituperative assault: "The Police Commissioner is supposed to be the substantive guy. The Mayor is supposed to be the political person. We almost had it reversed. *He* was thinking about public relations, ride-alongs, how to enhance his reputation with the national media—and the Mayor was figuring out most of the police strategy. You want a Police Department to be serious, right? You want a Police Department to be serious about itself and what it's doing. If you spend most of your time hanging out in Ellen's, or Elaine's, or whatever it's called, it's hard to do that. So I thought Bratton did a good job, particularly in the first year, but people don't remember that when he left the reductions in crime were petering out, down to six or seven per cent, and stories were already being written about how it would start slipping back up. Howard Safir"—Bratton's replacement is a former federal law-enforcement executive and, more recently, Fire Commissioner—"has done a remarkable job. He has a much more substantive involvement in the Police Department. When I ask questions, I ask a lot of questions. This is an area I know about, and I demand a lot. When I ask about this precinct or that precinct, why crime went up here or down there, Howard has the answers immediately. Howard is there—you don't have to spend an hour getting him out of a restaurant, or a bar, or a cocktail party."

In all this ranting, it was easy to forget that Giuliani had chosen Bratton for the job because of his striking success as chief of the New York Transit Police and then as Boston's Police Commissioner, and that the daily monitoring of precinct-by-precinct crime statistics—known as the "comstat" process—had been largely the creation of Bratton's flamboyant deputy, Jack Maple. (By the way, there was no sign of reductions in the crime rate "petering out" during Bratton's tenure.) For the most part, Howard Safir has kept his predecessor's policing strategies in place, and the results have been remarkable. Take robbery, for example, which most criminologists consider the truest indicator of mayhem in the streets (murder is more dramatic, but also quirkier and more personal): robberies exploded during the sixties, going from about six thousand six hundred in 1962 to more than seventy-eight thousand in 1972, and peaking in 1990 at more than a hundred thousand; by 1996, they had been reduced to just over forty-nine thousand.

But Bratton's problems with the Mayor had little to do with crime-fighting. They began even before the Mayor took office. "Right after I was named commissioner," Bratton told me, "I gave an interview to the *Daily News*. The headline was something like 'WE'LL END THE FEAR,' and Peter Powers"—a former deputy mayor and longtime Giuliani friend—"tells me, 'We'd like you to keep a lower profile.' But that isn't my style."

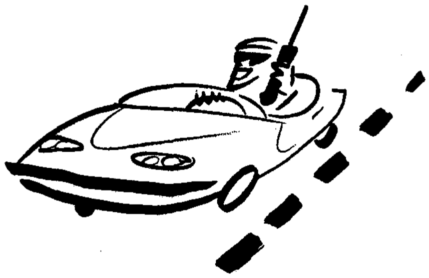
When I asked Powers about that episode, he confirmed the conversation but put a different spin on it: "I told him, 'You're creating too high an expectation. Our philosophy is to set a reasonable expectation and then exceed it.' "

The former Commissioner seemed decidedly nonplussed by Giuliani's latest, most public criticism. "The Mayor's right when he says I couldn't give him the precise statistics," he said. "That was Jack Maple's job. Rudy provided phenomenal political leadership, but now he's trying to reinvent history because he can't stand to have anybody onstage with him. It's like a cult he's got there: you can't work with the guy unless you're willing to drink the Kool-Aid."

John Miller was willing to add some details about the evenings at Elaine's: "Bratton wouldn't drink. He would have a steak sandwich and a Diet Coke. Maple wouldn't drink, either. He would have a double espresso. They'd sit there at the end of a twenty-hour day and figure out what we'd be doing the next day. I'd sit there with them." He paused, for effect. "I drank."

ABOVE Rudolph Giuliani's desk in City Hall hangs a riotously inappropriate portrait of the totemic New York Mayor of the twentieth century. Fiorello LaGuardia sits demure and dignified in a black suit, his dark tie straight, his thick black hair carefully combed, his hands delicately resting on the arms of a settee. The portrait is clearly a flight of fancy: LaGuardia never spent a moment of his life so neat, or inert. He was a tiny, garrulous, furious, tumultuous presence, who—as a Jewish-Italian Episcopalian—incorporated in his person the city's three great ethnic reform traditions.

Since the mid-nineteenth century, when the Irish began to arrive in significant numbers, New York politics has wobbled between polarities of style and zeal, machine politics and reform. There has been an ethnic component to this. The Irish and the blacks, who constituted the pariah classes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and tended to see government as the best way up and out, have usually been the machine politicians, the stylish romantics. The Jews, the Italians, and the Anglo-Saxon Protestants have frequently tended to be zealots, reformers seeking order, as opposed to opportunity, from government. There are, of course, all sorts of exceptions to the rule. New York is a place where ethnic stereotypes are routinely dismissed and obsessively observed. And so it was probably no accident that Tammany's most stylish Irish stalwart, Gentleman Jimmy Walker, was followed by Fiorello LaGuardia, a reformer so intense that his zeal came to seem—in a sly, knowing New York way, later replicated by Edward I. Koch—a parody of itself. And it is no accident, either, that David Dinkins, a classic machine politician, who never seemed so comfortable as when he was touring the town in a dinner jacket, would be succeeded by Rudolph Giuliani. (Or, for that matter, that Giuliani would be irritated by William Bratton's dashing, colorful, and largely Hibernian police crew.)



Giuliani's zeal is legendary; he has no discernible sense of style. Even his rivals acknowledge that he has had tremendous successes as Mayor—"an outstanding Mayor," Bratton says—but there is a chilliness, a lack of grace and irony, a brutality to his efficiency which limits the affection he can elicit from a grateful public; he is respected but less than loved. His hobbies and enthusiasms are well known—opera, baseball, law enforcement, immigration—but, aside from anger, his range of public emotions seems quite limited. He is not a blustery man. (His anger tends to be more disdainful than furious.) He can be charming, and sometimes even funny; but it is difficult to imagine him misty, or besotted, or at peace.

He is an ungainly man. His head is large, with severe, medieval features—in another life he might have been a warrior monk—but it rests uncomfortably on a body with the disorderly inconsistency of a sack of potatoes. Given the physical awkwardness, his intellectual precision and asceticism—and utter ferocity—can come as a surprise. But it is immediately apparent, in any conversation. It's not just that Giuliani doesn't suffer fools; he tends not to suffer doubters, of any sort. This has made for a difficult relationship with the press: he will, quite frequently, describe questions or criticisms as "idiotic." It is a favorite word; "demeaning" is another. And often, given the odd commingling of prurience and pomposity which marks the local, tabloid-driven press corps, his scorn is understandable. But too often the disdain is reflexive and gratuitously foolhardy. Early in Giuliani's mayoralty, Mark Green, the Public Advocate, issued a report suggesting that the city might consider privatizing repair services for police vehicles. Within hours, the

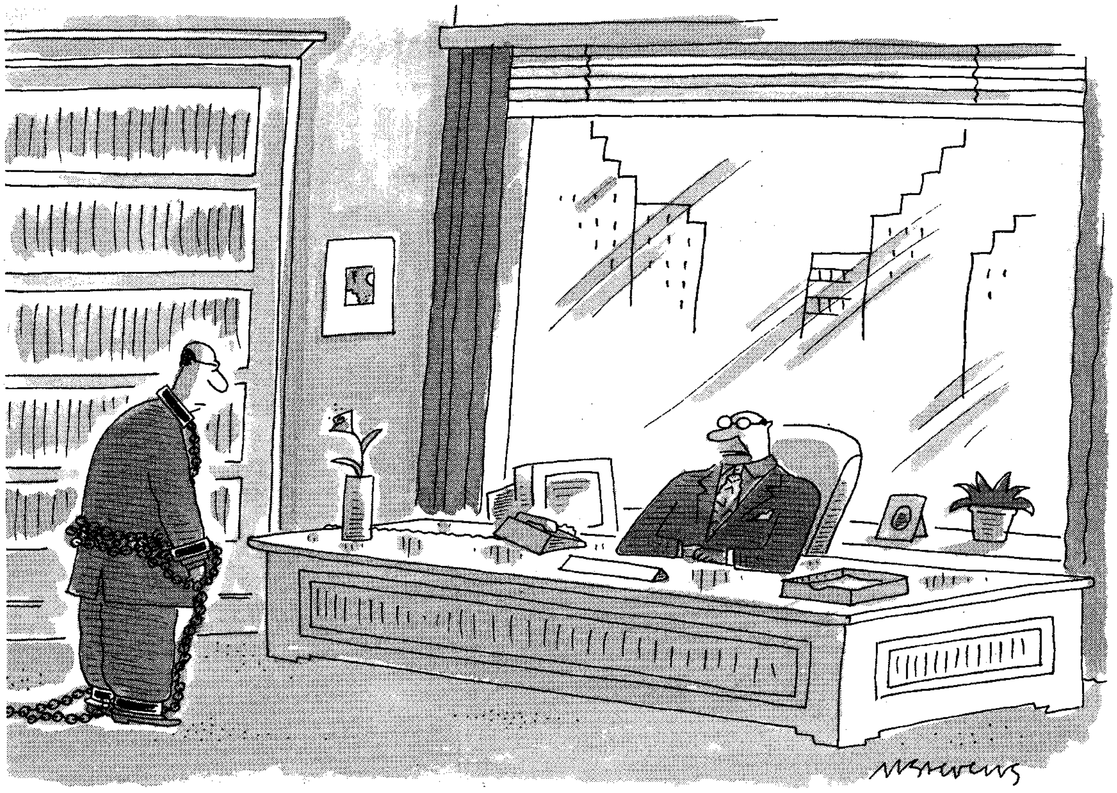
Mayor had dismissed the idea as "idiotic" and a threat to public safety, because miscreants could sabotage police cars. "It turned out that both the F.B.I. and the Secret Service used private garages for their vehicles, and that Bratton was studying it, too," Green recalled. "I'd like to be able to say that this was an isolated overreaction on the Mayor's part, but I can't."

RUDOLPH WILLIAM GIULIANI, born on May 28, 1944, was an only child, the son of a Brooklyn tavern owner, the nephew of four police officers and a fireman. He grew up hearing stories of mythic acts by New York's uniformed services. "My uncle Rudy was in the Emergency Service Unit," the Mayor told me. "He once had to restrain a crazy guy who was terrorizing a ward at Bellevue with a shotgun. He came up from behind and put his gun to the guy's head, and disarmed him. He was put in for a commendation, but he was almost disciplined instead—his superiors thought he should have shot the guy. I guess they figured that he had endangered the people on the ward by trying to disarm the man. Rudy was my hero. His last day on the job, he had to go to the top of the Brooklyn Bridge and talk someone down. It was the third time he had done that. When the Emergency Service Unit found that terrorist bomb factory in Brooklyn a few weeks ago, I thought of him. Thirty years ago, that would have been my uncle Rudy risking his life for the city."

Giuliani's parents were intensely moral, religious, and also political. "His father was a real presence, the sort of guy you felt come into a room," his friend Peter Powers says. "And his mother! One time, Rudy and I had dates we brought to his house, and we sat down in the kitchen, talking politics with his mother. She and Rudy were Kennedy liberals and I was a Goldwater conservative, and we used to argue all the time—and suddenly it was two hours later, and our dates were still in the parlor, waiting for us. I don't think those girls were very interested in going out with us again."

The Bratton gang—cool dudes that they are—would joke that Giuliani was "the sort of kid who never made it to school with his lunch." That is, he was the sort of kid who'd be picked on—unathletic, smart, dorky. The late-night speculation at Elaine's was that the Mayor's high-handed style was "the revenge of the nerd." If so, Giuliani came from a distinct nerdly subgroup—the defiantly self-possessed, messianic kind. Throughout high school and college, and ever since, he seems to have had a powerful small-room charisma, the ability to gather an extremely loyal group of followers and set them to work on difficult tasks, against enormous odds. His closest advisers—people like Powers, Deputy Mayors Randy Mastro and Randy Levine, and the Mayor's chief counsel Dennison Young, Jr.—have been friends for decades. They are tough, stubborn, smart, and entirely discreet. The most successful newcomers, like Cristyne Lategano, tend to adopt the prevailing style.

Giuliani's career as the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, which lasted from 1983 to 1989, seems, in retrospect, a perfect dress rehearsal for his mayoralty, a combination of brilliant successes and unnecessary—indeed, mystifying—lapses. He enjoyed a series of gaudy legal victories—decimating the five "families" of the New York Mafia, routing the corruption rampant among outer-borough political hacks in the mid-Koch years, and nailing a series of high-profile rogue stock manipulators—but he also managed to enrage many of those who crossed his path. He was known as a press hound, and as something of a showboat. Toward the end of his tenure, as Giuliani began looking toward a political career, he seemed to grow desperate for attention. He pursued high-visibility cases of questionable substance. His unsuccessful prosecution of an ailing, seventy-four-year-old judge named Hortense Gabel for allegedly being influenced by Bess Myerson in a divorce case seemed not only cruel and unnecessary but downright bizarre (especially when the primary witness for the prosecution turned out to be the Judge's less than entirely stable daughter). He infuriated the financial community by arresting two Wall Street executives in their offices—literally having one handcuffed and marched out by federal marshals—on flimsy charges, which he ultimately dropped. He



"Sims, we've decided to let you go."

KTAADN

What was lost, again, the hot sap
that burnt my throat with, well why not, joy.
Did I own it, or just borrow it
from eyes that should be cool but were not, were hot.
A moment's forgetting, did I turn to see
some other sort of startle in the grass,
did I stoop to heal the afflicted
beasts that lost their eyes and wings.
How often is too often, what if
this heat tore through me constant
as the sky I tear apart, claiming,
This is mine, well what of it.
Let's see who's still standing when I burn, again,
when the mountain is set to the match.

—APRIL BERNARD

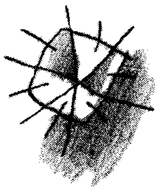
went to war against Senator Alfonse D'Amato, insisting on having a say in the naming of his successor as United States Attorney for the Southern District—a prerogative usually reserved for the local United States senator. It was a battle he had no chance of winning, and it gained him D'Amato's enduring enmity.

Giuliani's first venture into elective politics, the 1989 mayoral campaign, was not auspicious. He was unprepared on the issues, and tepid on the stump. After the murder of Yusuf Hawkins that August, the election went primal. It turned on questions of pigment and demeanor: Giuliani was white and tough; David Dinkins was black and soothing. "We are beyond logic, into people's hopes," the *News* said. Mostly, people seemed to be hoping to avoid a racial cataclysm. Balm won.

Four years later, Giuliani was back: he was still campaigning as a tough guy, but now he was better prepared—a thinking man's tough guy. "The first campaign was trial and error," the Mayor recalls. "By 1993, I'd spent a lot of time thinking about how we might actually reduce crime." He fixed on a law-enforcement strategy incubated in a Ford Foundation-funded think tank called the Police Foundation, and elucidated by the sociologists James Q. Wilson and George Kelling in a celebrated 1982 *Atlantic Monthly* article entitled "Broken Windows." The strategy was to attack the merest appearances of public disorder. The elimination of the aggressive beggars who attempted to clean the windows of gridlocked automobiles (the squeegee operators) became the symbolic heart of his campaign, and David Dinkins ridiculed the fixation: "Killers and rapists are a city's real public enemies, not squeegee pests and homeless mothers." But Dinkins had shown little interest in or aptitude for attacking the disorder in the streets. His main anti-crime initiative, a successful effort to get the state government to help pay for four thousand additional police officers, had been a matter of political desperation more than of personal conviction. It came only after a series of brazen crimes had led to the classic tabloid headline "DAVE, DO SOMETHING."

Actually, Dinkins held strong if fairly conventional liberal views on how to "do something" about crime: the best way, he believed, was to attack the "root causes," and spend money on the elimination of poverty. But his administration proved singularly inept at that, too. The city was broke. What money there was—an annual budget of better than thirty billion dollars—disappeared into ancient, intractable bureaucratic sinkholes. "The city was ready to be transformed," Giuliani says now. "There was a debate going on in the rest of the country—about welfare reform, tax reduction, having government agencies compete with the private sector to provide services, and about the quality of life—that the political community in New York wasn't part of, and the public was ready for. When the change came, it was like the Iron Curtain falling. It happened much quicker than anyone expected. The reductions in crime and welfare caseload, the increases in job creation, are about twice what I would have predicted, if you could have gotten me to make a prediction, which you probably couldn't have."

In 1993, Giuliani's insistence that crime might actually be reduced seemed naïve at best, and a form of demagoguery at worst. It was a time when politicians routinely tried to take credit for reductions in the *rate of increase* of crime statistics; deep down, most experts—liberal and, especially, conservative—believed that the anarchic crime rates that had exploded in the nineteen-sixties, and had been inching up ever since, were now a permanent part of the urban landscape. Giuliani's optimism about the potential of law enforcement to reverse the trend was exceptional, and it was immediately put to the test. Facing an enormous budget deficit—"about three times as large as we expected and ten times as large as Dinkins said it would be," Giuliani says, somewhat hyperbolically—the new Mayor chose to cut every government agency except the Police Department. It was a decision that remains controversial—one that he will have to defend in his reëlection campaign. Ruth Messinger, the Manhattan Borough President, who is likely to be Giuliani's opponent this fall, plans to criticize the Mayor's initial willingness to reduce the budget for the Board of Education, and particularly for new school construction. It is a fair point. But Giuliani had done a rare thing for a politician: he had made the unequivocal decision that his reputation would stand or fall on a single issue—the return of public order.



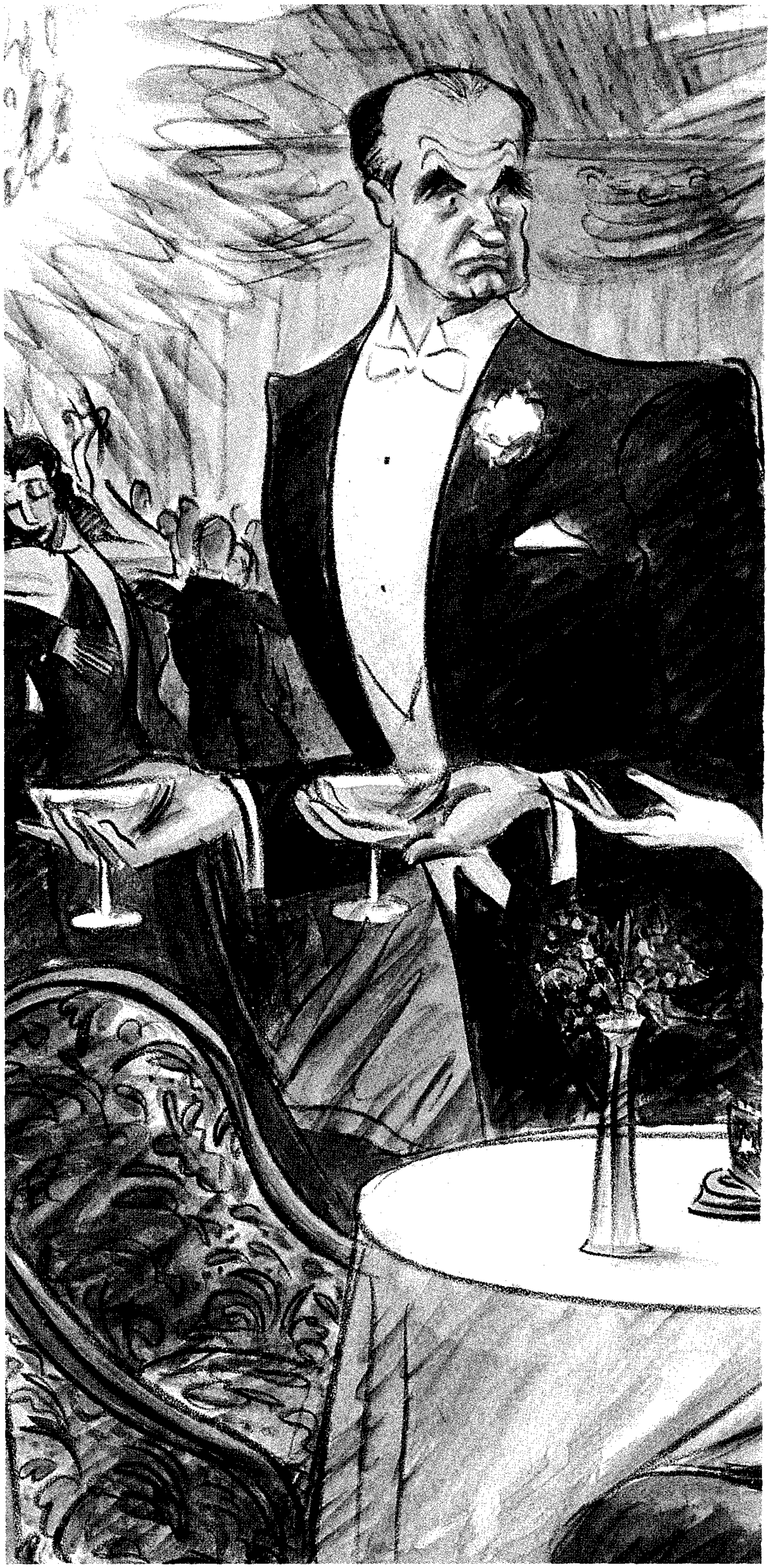
Arguably, it has. Giuliani's success as Mayor is attributable to more than crime control, though. He has had the benefit of a strong local economy: Wall Street produces relatively few jobs, but it churns vast profits and pays huge taxes, which have solved—for the moment, at least—the city's chronic budget mess. The Mayor has also shown nimble—at times, uncanny—political skill for someone who came to the electoral dodge relatively late in life, not just in dealing with the public (though his stage presence has improved dramatically) but also in his ability to sense which fights to take on, and which issues are about to boil over. He moved briskly, ahead of the national trend, in rooting out welfare fraud and initiating a workfare program. The number of people on welfare has been reduced by more than two hundred and fifty thousand. "Giuliani succeeded in the first stage of welfare reform," Fred Siegel, a historian and urban expert at Cooper Union, says. "But the hard part is moving people from welfare, and workfare, to real jobs, and he hasn't been willing to spend the money or effort necessary to do that."

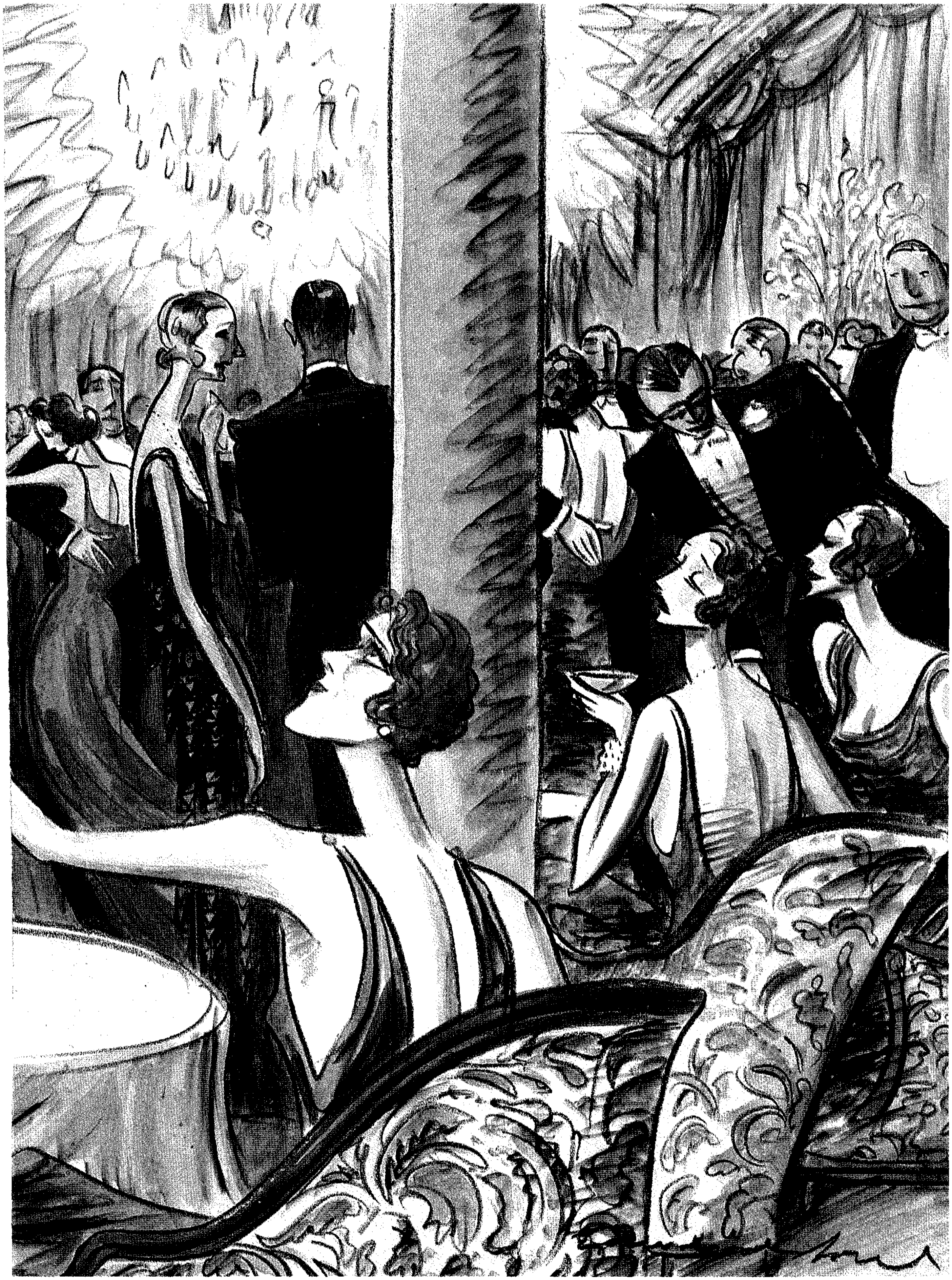
On several other issues—education and children's services, for example—Giuliani managed to take dramatic action a heartbeat ahead of a "RUDY, DO SOMETHING" headline. He put a former prosecutor, Nicholas Scoppetta, in charge of children's services after the agency had botched a series of child-abuse cases—errors that culminated in the murder of six-year-old Elisa Izquierdo. ("I should have done that much sooner," Giuliani says now.) He also mounted a rather screechy campaign to replace the amiable but overmatched Ramon Cortines as schools chancellor—a move that is generally applauded now, even by many of those who opposed it at the time, because Cortines's successor, Rudy Crew, is perceived to be making some progress in gaining control over a notoriously flabby system. It's too early to make an informed judgment on academic progress, but Crew is working to install the sort of local accountability in the schools which Bratton and Giuliani imposed on the police precincts.

"LOOK, I know this isn't going to be easy," Ruth Messinger said, with winning candor, as she sipped a Diet Coke in her dreary downtown campaign office late one recent Saturday afternoon. "I know

SKETCHPAD SNAPS

"Unauthorized Portraits" (Knopf), Edward Sorel's forthcoming collection of delicious and unembarrassed takes on celebrity, ranges considerably further than the work of paparazzi. In the encounter at the right, for example, an unaccompanied divorcée at the première party for "Anything Goes" waylays a married publisher. "Oh, Mr. Luce," Clare Boothe Brokaw says. "You're no doubt bringing me that champagne." Henry Luce's then wife, Lila, and his fellow-publisher Condé Nast never got their drinks.



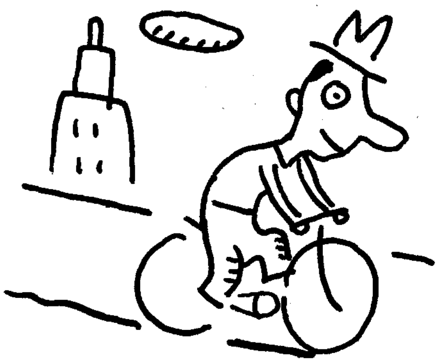


I'm the underdog." Indeed, New Yorkers tend to be so shocked when someone comes along and actually tames the city politic that they have, historically, granted the tamers—LaGuardia, Robert Wagner, Ed Koch—an easy ride to a second term. Messinger's problem is compounded by her political pedigree: like the Mayor, she comes from a more zealous than stylish part of the jungle; and she lacks the humor to puncture his zeal. She's an eat-your-peas Democrat, the sort of person one can imagine carrying a placard at a SANE rally in the old days. Worse, she seems intermittently intent on running a substantive, honorable campaign. When I asked her to make the case against Giuliani, her first response was charitable: she gave him credit for reducing crime. "But there are people and issues that don't seem to be on his radar screen," she said. "He seems determined to deny the existence of certain problems, like the city's high rate of unemployment and the problems in the schools. He wants to sweep them under the rug." Messinger then proceeded—at great length, in numbing detail—to describe how she would handle these problems. In effect, she said that the school mess was sufficiently complicated to require the same sort of sustained attention from a mayor that Giuliani had given crime prevention.

It seemed a valid point, and I mentioned it to the Mayor the next day, as we travelled from Staten Island to Manhattan. He responded—also at some length—by eviscerating Messinger. "She's had twenty years in public life to do something about the schools, and she's done nothing," he said. "Her member of the Board of Education"—each Borough President can name one member of the board—"opposes the expulsion of seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds who come to school with knives and guns; and voted against giving parents the right to opt out of condom-distribution programs. Messinger's profile is that of a social activist, not someone who is concerned about improving math and reading and the security of the schools. She talks about the need to reform the system, but she opposed getting rid of Cortines, and the system could not have been reformed if Cortines had remained. The failure of the past thirty years was the failure to act, and Ruth Messinger was very much a part of that. On every single one of these battles, as Borough President of Manhattan, she never once stood with me. And before I was Mayor she never took them on."

There was a feral, breathless quality to the assault. The Mayor didn't raise his voice, but the intensity of the attack was startling, and probably unnecessary: Messinger seems a sparrow heading toward a threshing machine. But the Mayor's disproportionate anger—his tendency to overreact to opposition—has become something of a political signature, and, if aides are to be believed, a witting strategy. "You need to scare people a little if you are going to run the city," a city official said.

A Brooklyn city councilman named Anthony Weiner, who is an ambitious young Democrat, told me this story about politics in the Giuliani era: "There had been a series of fires in public housing projects. The subcommittee that I chair investigated and found Fire Department documents that seemed to indicate that part of the problem was a very cheap, flammable brand of paint the city was buying. I had a press conference about it on the steps of City Hall on Christmas Eve in 1995. The Mayor happened to be coming up the steps with his children, and I handed him a copy of the press release. That afternoon, Peter Powers and Howard Safir—he was Fire Commissioner then—held a press conference and blasted me. They called me 'The Councilman Who Stole Christmas.' Privately, I was told the Mayor was furious for 'embarrassing him in front of his children.' Ever since then, they've gone out of their way to bust my chops. I call the Department of Transportation to get a street paved and they say, 'Forget about it, you're on the list.' They actually have a shit list. They refuse to build a park in my district, even after it's been funded. If they want to do something in my area, they work with other elected officials, or with my opponent in the primary, who is calling himself 'a Giuliani Democrat.' I'm not the only one they've treated this way. They demand a certain amount of purity, which I could never provide." (Deputy Mayor Randy Levine denied the existence of an official "shit list" and added, "Weiner thinks he's more important than he is.")



There has been one subtle, and very astute, exception to the Mayor's policy of political intimidation, though: he has refused to get into the racial mud-wrestling that Ed Koch seemed to enjoy so much, and he hasn't paid much attention to the "community activists" whom David Dinkins often seemed to indulge. Asked during a recent press conference about the latest gyrations of the Reverend Al Sharpton, who is challenging Ruth Messinger for the Democratic mayoral nomination in a September 9th primary election (Councilman Sal Albanese, of Brooklyn, is also in the race), Giuliani said, "I've followed the practice of not saying too much about Al Sharpton. The media created him, and you pay too much attention to what he says. I think the less attention paid to him, the more united the city will be."

For most of the past three years—up until the middle of August, in fact—the Mayor's efforts at color-blind nonbelligerence seemed to have paid off. "I would say the level of racial tension is the lowest now that it's been in the twenty-one years that I've lived in the city," said Representative Floyd Flake, a Democrat who has been thinking about endorsing Giuliani for reëlection. "I attribute it to the lower crime rate and the improving economy." But Flake, who is leaving Congress to devote all his attention to his ministry, at the Allen African Methodist Episcopal Church, in Jamaica, Queens, has a caveat: he is worried about police brutality. He has a sixteen-year-old son who is a musician and travels about the city on weekend nights. "We tell him to be very polite and coöperative if he gets stopped," Flake said. "And you'd be amazed how often they get stopped. We worry about this quite a bit." Flake told me that on Monday, August 11th.

EARLY in the evening of August 12th, as the Mayor watched his son play a Little League baseball game, the cellular phone rang in the "ice-cream truck"—a white Chevrolet sport-utility vehicle that Giuliani uses as a muscular alternative to the standard political limousine when he cruises about the city. The call was from

"Thanks for coming. It's probably nothing."

• •

Howard Safir. "Can you find a secure line?" the shaken Police Commissioner said. "We have a serious problem." The problem that Safir later described was the assault on Abner Louima, who had regained consciousness that morning after an operation and told his story to police investigators, three days after arriving at Coney Island Hospital with a punctured colon and a bruised bladder.

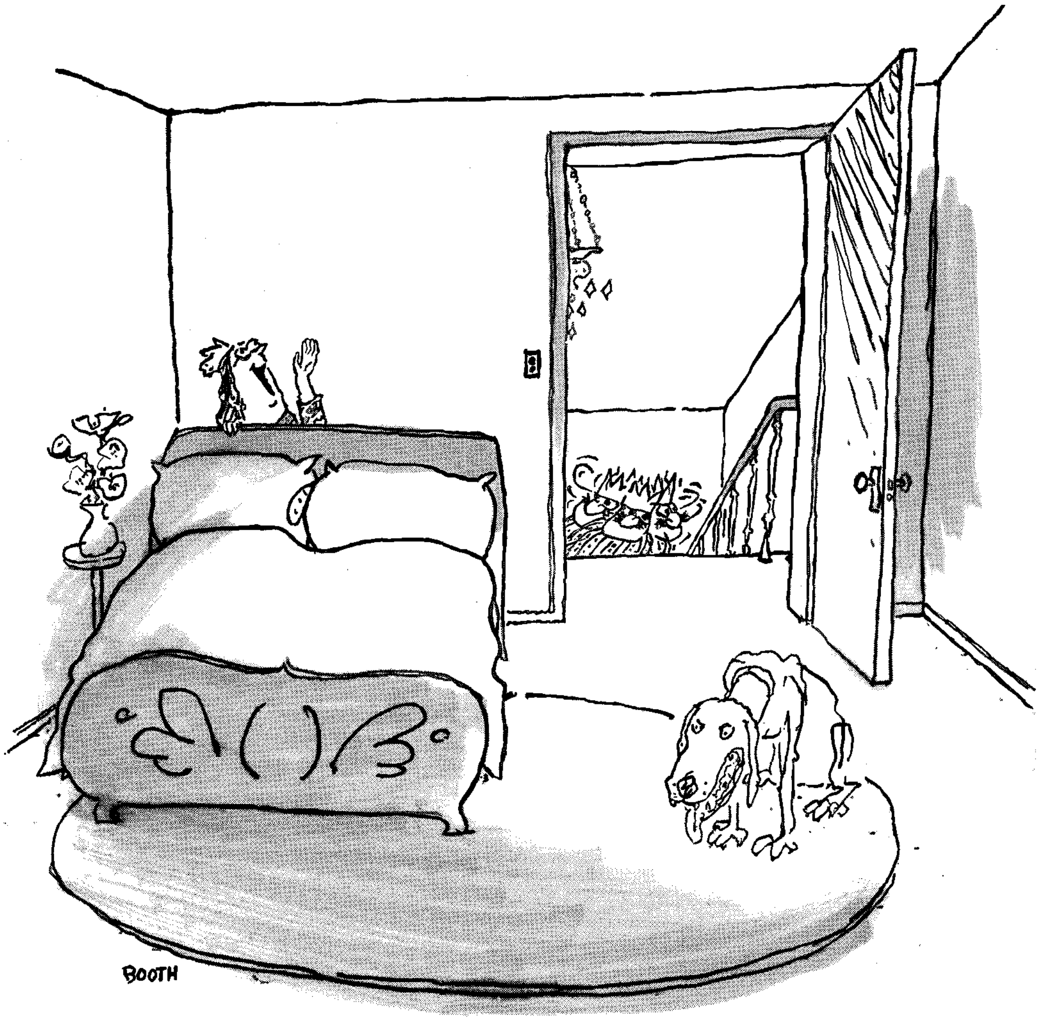
Giuliani knew that he was facing a crisis as potentially explosive as the murder of Yusuf Hawkins or the Crown Heights riots, and that his mayoralty would be judged by how he handled it. "My first reaction was disbelief," the Mayor told me. "How could anyone do such a thing? I had three more conversations with Howard that night, going over the facts in more detail—and trying to decide on our response."

The Mayor's responses in other alleged police-brutality cases had been perceived as less than sympathetic toward the victims. Several days earlier, I had watched Giuliani spar with a reporter from a Washington Heights newspaper about the April killing of a sixteen-year-old named Kevin Cedeño. The Mayor had first reported that the police officer fired after Cedeño lunged at him with a machete; the autopsy said that Cedeño had been shot in the back. The Mayor was asked if he regretted his original account of the incident. He said no, and berated the reporter for not understanding the facts of the case: Cedeño had been shot as he turned away, after flashing the machete, which the officer had mistaken for a shotgun. The Mayor was right, in that the shooting may have been an understandable police reaction, but he was wrong, too, in that his initial account of the case hadn't been quite accurate: there hadn't been a "lunge." His sharp, stubborn, dismissive response left the unfortunate impression—as has often been the case—that his policy was to defend the police at all costs. (Giuliani has also been accused of ignoring suggestions, like those in the 1995 Mollen Commission report on police corruption, to make the review process for complaints about police behavior more assiduous. Cristyne Lategano says that several recommendations, such as twenty-four-hour brutality complaint "Action" teams, are being initiated, gradually, on a precinct-by-precinct basis.)

Actually, the Mayor explained to me afterward, his position on brutality cases was more nuanced than his critics assumed: "When there is serious evidence against the officer, as there was in the Anthony Baez case"—Baez, a twenty-nine-year-old Hispanic man, was choked to death by an arresting officer in the Bronx—"I'll try to signal it to the press by saying, 'The matter is under investigation.' Otherwise, I feel I owe it to the officers to give them the benefit of the doubt. These people are out there putting their lives on the line to protect the public. This is something I learned from Ed Koch. It was his policy, too."

It was not, however, David Dinkins's policy—and sometimes, when explaining his position in public, Giuliani will remind his audiences that Dinkins presumed a police officer guilty in the shooting death of Kiko García, in Washington Heights in 1992. Several nights of rioting ensued. Dinkins visited the victim's family, and offered to pay for the funeral. García turned out to have been not a victim of police brutality but a well-known member of a drug gang, who had died in a gun battle with police. "And the city," Giuliani says, "wound up paying for the funeral of a drug dealer."

But now Giuliani was in a situation where merely saying that the matter was "under investigation" wouldn't suffice. He visited Louima in the hospital the next morning, met with his family and his pastor at their church that afternoon, and promised them police protection, which was the only thing Louima had requested. (He alleged that the officers who had brutalized him had threatened to attack him and his family if he talked.) Then Giuliani and Safir convened a meeting with community leaders at Police Headquarters. They promised quick action, and delivered on it: the first arrest in the case—of Officer Justin A. Volpe, the alleged attacker—was made that night. Safir announced a drastic "reorganization" of the Seventieth Precinct the next morning: the



"The Queen is somewhere in the snuggery!"

• •

precinct commander and his deputy were transferred out; the desk sergeant who had been on duty when the incident occurred was suspended; and ten officers who had been in the precinct house at the time had their guns and badges taken away, pending the results of the investigation.

Riding through Brooklyn in the ice-cream truck with the Mayor just after his press conference with Safir, I asked if he'd been worried about a violent reaction in the city. "Sure, I worried about it last night," he said. "It was one of the hottest nights of the year. But it was very quiet. We had two murders and no disturbances of any kind." The Mayor still seemed troubled. He stared out the tinted window at the Brooklyn streets. He was sure that he was right to defend the vast majority of police officers against the charges that there was a "pattern" of police brutality—when he thought about cops, his uncle Rudy came to mind—but complaints against police in the first three years of his administration increased by nearly forty per cent over the previous three years. (The number of complaints dropped by twenty-two per cent during the first six months of 1997, though.) In a recent *Times* Op-Ed piece, Bratton suggested that the increase in complaints was a result of a disproportionate number of new, unseasoned police officers. Jack Maple, now a consultant to the New Orleans Police Department, also supported the Mayor: "To say that Giuliani was to blame for the events in the seven-oh is like saying Jodie Foster was to blame for Hinckley shooting Reagan." Maple believes that the increase in brutality complaints was the result of the proportional increase in police activity, and especially the new policy of rousting the perpetrators of "quality of life" crimes: those drinking or urinating in the streets; the squeegee people; the subway-fare beaters. But others believe that the ephemeral nature of "quality-of-life" crimes made it easier for police officers to step over the line. It might well have been part of the price to be paid for a safer city. "Bratton did a smart thing," a national police expert told me. "He understood that the subways were the circulatory system for criminals. He went after the fare-beaters, patted them down, found a lot of guns. But it's an interesting thing about the subways: you don't get a receipt when you buy a token. Anyone who looks suspicious can be considered a fare-beater."

When I mentioned to the Mayor what Floyd Flake had said about the prevalence of police brutality, he responded thoughtfully. "There's so much fear and anger on both sides of this," he said, sounding chastened, or perhaps just a bit less defensive than usual. "We need both the police and the communities to take steps. It's a two-way street. The police need to come forward when a fellow-officer does something wrong, but when a police officer is wrongly accused I'd like to see some of these community leaders take on the racial arsonists and stand up for the police."

The Mayor visited Abner Louima again that afternoon. A second police officer was arrested the next night, and two more were arraigned within a week. Even Giuliani's political opponents had to admit that he had acted quickly, and effectively. The Mayor's reaction had been "right on target," Ruth Messinger told CNN, in another of her occasional lapses into graciousness. Messinger added that she hoped the Mayor would appoint a commission to look into the brutality issue. Giuliani scoffed at this, but—once again—he quickly capitulated, naming a twenty-eight member "task force," which included a handful of his more prominent critics, to figure out how to improve relations between the police and the communities.

The politics of the Mayor's immediate response to the Louima case had been impeccable. No one could complain that he'd been insensitive (although the lawyers for the indicted police officers did have a point when they argued that the Mayor's apparent presumption of guilt in the case had been a bit . . . presumptuous). But a deeper question had been raised: Had he learned anything from it? Some City Hall observers suggested that we might now see a less combative Giuliani. And while that is certainly possible—the Mayor has proved to be a very quick learner—this is a man who has gone through life like an arrow: his public skills have grown over time, but his personality hasn't changed a whit.

During the weeks that I followed him around the city, the Mayor expended a fair amount of oratory celebrating the accomplishments of the past four years, but he had practically nothing to say about the future. Finally, I asked him about his agenda for a second term. "To keep on doing what we've been doing," he answered, with a slight laugh, as if the answer should have been obvious to any non-imbecile. "And make even more progress, if we can." But then he paused a moment, perhaps realizing that when you're running for reëlection it's important to have a vision—or seem to—and added, "The one big bold thing we could do is to work to make the city virtually drug-free."

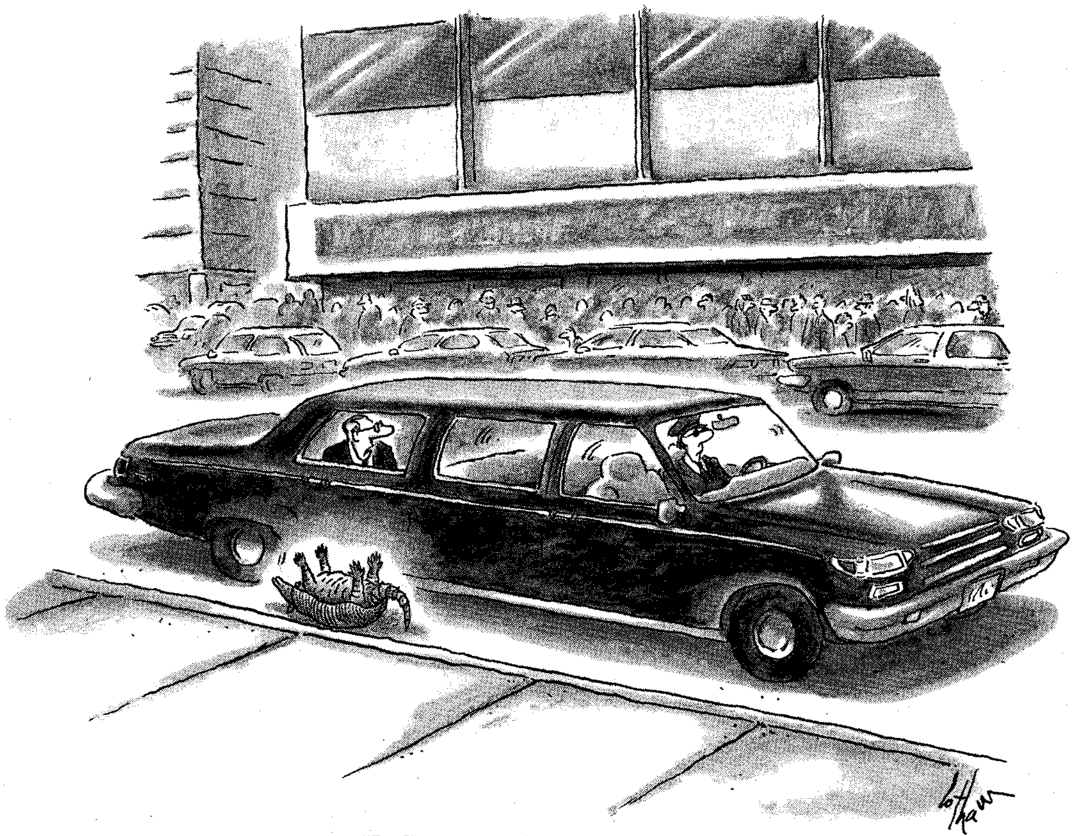
IN a political year, August never really ends: its calamities become the grist for September and October. Yusuf Hawkins was remembered in the voting booths in November, 1989. Crown Heights became a Giuliani political advertisement in 1993. Indeed, Ruth Messinger has quickly lost her inhibitions and made "Giuliani time" the battle cry of her campaign. She also broadcast a political advertisement with a staged scene of students being taught in a crowded bathroom, which Rudy Crew called "sordid duplicity." On the last Friday in August, Messinger, Sharpton, and Dinkins were among the speakers at a City Hall rally, attended by several thousand, to protest police brutality.

But, as the Mayor wandered about the boroughs, on the Sunday after his most difficult week of the campaign, he had reason to feel relieved: the city was not only calm but positively glorious; the sun was shining, there was a sea breeze from off the Rockaways. He attended services in a remarkable Methodist church on Staten Island that morning: the congregation was one-third Korean, one-third black, and one-third white (mostly Italians)—it seemed a figment of the Mayor's imagination, the city he hoped to create. "This church represents what New York City is all about," he said, enthusiastically if not quite emotionally, from the pulpit. "Some people get very afraid of that, but most New Yorkers come to a different conclusion. We know that people aren't fundamentally different. . . . Everyone is a child of God. We fear the same things. We hope for the same things."

After the church service, he opened a Staten Island campaign headquarters and then set off back across the Verrazano toward Manhattan for the usual August Sunday round of ethnic parades and festivals: the Indians and Pakistanis would be celebrating that afternoon (separately, of course). The Mayor began to muse about a press conference he had attended in December of 1994 with David Dinkins, to announce the approval of the New York Empowerment Zone. "It was a national press conference," he said. "The President was involved. When I got up to speak, an aide suddenly came up to the podium with a piece of paper. It said, 'There's been a bombing on the subway.' " A man named Edward Leary had set off a crude incendiary device in a car at the Fulton Street station in lower Manhattan. "I was desperate to find out what was happening, but you can't show any expression—any panic—at a time like that. I sat down and showed the note to Dinkins, and he nodded. He knew exactly what I was feeling, what it was about." The Mayor paused, reflecting on how odd it was that, despite their longtime rivalry, he and David Dinkins should have so much in common. "When you do this job," he continued, "you have to get used to being jarred out of whatever you're into and—"

The phone rang. An aide answered. "Mayor," he said. "We may have a—a *situation* at the Indian parade. The South Asian Lesbian and Gay Association may stage a protest because they're not being allowed to march."

The Mayor looked at me and smiled, then instructed the aide, "I do not micromanage parades." ♦



"Pull up past the armadillo."

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE LAST DEAL

At fifty-four, he was at the top of his game, and had it all. Then the Wall Street gambler found himself faced with an unexpected opponent—death.

BY JEROME GROOPMAN

"I WON'T take no for an answer. It's bullshit. I'm fifty-four. I'm not ready to just pack it up and die. I'm a fighter. I don't buy that *nothing* can be done."

As he spoke, Kirk Bains locked his jaundiced eyes on mine. He was obviously studying my face, looking for clues, trying to read my response in advance. I imagined that it was a style he adopted in his business meetings, where he would face down clients by looking hard into their eyes, to gauge whether the project and the people before him were worth his resources. This time, though, the roles were reversed.

"You've seen my records from Yale and Sloan-Kettering and M. D. Anderson," he went on. "They think I'm too sick for their research studies. So you cook up some new magic. Make me a guinea pig. I take risks all the time—that's my business. I won't sue you. My cousin Grant says you're a medical genius, a wizard."

"That's kind of Grant to say, but I'm not a genius or a wizard, Mr. Bains."

"Well, Dr. Groopman, I need you to be. Because you're my last hope."

SITTING at my desk in the oncology clinic at Harvard's Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, where I work, I had read Kirkland Bains's records, all ninety-six photocopied pages, and had no thoughts of magic, just cold despair. I had searched for some detail that might have been overlooked or incompletely investigated, hoping it might guide me to devise a rational and possibly effective treatment. But the CAT scans, operative reports, and blood tests left no basis for hope. The oncologists at Yale, Sloan-Kettering, and M. D. Anderson had quickly reached their conclusions, telegraphed in the records in disinterested clinical syntax: "Diffusely metastatic renal carcinoma. Multiple sites including liver, bones, and lungs involved. No effective therapy. Palliative care advised."

I imagined how they had translated this in private to his wife, Catherine, in order to dissuade him from pursuing treatment: the kidney cancer has spread throughout his body; the few drugs we have don't work at this stage; he will only be hurt by their toxicities; his expected survival is no more than several weeks; it's best for your husband to be at home, made comfortable, and allowed to die.

I looked at Kirk Bains—his jet-black hair, sharp, aquiline nose, and square jaw: a handsome and decisive face—and wondered how long it would take him to accept his condition. I took an unused tablet of lined white paper from my desk drawer, put it where the records had been, and sat poised to write.

"I've read the reports, Mr. Bains."

"Call me Kirk, Dr. Groopman."

"Then call me Jerry. Let's start fresh. I want to hear the story directly from you—not from the records—and in detail, from the time you first noticed something was wrong. Then I'll examine you. From top to bottom. After that, we'll think this through together." (Bains's name, like certain others in this article, has been changed.)

I knew he'd been through this three times before, but I wasn't performing a perfunctory ritual. Even if I discovered no new fact or physical finding, there was a journey taken when I listened to a patient recount his history and when I palpated his body. It was a journey of the senses—hearing, touching, seeing—which carried me into another dimension, that of intuition.

I planned to walk deliberately along the milestones of Kirk's life—the character of his parents and his siblings, the extent of his education, the nature of his occupation, the details of his travel, the status of his personal relationships, the vicissitudes of his prior and current illnesses and treatments—and for brief but illuminating moments I would become integrated into his experience.

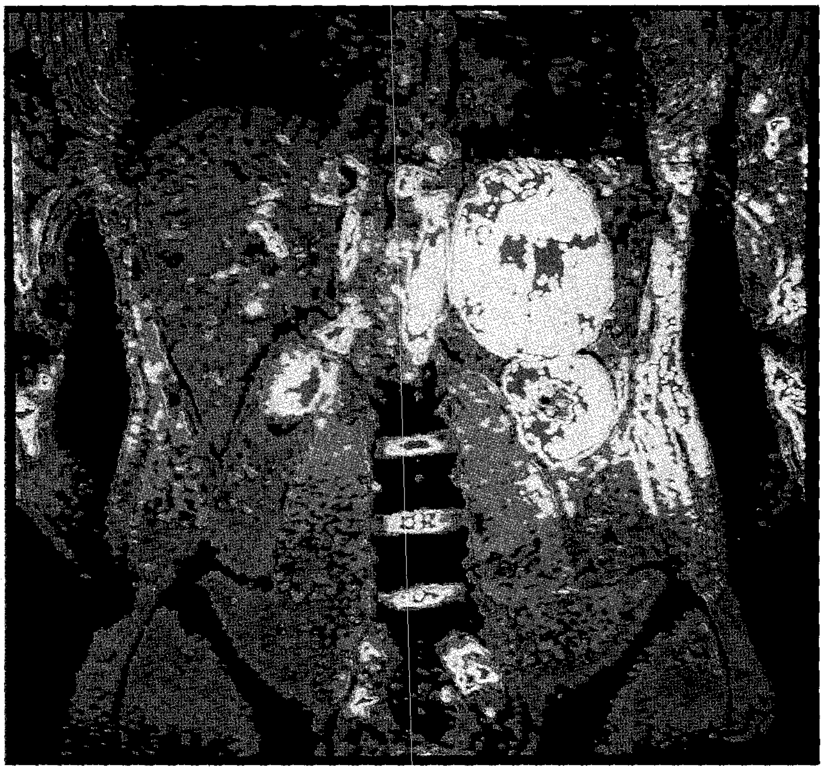
After imagining his past, I would be prepared to enter his present through the physical examination. My hands would press deeply into his abdomen to outline the breadth and texture of his inner organs; my eyes would peer behind his pupils to read the barometers of cerebral pressure and blood flow displayed on his retinas; my ears, linked by the stethoscope, would hear the timbre of his heart. In Kirk's case, though, I feared that I might not reach the dimension of intuition. The CAT scans and blood tests and operative findings—the consensus of my medical colleagues in New Haven, New York, and Houston—were like shackles on the imagination.

"I was on the golf course in Palm Beach," Kirk began. "The morning of September 20th. With two Jap investors. They had come in from Osaka. They were considering buying out my share in a refinery in the Gulf, off Galveston. I'm the lead investor. The refinery is expanding operations, betting that oil will recover. Good time to get in—early, before it becomes obvious to every maiden aunt with a pension fund. Anyway, we got up early to play and beat the heat. Japs are crazy for golf. Did you know that? If you ever want something from a Jap, first play golf with him. It doesn't hurt if you let him win, either."

I nodded uncomfortably, disturbed by his brazen attitude but considering how it might prove useful in the fight against his cancer.

"And at the first tee I felt this . . . this tug in my back. It wasn't really a pain.

Not like sciatica, which I had once, years ago. Not sharp, like a knife cutting into me. But more a dull, heavy ache, like a charley horse that wouldn't let up. It was on my right side. I tried to ignore it, but it pulled at me through the morning. A lot of my shots went wide, into the rough. I played all eighteen holes. This time, I didn't have to let the Japs win."



"If you'll help me, I'll undergo anything," the patient told the author, his doctor. "The worst side effects. They can't be worse to me than being dead."

SCIENCE SOURCE/PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Kirk stopped for a moment, in order to regain his breath. I noticed that his lips had assumed a faint bluish tinge of cyanosis, an indication that even the minimal exertion of speaking entirely consumed the limited oxygen carried by his blood.

"Did they buy out your share in the refinery?"

"Not yet. But they will. They're coming back after Christmas. Actually, after the New Year, which is a big deal in Japan. So by January you have to have this fucking tumor gone. I'll take them out again. Depending on the final terms of the buyout, I'll beat them or let them win—but only by a few strokes either way." Kirk gave me a sly, knowing smile, counting me as a co-conspirator in his plan.

His medical history contained no clue to why Kirkland Bains developed kidney cancer at the age of fifty-four. He was born and reared on an estate in Newport, Rhode Island. No one in the family was known to have suffered from diseases of the kidney or the bladder. The Bainses, over several generations, had owned shipbuilding facilities along the southern New England coast, but Kirk and his father rarely visited them. They were managed by intermediaries, and as long as the balance sheets showed healthy yearly profits his father was content to live the detached life of a man born to considerable wealth. Kirk and his mother moved in tow with his father through the ebb and flow of the social seasons: autumn in Manhattan, summer on Mt. Desert Island, in Maine, and a spring tour through the Continent.

Kidney cancer is known to be associated with a variety of environmental toxins. Cadmium, a metal used in batteries, is one of the best known of these pollutants. It had contaminated the water table surrounding many factories that carelessly dumped their spent charges into nearby rivers or buried them in the earth without putting them in sealed containers. Cadmium precipitated in the kidney, and traces of the metal could sometimes be found in the malignant cells that formed the initial seed of a cancer. Other factory materials, including petroleum products and asbestos, are also associated with kidney cancer. But when I asked Kirk about such exposures he reaffirmed that he had never "dirtied his hands" in his father's shipyards. His father had instructed him in how the business was financed, its margins and beneficial capital depreciations, asserting it was "foolish to pretend to be a worker when you're the owner's son." Anyway, Kirk went on, after his father's death, in the late nineteen-fifties, his estate had liquidated the shipbuilding interests, which was fortunate since the industry in New England had dropped way off by then.

In the past two decades, cadmium, asbestos, and petroleum products had become unusual causes of kidney cancer, thanks to stricter regulation of their industrial uses. Tobacco was now the most common predisposing factor: it increased the risk for the disease two- to threefold. The tars from cigarette smoke leached from the lungs into the bloodstream, and then were deposited in the kidneys. Kirk told me he had smoked, but only for a short time, at boarding school, and, even then, just a few cigarettes a day.

"Everyone did in the fifties at prep school," he said. "But I stopped smoking when I left for Dartmouth. Which is a bit of a blur, really. Because I majored in drinking. The diploma said 'economics,' but it was really beer. Beer doesn't cause kidney cancer, does it?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Too bad. We could short the beer companies, then let out the bad news, and make a bundle."

"And go to jail together."

"Hospital, jail—not much difference that I can see."

He had travelled all over the world, using the funds he inherited after his father's death to establish an independent investment company that focussed on venture capital and commodities trading. Kirk had first worked out of Lagos, in the early days of Nigerian oil, when "anyone who didn't leave Africa with a few gold bars in his luggage had to be an idiot." He had spent time in Egypt and in the Lower Nile Valley, but had not contracted schistosomiasis, a parasite that infests the genitourinary system, causing inflammation and scarring of the tissues, and predisposes to bladder cancer. He had never had radiation exposure, or even kidney stones. He disliked medicines, and avoided over-the-counter analgesics for headache, which could accumulate in the kidneys and had been linked, when used regularly and in high doses, with kidney cancer.

"We Bainses are disgustingly hardy,"

Kirk told me. "Good protoplasm. That's why it's worth trying some magic on me."

But much magic had been tried for this particular cancer, and none of it had worked. Every known chemotherapy drug had been tested against the disease at one time or another, and the "response rates"—meaning the percentages of treated patients who had meaningful shrinkage of the tumor after therapy—were minimal. This had led researchers to ask what made renal carcinoma so resistant to the poisons that worked well against other cancers, including those arising in the neighboring ureter and bladder. Why was kidney cancer so intractable?

The weight of evidence suggested that the malignant cell that multiplies to form kidney cancer has an overactive pump on its surface. A pump called the P-glycoprotein is a normal component of the cells of the kidney. It works to expel unwanted substances that regularly cross the kidney-cell membrane and enter the inner cytoplasm. One could understand why cells whose job was to filter unwanted and toxic wastes from our blood to form the excreted urine would be equipped with active pumps that prevented the retention of noxious molecules.

But in cancerous cells this protective armor had been made even thicker and more resilient. When the toxic molecules known as chemotherapy were sent to assault the tumor, they were easily repelled by the cancer cells—quickly pumped back into the bloodstream by the P-glycoprotein. No one had yet devised a strategy to deactivate the cancer's overzealous pump without destroying the normal one. This maddening disregard by kidney cancer of virtually all chemotherapeutic agents had led it to be labelled, in oncological jargon, M.D.R., for "multidrug resistant."

Kirk and I finished reviewing his medical history—how he returned from Palm Beach to see his internist in Tarrytown, New York, who thought the ache in his flank was a pulled muscle from too much golf. But a week later Kirk developed a fever and his urine became tea-colored, prompting the internist to investigate his complaint further.

The tea color proved to be from small amounts of blood in his urine, and he was sent to a urologist to identify the source of bleeding. A cystoscopy was then performed—a procedure involving the insertion of an instrument like a telescope through the urethra into the bladder. This had revealed nothing abnormal. So a dye study of the kidneys and then a CAT scan of his abdomen were done, to look for a site of bleeding within the kidney proper.

The urologist had broken the news to Kirk with a long preamble, explaining that kidney cancer was insidious and hard to detect, because, as in Kirk's case, it often grew up and into the abdomen, so it couldn't be easily palpated on physical exam. There was a mass, some twelve centimetres in maximum diameter, extending from the upper pole of the right kidney to the base of the liver, with tentacles of cancer that had invaded and extended along the channels of the major veins. One tentacle of cancer had tracked so far upward that it had passed the diaphragm and entered into the venous circulation of the chest. If its progress was not checked, it would soon invade the right atrium of the heart.

Kirk had been operated on during the second week of October at Yale–New Haven Hospital. The primary tumor and adjoining kidney had been successfully excised from his abdomen, and so had the malignant tentacles invading the veins. But numerous deposits of cancer had to be left behind, in the liver, the intestines, and the pelvic bones. Those deposits were too extensive to yield to the surgeon's scalpel.

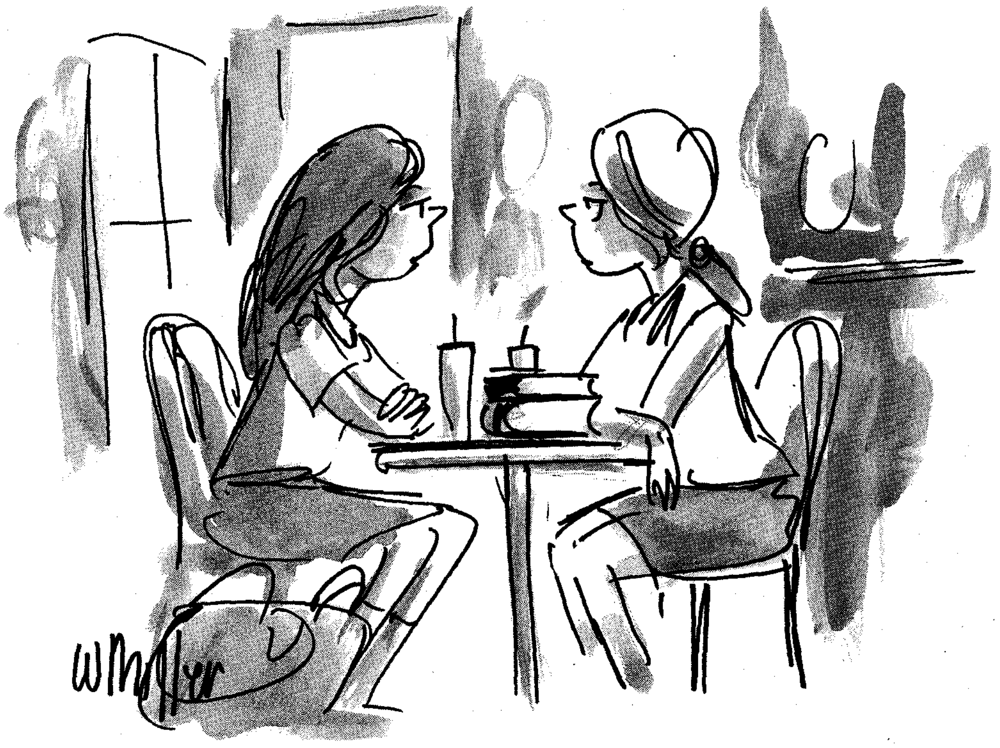
"I had hoped it would be a replay of 'The Exorcist,' " Kirk said dryly. "Remember how the priest took the demon out of the child—a bloody, ugly creature? I thought the surgeon would do the same. Maybe I'd have been better off with a priest than with a doctor. Never thought I'd need the clergy. But that's what everyone is recommending now."

"Are you affiliated with a church?" I always try to learn the scope of religious feeling, the ties of the patient and his family to faith.

"Episcopalian. I celebrate Christmas. The food. The music. Decorating the tree. Giving gifts. That's fun. But the religion—I can't put much stock in a church founded because Henry VIII wanted a younger wife."

My response was a skeptical look.

"Let me put it in my own terms. I'm not a long-term



"A village did raise him. But, of course, it was Greenwich Village."

investor. I like quick returns. I don't believe in working for dividends paid only in Heaven."

It was time to move to the examining room. Kirk paused and looked down sheepishly. "I need my wife to help undress me," he said. "I can't manage the belt and the pants anymore. Can your secretary call her from the waiting room?"

His wife, Cathy, a large-boned woman with rich-blue eyes, brunette hair in a pageboy cut, and a flowing flower-print dress, readily removed Kirk's navy blazer and pine-green club tie—for Dartmouth, she informed me. But the buttons on his starched white oxford shirt stubbornly resisted her trembling fingers, his ballooned, cancer-filled abdomen locking them in the taut slits of the buttonholes. "I was inexperienced when I married Kirk," Cathy said. "I guess I never really learned how to undress men."

Kirk failed to laugh with her, and a heavy silence fell over the room. Cathy finally removed Kirk's last article of clothing, a pair of blue cotton boxer shorts, and briefly exposed his fluid-filled genitals before I covered him with a hospital gown. I tied the neck string of the gown loosely, so I could maneuver my stethoscope to listen to his lungs and heart without exposing him unnecessarily.

"I'm a bag of water. Even my balls are bathed in this sewage from the cancer."

Cathy waved goodbye, with a forced smile, as she left the room. Kirk did not acknowledge her exit.

There is no avoiding the feelings of shame and humiliation caused by the forced dependency of disease. These emotions are raw at moments like this, exposed before another, even a physician. But as much as possible I wanted Kirk to feel like a person with worth and substance, not just a patient.

"Tell me more about Galveston," I said as I adjusted the head of my stethoscope and prepared to listen to his lungs.

"You invest?"

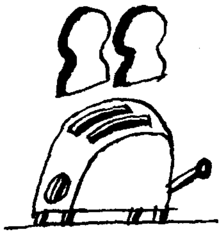
"Not like you. Fidelity mutual funds. But I'm interested in venture capital."

"Why?"

"Because it has similarities to scientific research. You try to capitalize on unique ideas by mobilizing technology, people, resources. And you need to be rigorously critical with yourself—facing all problems and set-backs head on, because there's no room for delusion."

Kirk nodded sagely. He elaborated on the deal—how he was the first one in after he realized that oil demand would increase sharply, partly because Iraq was still shut out of the market, and partly because there was continued expansion in the economy. And now, only five months later, a lot of people wanted in, including the Japanese. Which meant it was time to get out. He was counting on a tidy twofold return.

"But there's a difference between what I do and what you do," Kirk said. "I don't give a damn about the product. In your world, it's the product that matters—new knowledge that can lead to curing a disease. For me, the product means nothing. It can be oil or platinum or software or widgets. It's all a shell game played for big money, and once I win enough I wave goodbye."



I continued my physical examination as he explained what drove him in his work: the delicious pleasure of seeing where to go before the crowd does; the challenge of making fast decisions; the fun of everyone trying to outsmart everyone else. I palpated almond-size rock-hard lumps behind his left ear—certainly deposits of his kidney cancer growing outward from the mastoid bone. His breath sounds were harsh and wheezy throughout his chest from the masses of cancer. His abdomen was bulging as if he were in the last month of pregnancy. It was filled with malignant ascites, a mixed brew of protein-rich fluid that had seeped from his liver, spleen, and lymph nodes and nourished schools of swimming cancer cells. By pressing down over his liver, I could outline the stony metastatic nodules growing out from its surface. There were several tender areas in his pelvis corresponding to the tumors seen on the CAT scan. His legs were elephantine—columns of retained fluid that flared outward at the ankles as gravity settled the edema under the weight of his upper body.

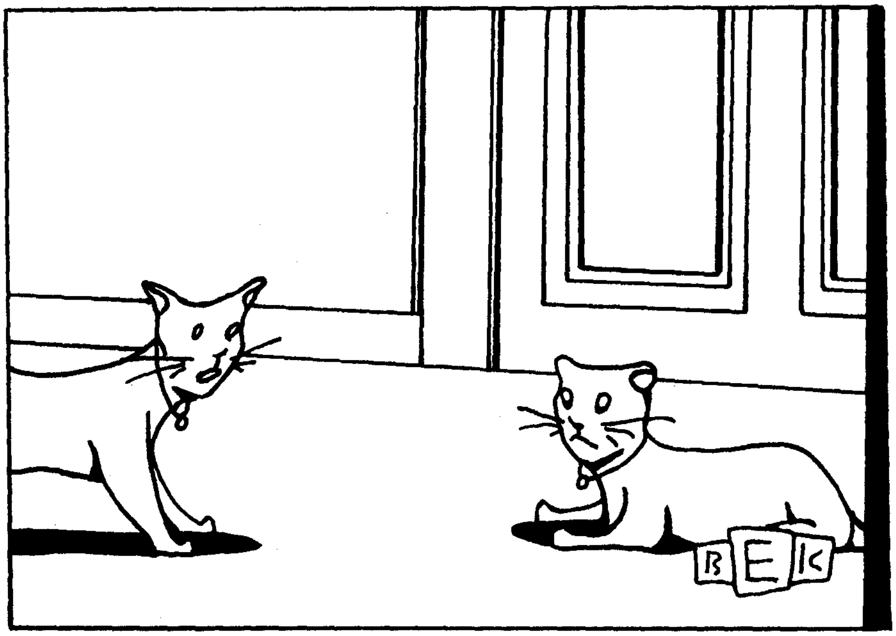
It was easy to understand why Kirk had been turned away from so many medical centers. I had to agree with the prognosis he had been given: his remaining life span was very likely no more than a few weeks. He would soon die of oxygen deprivation as the tumor replaced his lungs, or lapse into coma from liver or kidney failure as the cancer strangled these organs. As I examined him, I could feel death in the coolness of his flesh, in the sunken, jaundiced eyes, in the mottled color of his skin and lips.

But Kirk was not prepared to die. He had pleaded to be given the chance to fight. And I was his last hope. But was there really any hope to be offered?

I backtracked in my mind and looked for any opening, any opportunity to devise a therapy that might help him, even in some small way. Although chemotherapy was rarely effective, one drug, vinblastine, had been reported to work in some cases. Vinblastine is a poison from the periwinkle plant, which disrupts the cell during its mitosis, or process of division. I put its chance of working in Kirk at about one in a hundred, at best. And if it partly shrank the cancer the benefit would probably be transient, while the side effects of vinblastine could be lasting: lowering of blood counts, with predisposition to infection, and paralysis of intestinal movement, causing painful expansion of the bowel from the pressure of its retained contents. This intestinal paralysis is called an ileus, and, with Kirk's abdomen riddled with cancer and bathed in the ascites, an ileus would be a particularly excruciating side effect.

Because men develop kidney cancer from three to five times as frequently as women, it is postulated that male hormones promote its growth and female hormones limit it. The female hormone progesterone has been reported to shrink kidney cancer in some cases. But the chances of a meaningful effect on an extensive disease like Kirk's were even smaller than those I had estimated for vinblastine. The major side effect of progesterone is hyperventilation. Because his lungs were filled with metastases, hyperventilation would be poorly tolerated: it might even precipitate respiratory collapse as his chest muscles became fatigued from the hormone-induced drive to breathe faster.

I was well acquainted with the limitations of the available therapies for metastatic kidney cancer because, four years earlier, the Food and Drug Administration's advisory committee on biological therapies, of which I was



"People are O.K., but I prefer little pieces of string."

• •

chairman, had been asked to evaluate a new approach to the disease.

In the nineteen-eighties, a naturally occurring protein called interleukin-2 was discovered to activate so-called killer T cells; in a healthy immune system, the killer cells are always on patrol, ready to destroy cancer cells should they be detected. Pioneering work at the National Cancer Institute, in Bethesda, indicated that treatment with interleukin-2 could result in regression of some cases of kidney cancer. That finding prompted widespread testing of interleukin-2, and ultimately an application to the F.D.A. requesting its approval in the disease.

It was our advisory committee that the F.D.A. convened to act as an independent assessor of the benefits and risks of interleukin-2 treatment for kidney cancer. The assessment provoked a heated and trying debate. All of us on the committee were acutely aware of the absence of good therapy for this particular malignancy. But interleukin-2, though a natural product, proved to have severe side effects when it was given in the large doses apparently needed to stimulate killer T cells. Most patients who were treated developed spiking fevers, whole-body rash, and severe cardiac and pulmonary toxicities, with leakage of fluid from the circulation and precipitous falls in blood pressure, causing shock. And the tumor responses, although occasionally dramatic, were generally of short duration. Moreover, regressions of the cancer were usually seen in people with limited metastatic deposits, and not in people with the kind of extensive disease and organ failure Kirk had. Only a small subset of kidney-cancer patients was likely to benefit from the treatment, though, with the high cost of toxicities. The initial optimism about interleukin-2 had waned.

Our advisory committee finally decided to approve interleukin-2 in the United States but to recommend its use only in that small subset of patients without extensive disease, and to emphasize the necessity of careful monitoring. We felt it important to provide access to the protein for those who might benefit, even if the chances were small, because there were no other real options. By recommending its limited use, we intended to spare the larger population of kidney-cancer patients the protein's toxic effects and unlikely benefits.

"Make me a guinea pig," Kirk had said.

Did he really understand what that meant? Clinical experimentation was a powerful engine of progress in modern medicine. It was necessary for successfully translating basic-research discoveries from the laboratory into bedside treatments. "Informed consent" was the underpinning of ethical clinical experimentation: the free consent of an understanding patient was required before any trial test of unproved therapies. But could Kirk soberly assess the considerable risks and minimal benefits? How rational can our decisions be when we are desperate and feel unprepared to die? What's more, Kirk didn't fit into any ethically and scientifically reviewed research protocol at my Harvard hospital or at any of the prestigious cancer centers he had already visited. He was too sick, too advanced in his disease—a so-called outlier, in the crude terminology of clinical trials, who was unlikely to benefit, and would very likely suffer side effects. His failure to qualify as an appropriate research subject was the reason that others had turned him away.

I looked at Kirk's jaundiced, bloated form before me, trying to read something beyond the obvious, beyond what the laboratory tests and the CAT scans and the physical exams had already written. And I saw in his eyes a deep determination not to give in, despite what he must have realized long ago—that his situation was terminal, that there was no known effective treatment. I didn't know yet why he wanted so much to live. It was too early in our relationship for me to probe. But I felt the energy that remained within his failing body—the force he had tried to convey when he shook my hand, the intensity in his voice when he detailed the Galveston deal, and even the powerful resentment of Cathy's efforts to undo his clothes.

And I looked hard into myself, trying to make sure that what I might do would be for him, not for me. A real chance of helping Kirk was needed to justify treating him. But what kind of odds constituted "a real chance"? Was one in fifty enough? What if Kirk's chances were one in a hundred or one in a thousand? Where was the endpoint in this calculus? Kirk was right: I *was* his last hope. And his chances were not zero. But I had to be sure that he understood—as well as a frightened and desperate person, facing death, could understand—what treatment meant. I called Cathy back to make sure, and we convened in my office. This time I didn't sit removed, behind my desk, but, rather, at the apex of a triangle formed by our three chairs.

"Kirk, remember my telling you that I'm not a magician or a wizard."

I saw his face drop with the anticipation that what would follow was another rejection, an exile into hopelessness and certain death. Cathy reached to hold his hand, but he withdrew from her attempt at comfort.

"I wish I were. I wish I could be the alchemist who makes gold from lead, who could transform your cancer cells back to normal. But I'm not. No one is. We, together, have to weigh what is known and what is unknown, and come to the best decision for you. And a wizard's smoke and mirrors couldn't hide the conclusion that there is no effective therapy for most people."

I paused, to make sure that he and Cathy were taking it in, and then went on: "The treatments that are given work only rarely in cases like yours, because your disease is so extensive and your organ function severely impaired. The treatments can have terrible side effects. They can increase your pain without benefitting you. They might even shorten your life. Bluntly said, the treatments might kill you without helping you."

Cathy winced at this statement. Kirk did not react.

"And, if you are treated, then it's outside any scientifically and ethically reviewed and approved protocol. We will, of course, follow the principles of such protocols, but you take unknown risks and have to realize we're flying by the seat of our pants without much precedent."

"May I interrupt?" Kirk asked politely.

"Of course."

"Jerry, I'm a damn successful venture capitalist. And I know what a lousy investment I am. The time on my mortgage is almost up. I have no inventory left. And this fucking cancer is taking my market share, meaning my life."

Cathy's eyes filled with tears. I reached over for a box of tissues on my desk and handed them to her.

Kirk gave her time to compose herself, and then went on, "But I'm willing to fight, to my last breath, to try and make it. If you will help me, I'll undergo anything. The worst side effects. They can't be worse to me than"—he paused—"than being dead. I'm tough as nails, in business and most other matters. My whole life, I haven't really depended on anyone but myself. Cathy can tell you that I'm a pain in the ass, full of piss and vinegar. I'll hear you out, Jerry, if it makes you feel better. But my mind is made up to go for it. What the hell? What other options do I have—consult with William?"

"William? Who's William?"

"William is an Englishman in his seventies in Jupiter, Florida—where my mother and her rich-widow cronies live. He's a faith healer, a charlatan. He's also a gigolo. First he sprinkles herbal powders on the widows, then he screws them. That cures their aches and pains. Mother is insisting William come to heal me. She wants to fly him to New York if you turn me down. Are you going to force me to see William?" Kirk smiled.

I smiled, too, and realized, at that incongruous moment, that Kirk was capable of making rational choices, that it was his right to fight, despite the odds.

I ADMITTED Kirk directly to the hospital from my office. He was too sick to return home to Tarrytown, and if we were going to treat him we needed to start immediately.

The battle was now joined, and I could feel between us the electric exhilaration that flows through soldiers who decide to charge forward together into the unknown. We pumped each other up with the medical equivalents of war cries. We would fight with all the weapons in our armamentarium, using a strategy to maximize their meagre benefits and minimize their considerable risks. I would give Kirk interleukin-2 for five days, which was the schedule approved by the F.D.A., but would give it in lower doses; I hoped that they would still be enough to activate his killer T cells but would not send him into shock. And with the first dose of interleukin-2 we would give him a single dose of vinblastine. Again, because of his condition, I calculated a modification of the dose to avoid side effects. If these first two treatments went well, he would begin daily progesterone.

Later that night, when I decided to return to Kirk's hospital room, my euphoria had begun to wane. Perhaps I had endorsed unrealistic hopes, despite what Kirk said about understanding the odds and the likelihood of side effects.

I returned to check that everything I had ordered for the treatment had been set in motion, and to speak with

"Yes, I wish you __would__ act as if your old girlfriends had never existed."

Kirk once more about our decision. Cathy had already left for Tarrytown, to bring back things Kirk wanted for the hospital stay. I assumed that he would have finished dinner and would be preparing to sleep after such an exhausting day. But when I looked into his room I saw all the lights on, the TV playing, and Kirk sitting upright in bed, wide-eyed.

"Ready for tomorrow?" I asked.

"Absolutely, partner."

I suggested that he go to sleep after we talked. I had prescribed a sleeping pill if he needed one. Should I ring the nurse to leave it at his bedside?

Kirk vigorously shook his head. I saw his hand begin to tremble, and reached for it, noting that it had a cool, clammy texture, despite the warmth of the room and the blankets that were pulled around him.

We sat together without speaking. Finally, I asked, "Are you thinking you could die tonight? You won't, Kirk."

Kirk pursed his lips, containing his emotion. I gripped his hand more tightly.

"So you're a prophet, not a wizard. Shall I call you St. Jerome? I like that name. St. Jerome."

I smiled uncomfortably. "I'm hardly a saint. And certainly no prophet. But you're in a hospital, being closely monitored. We won't let you slip away."

"I didn't expect to be so afraid, Jerry." He paused. "I'm not sure why. I rarely feel afraid. Maybe it's because I know that this is my last chance and I'll probably die, and after death . . . It's just nothingness."

Now I thought I understood why he had insisted on treatment. "So then it would be the same as before we were born," I said. "Is that terrifying, to be unborn? That's what my father used to say to comfort me as a child when I asked him about death."

Kirk said, "See if you still find that enough comfort when you're the one in this bed. Nothingness. No time. No place. No form. I don't ask for Heaven. I'd take Hell. Just to be."

I THOUGHT again about those words the next morning, as an amber autumn sun filtered through Kirk's window and warmed the room. Tricia McGann, a vivacious, curly-haired chemotherapy nurse, was reviewing with Kirk and Cathy the details of interleukin-2, vinblastine, and progesterone—the schedule we had devised—for their combined use and their expected side effects.

"I'm ready to be deep-fried," Kirk answered when I asked once again for a clear statement that would constitute his informed consent, with Tricia as a witness. I created an ad-hoc document and inserted it in his medical chart, written in the style of an informed consent that would ordinarily accompany a formal clinical-research protocol.

The unknowns of biology and medicine exist at every moment for every patient and every doctor. But here, in Kirk's case, they were present in the extreme. We would be mixing together three drugs that had never been mixed together before—not in this way, at these doses, on this schedule, and certainly never in this individual, in whom the metabolism and circulation of the drugs would be unpredictably altered by a failing liver, a rising level of serum calcium, a single functioning kidney, and a slowed circulation.

But while he was in Tricia's hands it was safe for me to detach myself from the issues of his disease and its impending treatment, and to return to the scene of the night before. I thought again about how much I had experienced of death, from the moment I watched my father die to now, each day in my work. I thought about how we all develop our own inner pictures of death and an afterlife, from the stories and words we hear as children, which form our first image. As we pass through life, we redraw these images, hoping that at the end we will be prepared for what awaits.

My childhood concept of death, as I'd told Kirk, came from conversations with my father. He had subscribed to the most ancient Jewish concept—that there is no Heaven or Hell, no state of conscious existence similar to the one we enjoy in this life, and that what awaits us on the other side of life is vague and indescribable, a sense that in some way we are reunited with the divine energy of God that permeates the universe, but in a form that we cannot imagine or grasp. My father's focus was on memory—that existence is perpetuated in the hearts and minds of the people who remember those who are gone. That was the only notion of immortality he could

SHOWCASE BY FRANÇOIS-MARIE BANIER

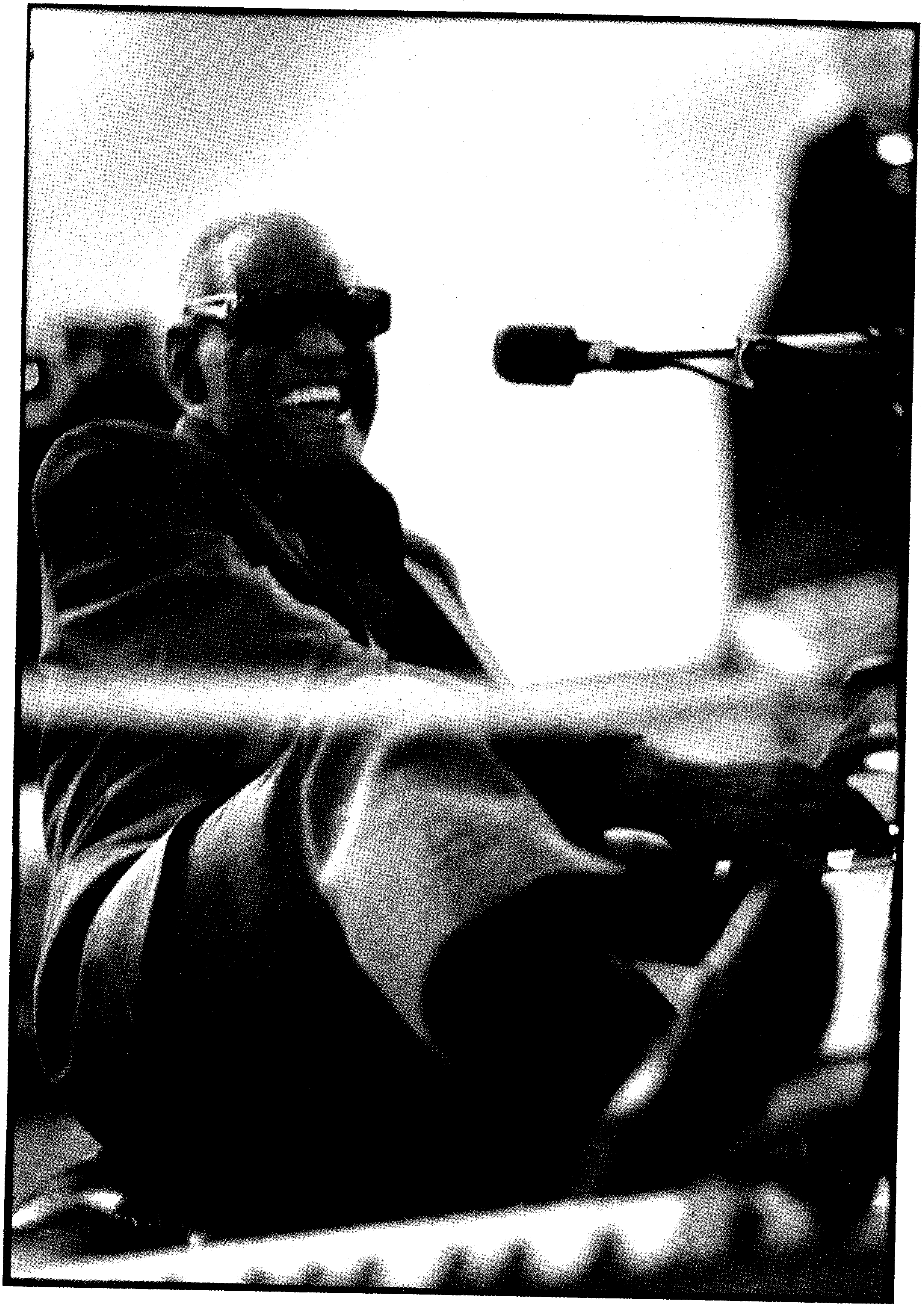
THE GENIUS

MOST show-business handles are the creations of public-relations people; only money and propaganda keep them in place. (Who, unbidden, calls Michael Jackson the King of Pop?) But Ray Charles got his from the people he was working with, who started calling him the Genius around November of 1954, when "I Got a Woman" roared onto the R. & B. charts. The sobriquet stuck, though the Genius himself chalks it all up to luck. "It's just like when a manager makes a business decision," he once said of those early gospel-inspired recordings. "If it works, he's a genius; if it doesn't, he's a dog."

Charles is one of the musicians who secularized gospel music for a crossover audience, replacing the Lord with objects of carnal devotion, and he did it with a success that even Sam Cooke couldn't touch. But his real genius was being himself. At the age of five, he watched his little brother fall into a washbasin and drown; he lost his sight at seven; and his mother died when he was fourteen. As a young man, he buried the pain of those experiences, crooning as a lounge act. "I finally told myself, 'Stop this Nat Cole imitation,' " he recalled later. " 'Sink, swim, or die.' " To the amazement of the Atlantic Records producers Jerry Wexler and Ahmet Ertegun, he flew, knocking down hits like "The Right Time," "What'd I Say," and "Lonely Avenue." He moved to ABC Records in 1959 and began forays into country ("I Can't Stop Loving You") and pop ("Georgia on My Mind") which made him No. 1 all over the world.

This month, Charles celebrates his sixty-seventh birthday; he'll be on the road, on his thirty-seventh world tour, complete with the Raelettes and a sixteen-piece orchestra. Simultaneously, Rhino Records is releasing "Genius & Soul: The 50th Anniversary Collection," a five-CD boxed set. Though the Genius stopped writing songs in the sixties, he has never stopped reinventing them. Listen to "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" on his 1977 album, "True to Life." Like Elvis, he saw the tributaries of blues, gospel, and country flowing together: everything's going his way.

—SEAN ELDER



conceive. "I will live on in my children," he would say.

After my father died, it was impossible for me to imagine him as disintegrated into nothingness. Perhaps for that reason, I rarely visited his grave. It was too painful, too stark an image in my mind, that his body, the warm, expansive body that had snuggled me in bed when I was fearing the shadows of the night, had held me up in the water when I was learning to swim, had embraced me with surprising strength when I succeeded and with even greater strength when I failed—that that body was now inanimate matter, dispersed in the soil as atoms of carbon and nitrogen, hydrogen and sulfur. And nothing more.

I hoped that when my time came I would not lie terrified in bed, like Kirk. I hoped that my intimate relationship with death, beginning with the death of my father and extending through the deaths of so many of the patients I had cared for, would somehow lessen the fear, and allow me to face the unknown with the sense that others had gone before me, and that all those I now knew would follow. At some future time, I might talk about some of these thoughts and feelings with Kirk. But this was not such a moment, because we had stubbornly "decided" not to surrender to the inevitable. I needed to help Kirk concentrate his energies on the battle that loomed, and bolster him to resist the toxic blows of his treatment—particularly the interleukin-2.

"Ready to fight, Kirk?"

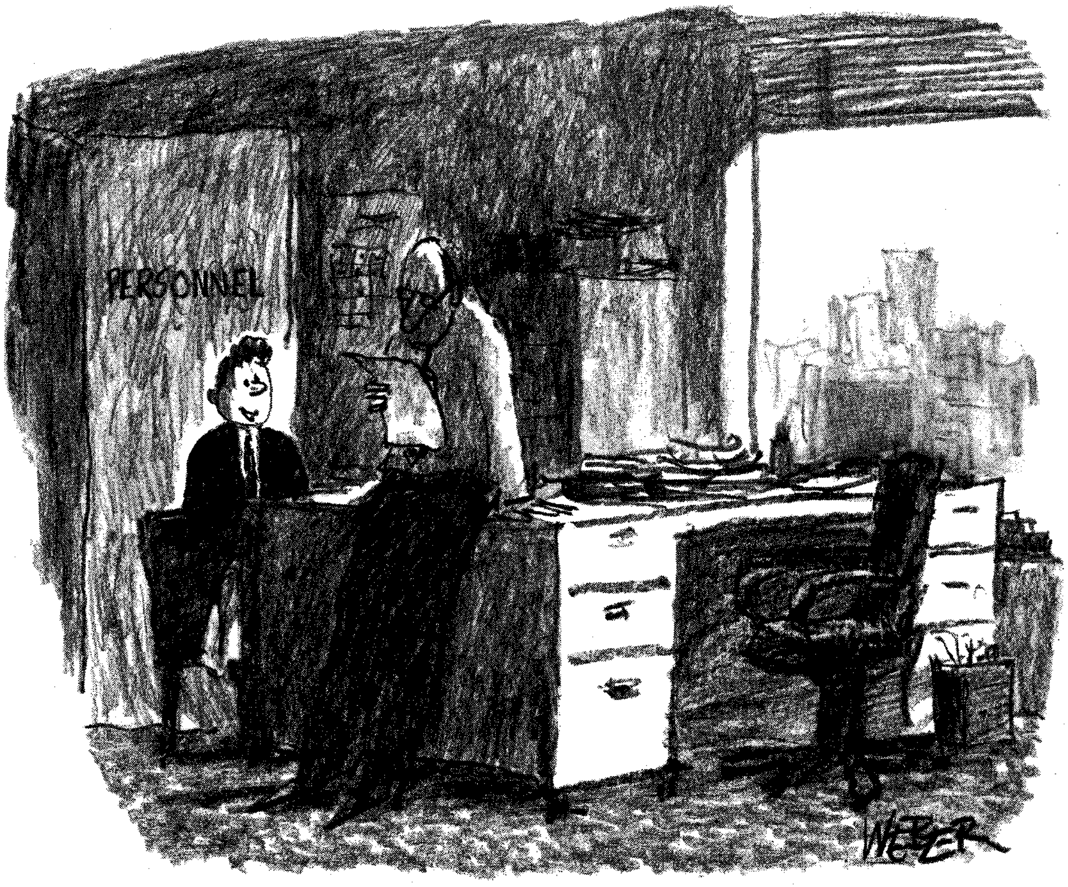
"Absolutely. I'll surprise you. There'll be a tenfold return on your investment."

"I like that kind of payout. Much better than my Fidelity funds."

When I care for a patient, I have noticed, a metaphor sometimes emerges that draws on a unique element in the patient's work or family or cultural heritage. Throughout the relationship, when we assess an option or embark upon it, when it succeeds or it fails, when we enter remission and resume living or acknowledge that our therapy has not succeeded and that the end is near—at each critical point, we invoke our metaphor. It becomes our intimate form of communication, drawing us closer, like children who invent a secret language, or siblings with special words and phrases that have resonance for them and no one else.

Kirk and I had created our metaphor after only two days, and I believed at this moment that it was a good one for his condition. He would gain strength from returning to the images that had spelled success in his life. He could again be the triumphant contrarian, betting against the market's prevailing wisdom, and proving to the world that the commodity of his life had a future.

As expected, Kirk developed a high fever and severe shaking chills from the interleukin-2. On the third day of treatment, his blood pressure dropped precipitously, and we had to infuse fluids to support his circulation. He developed a blistering rash as well, and needed steroids to calm his angry skin. On the fourth day, his wheezing worsened. A chest X-ray showed seepage of fluid from his circulation into his lungs—a state called pulmonary edema. I feared we would need to insert a breathing tube and place him on a respirator to support his oxygenation, but, luckily, we did not need that invasive measure, managing instead to provide oxygen through a face mask and to relieve the spasms in his airways with adrenalinelike drugs and high doses of diuretics.



"Plus, I can read."

I had been extremely careful about his dose of vinblastine, because that drug is excreted from the body through the bile, and, with his jaundice and liver dysfunction, there was a risk of its accumulating to very toxic levels in his system. Despite the modified dose, his blood count fell from the vinblastine, so we had to administer the white-cell booster G-CSF, and it gradually returned his neutrophil count to safe levels.

On the fourth day, Kirk had copious bleeding from his colon. A vessel had probably been eroded by a growing deposit of kidney cancer penetrating the bowel. He needed to receive a transfusion of six units of red blood cells before his anemia was reversed. Shortly thereafter, he developed an ileus—the

MASABEESEC

Those tracks in the snow, could it be
great-great-grandmother Shouts Like a Deer—
who jumps in my blood, who courses
impatient for freedom through my neck and legs?
I was made on the lakeshore, but the lake alone I forgive.
These shaggy curls mimic the cold hemlocks
hung above glints chopped by wind that moves over
as it moves through the mouth of the clouds.
Among bare-fingered pepper bushes, stinky as civets,
we are the generation with all the wrong names,
although we can name the moons that made us
and can suck the light off the stars that fall close by.
Go spit in the lake, preferred home of ice and foam,
where it is not difficult to call back happiness.

—April Bernard

ballooning of paralyzed intestine from the vinblastine—and we were forced to pass a long tube through his nose, down his esophagus, and into his bowel to decompress his painfully swollen abdomen.

Through all this, he did not complain. Cathy sat at his bedside, occasionally trying to distract him with idle chatter but more often in silence, reading a novel or working on needlepoint. I visited him several times a day, both for emotional support and to keep close track of his tenuous medical state.

Kirk and Cathy had two children, Roanna and Paul—one a docent at a museum in Philadelphia, the other working at a small marketing firm in Chicago that was run by a Dartmouth classmate of Kirk's. I offered to speak with them by phone, but Cathy said that wasn't necessary. In private, I emphasized to Cathy again that Kirk could die at any time, from the side effects of the treatment or from the rapidly advancing cancer, and that there might not be another opportunity for their children to visit him. Cathy said she knew that, and so did the children, but dropping everything would disrupt their schedules and probably only upset Kirk, leaving him to think they'd been summoned for a final deathwatch.

Kirk slowly recovered from the toxicities of the interleukin-2 and the vinblastine, and after seven days he was discharged from the hospital. He began the daily progesterone. He was even more debilitated than he had been before he began the treatment. We decided that it was prudent for him to stay close by for regular monitoring, so he and Cathy moved in with Kirk's cousin Grant, in Cambridge.

When I examined Kirk the week after his discharge—some fourteen days after he took his first dose of interleukin-2—I thought he looked less jaundiced, but indoor fluorescent lighting often distorts the true intensity of jaundice. His liver seemed smaller. Its rock-hard nodular edges were softer, more pliant to the palpation of my fingers. And his edema was definitely reduced. His abdomen was less distended, and I could now encircle his ankles with my hands. Kirk confirmed that he hadn't taken any diuretics to reduce his edema since his discharge from the hospital.

I felt a growing excitement that the treatment might be working—that this massive, aggressive monster of a cancer was yielding, retreating just a few inches, from its onslaught.

"Let's get a chest X-ray and a full panel of blood work today," I said to my secretary as I finished my exam.

"I thought you were going to wait until next Friday for the tests," Kirk interjected.

"I sense a drift in the market," I replied. He waited for me to elaborate. "You know, Kirk, I follow your lead. I'm a momentum player. If there's going to be a change, why not find it out earlier rather than later? We'll better leverage our options that way, don't you think?"

Kirk tried to contain his growing smile, like a poker player opening his cards and seeing that the first two are aces, and wondering how much luck he has had. "Sure, we should play it at max leverage," he said. "No other way to play with odds like this. But I thought, Jerry, that we did it all on the first tranche—there was nothing left in the kitty."

"Do you think I can't find some new capital? We don't need to stick to the exact plan if there's some news to make a fast move. So let's increase the doses of interleukin-2 and vinblastine, and give them both ahead of schedule."

"That's what you meant before by upping the leverage? I'm game. Let's go for it all."

An hour later, Kirk and Cathy stood beside me as I mounted his new chest X-ray on the view box next to the one taken fourteen days earlier. The opaque circles that had filled the black space of Kirk's lungs still hung like moons frozen in orbit, but they had become smaller. No question about it. I took a ruler and a pen, and measured each metastasis. Most were reduced by more than half. I also pointed out to Kirk and Cathy that the mountain of cancer-filled fluid above his diaphragm was almost gone—just a trace lip remaining, which curved up in a weak snarl. The objective evidence was indisputable.

"It's melting away!" I called out. I surprised myself and Kirk and Cathy by drawing them into a three-way hug, almost knocking an unsteady Kirk off his feet with the sudden and forceful pull.

"Wasps aren't used to so much emotion," Kirk said after wiping his tear-stained cheeks with the sleeve of his shirt. "Well, St. Jerome, there you are. A miracle before our eyes."

It felt like a miracle. The cancer had seemed invincible, but had fallen like Goliath before our hastily made slingshot. What could explain this stunning outcome?

Kirk's immune system might be exquisitely sensitive to the interleukin-2, his killer T cells activated to the extreme of biological potency. The cancer might have an unexpectedly feeble P-glycoprotein pump, and have become stuffed full of vinblastine, unable to expel the toxic agent. Or the surface proteins that trap

"Is Pinot Noir where you want to be?"

progesterone might be robustly displayed on the kidney-cancer cells, rendering the cells unusually susceptible to inhibition by this hormone. Additional study of Kirk's T cells and his tumor in the laboratory might shed light on these possibilities or give entirely new insights into kidney cancer and its therapy. Medical science delights in understanding the exceptions to the rule and, from such new knowledge, broadening the scope of its effective treatments. Kirk's case could serve as more than an anecdote.

KIRK underwent three more courses of interleukin-2 and vinblastine while continuing the progesterone. He gradually regained his healthy form, as though he had been living in a funhouse mirror and had now stepped out of it. The protuberant abdomen filled with malignant ascites resumed its normal flat contour, the accumulated edema in his legs disappeared, and the stonelike nodularities of his liver melted into the smooth and compliant edge of a healthy organ. We repeated his X-rays and CAT scans. The dozen metastatic deposits that had studded his lungs were entirely gone. The ragged lacunae where the cancer had been eating into his pelvis were being filled with healthy, calcified bone. He had entered a complete remission, with no evidence of residual disease.

Kirk's case became the talk of the hospital. The internes, in their monthly clinical-case conference, presented him to the chairman of the Department of Medicine as a "fascinoma." A fascinoma is medical slang for a fascinating case that, because of its rarity, its course, or its outcome, lies outside the usual boundaries of medical experience.

After the case presentation, I received choruses of praise from my colleagues and the medical team. Although I rejoiced in the result, of course, I took no real credit for it, because what had occurred was not the product of wisdom. It was more like playing a slot machine with one silver dollar left in your pocket, figuring that you were going to lose but that you had lost so much already you might as well play it down to the last. I deserved no praise for being lucky. If I could go back to the laboratory and determine why this wildly aggressive cancer in this particular man had melted away, and then use the knowledge to create new treatment strategies that would help others, then congratulations really would be in order.

As Kirk and Cathy prepared to move back to Tarrytown after two months of recuperation in Cambridge, we sat in my office again, reviewing the schedule of return outpatient visits interspersed with weekly checkups by his internist at home.

"Ready to return to real life?" I asked.

Cathy forced a smile.

"I guess so," Kirk offered, without much conviction.

"It's natural to feel unsettled at this juncture," I assured them. "You've been umbilically tied to me and the hospital for months, and now you worry that the cord is being cut. It's not really being cut—just stretched a bit, from Boston to New York. Each day, it will become easier. You'll gain confidence that you're stable and that no catastrophe will occur out of the blue."

Kirk looked glumly away.

"You're still shell-shocked, Kirk," I said. "You've been entirely focussed on one thing, the war with your cancer and living in the trenches of the hospital and the outpatient clinic. Everything else—your work, your social life, your recreation—was suspended. And, frankly, no one thought you would so quickly and so completely eradicate the cancer. It's normal to feel unsettled. But now you'll return home and see that you can resume your prior life."

I spoke with them every day for their first week at home, and then spaced out the calls to every other day during the following week. We would try to speak just before lunch, because, as had been expected, Kirk was still exhausted from the hospitalization, and couldn't make it much past noon without a long nap. Cathy and Kirk were always both on the phone. We would first go through a checklist of symptoms and, once satisfied that nothing new or worrisome had occurred, discuss how much exercise Kirk had been able to tolerate that morning. He was making good progress—taking daily walks, negotiating the three flights of stairs in their home, and sitting for an hour at the breakfast table. When Kirk expressed frustration at how little he could do compared with his former schedule, I reëmphasized the point that this would be a long recuperation. He had absorbed many body blows, first from the cancer and then from the therapy.

"He won't read the newspapers," Cathy said as we were closing the call at the end of his second week home. "Kirk used to devour them. We take three—the *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and *Investor's Daily*. Now I bundle them unread for recycling."

I asked Kirk if the reason he couldn't concentrate on the papers was that he was inattentive or felt slow of thought—possible signs of depression.

"Not at all," he replied.

I probed further, because depression is common after severe illness. Was he waking up early in the morning, anxious and unable to return to sleep? Were his bowels irregular or his appetite poor?

"No, none of that, Jerry. I don't think I'm depressed. It's just that the information in the papers doesn't seem important anymore."

I saw Kirk every two weeks for the next three months. His physical functioning returned more quickly than I had expected. He was able to travel from Tarrytown to Manhattan a few times for business meetings to close deals, was playing nine holes of golf on weekends, and was planning his first trip away over Easter, to visit his mother in Florida.

All seemed in order, an uncomplicated recovery. But I did note that in our conversation his tone was less assertive: the piss and vinegar had given way to bland, disconnected phrases.

A month after Easter, I saw Kirk at a scheduled appointment. After talking about the fine weather they had enjoyed in Jupiter, he said, almost in passing, that he had a persistent pain in his back.

"I played a set of tennis the last day I was there, on a hard court, and twisted my back going for a down-the-line return. I thought it would pass with a warm compress and a few shots of bourbon. But it hasn't."

I noticed then that his face was drawn and his tan not as rich as you would expect in someone who had spent several weeks in Florida.

In the physical exam, I could not hear breath sounds at the base of his right lung. On his inner left thigh I felt a hard nodule, the size of a quarter, that was fixed to the underlying muscle. When I pressed on his lower spine, he winced. After having him lie supine, I extended his right leg and lifted it in the air. This maneuver triggered an electric pain radiating down to his toes.

Even before the blood tests and X-rays were done, I knew that the cancer had returned. I sensed that Kirk knew it as well.

"The back pain came on three weeks ago? Why didn't you call me from Florida?"

"And ruin the vacation for Cathy and the kids? And scare the shit out of my mother? It won't matter, waiting to see you and being told it's back."

"It likely is," I cautiously replied, not having direct confirmation by tests or biopsy but being unable to think of an alternative explanation—particularly for the nodule in the soft tissue of his thigh. "But we need to be sure by X-ray. And it does matter. If it's pressing on the nerves in your spine, you could lose strength in your legs."

"Legs working, legs not working—it doesn't much matter if you're dead."

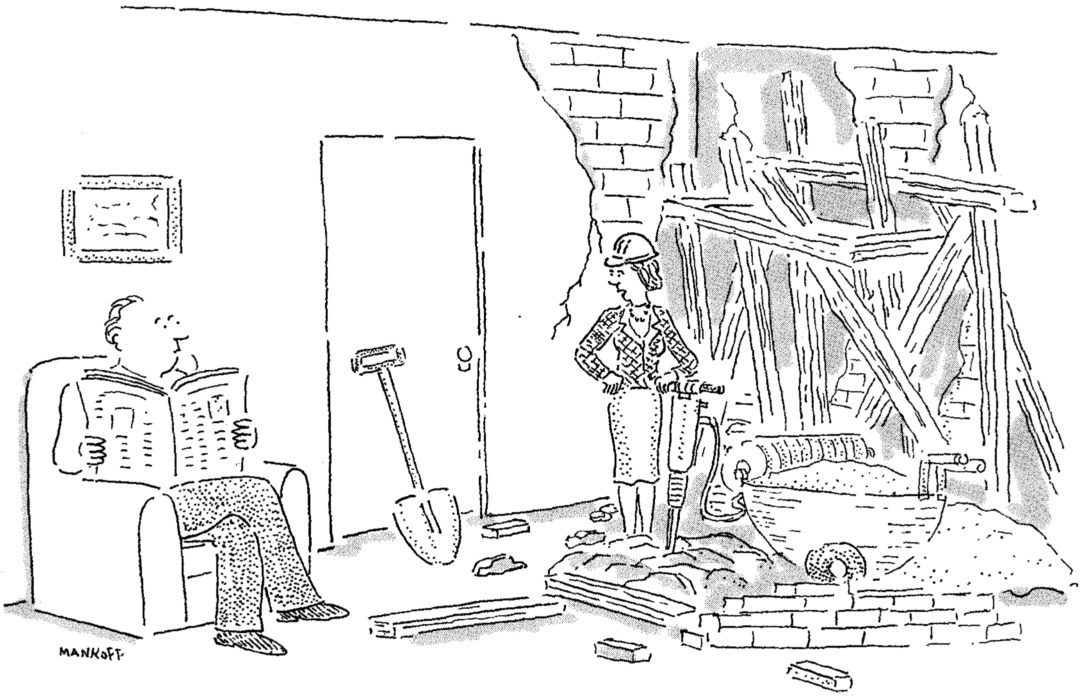
I looked at Kirk in surprise. His attitude was a hundred and eighty degrees from what it had been at the onset of his disease. Had we both struggled so hard just to reach this state of despair?

I explained that it did matter if his spinal cord became compressed, even if we couldn't ultimately defeat the cancer. To spend the time that was left paralyzed and incontinent would be a miserable end. Remember, I argued, the biology of your kidney cancer is capricious. Its quirky character might once more play out in our favor. It had an Achilles' heel that we should try to hit again. It was premature to surrender without a fight.

"O.K., Jerry, run the tests. Do what you have to do. I'll humor you."

I didn't have time to explore the causes for his resignation further. I needed to arrange an M.R.I. scan quickly, to assess his spinal cord and brain. In the face of a possible spinal-cord compression, every hour is critical, since the paralysis and the incontinence can be permanent. I was also concerned about his brain. I wondered if his apathy was caused by a metastasis to the frontal lobe, which can blunt the sharpness of one's personality like a surgical lobotomy.

I alerted the staff in radiation therapy that my patient might need emergency



"Do you think you could give me a hand? The guests will be here any minute."

treatment. Should the M.R.I. show metastases to the spinal cord, we would have to deliver high-dose radiation to burn the tumor and release its strangling grip on his nerves.

That evening, I visited Kirk in his hospital room—No. 706, the same one he had occupied during his treatments. He was lying on his side, in a fetal position, his knees drawn up to his chest so as to avoid stretching the inflamed nerves from his spine by extending his legs.

He had already received his first radiation treatment. Cathy had just left to spend the night in Cambridge with Grant and his family. I had talked with her by phone briefly, and she had seemed to understand that we'd reached the limits of hope. I explained that, while there were no brain metastases, the cancer had grown through his vertebrae and begun to wrap itself around his spinal cord. Radiation would, if we were lucky, prevent paralysis and incontinence, but there was no chemotherapy or biological treatment that was likely to arrest the cancer in the central nervous system permanently. I asked if she wanted to be present when I gave Kirk the news.

"You tell him alone," she said. "Kirk is more candid about this with you than with me."

Now I sat by his bedside, my eyes level with his, and for a long time we were silent, absorbing the indistinct sounds that filtered into the room from the hospital corridor.

"I'm sorry the magic didn't work longer," I finally offered.

"It did more than anyone expected, Jerry. But you shouldn't feel sorry. There was no reason to live anyway."

What had happened to the Kirk Bains who was so desperate to live that he had tried to persuade every consulting oncologist to treat him?

"You closed a few more deals," I said. "Cathy and the children and your mother had you for four pretty healthy months."

"You read newspapers?" Kirk asked abruptly. I recalled Cathy's comment that Kirk had used to devour them but stopped reading them when he returned home. I didn't know where Kirk was headed, but knew I had to follow.

"Sure."

"I don't read newspapers anymore. I don't know how to. Or why I should." Kirk paused and his voice lowered. "Newspapers used to be a gold mine for me. They're filled with disconnected bits of information—a blizzard in the Midwest, the immigration debate in California, the problems of West Germany absorbing East Germany. For you, Jerry, those articles might be about the lives or fortunes of individuals and nations. For me, they mean nothing beyond information for deals and commodity trading. I never really cared about the world's events or its people. Not deep down inside."

Kirk stared coldly into my eyes.

"And when I went into remission I couldn't read the papers because my deals and trades seemed pointless, because I was a short-term investor. Like I told you, Jerry, I had no patience for the long term. I had no interest in creating something—not a product in business or a partnership with a person. And now I have no equity. No dividends coming in. Nothing to show in my portfolio." Kirk grimaced with pain. "How do you like my great epiphany? No voice of God or holy star but a newspaper left unread in its wrapper."

I tried to say that he was being too harsh with himself, and that people often find it difficult to readjust after the shock of severe illness.

"Don't try to soften it, Jerry. And don't write me off as depressed, because I'm not."

I asked about Cathy and the kids. Hadn't he enjoyed the time with them?

"They'll be fine without me," he said.

I was at a loss for words, because I feared he might be right. I had been amused by his biting wit and sarcasm, but beneath those quips I had never been able to see what he truly believed in.

"Jerry, you realize I'm right," Kirk said. "The remission meant nothing, because it was too late to relive my life. I once asked for Hell. Maybe God made this miracle to have me know what it will feel like."

I felt the crushing weight of Kirk's burden. There is no more awful death than to die with regret, feeling that you have lived a wasted life—death delivering this shattering final sentence on your empty soul. For a moment, I was gripped by the fear that I, too, might one day feel this way. I believed that my life was richer than Kirk's, my love and appreciation of my family, my friends, my work giving it substance and meaning. But there was much that lay ahead—children to bring up, work to do. And I had witnessed countless times how so much that had been created and enjoyed could be destroyed or lost.

But how could I help Kirk at this stage? What more could I say? I thought about my father's belief in memory as our one trump card against death, and realized that Kirk could still redefine himself with words even if there was no time for deeds.

"Have you thought about telling Cathy and the children what you've told me?" I gently suggested.

Kirk recoiled. "Why? So they can hear what they already know? That I was a self-absorbed, uncaring shit? That's really going to be a comforting deathbed interchange."

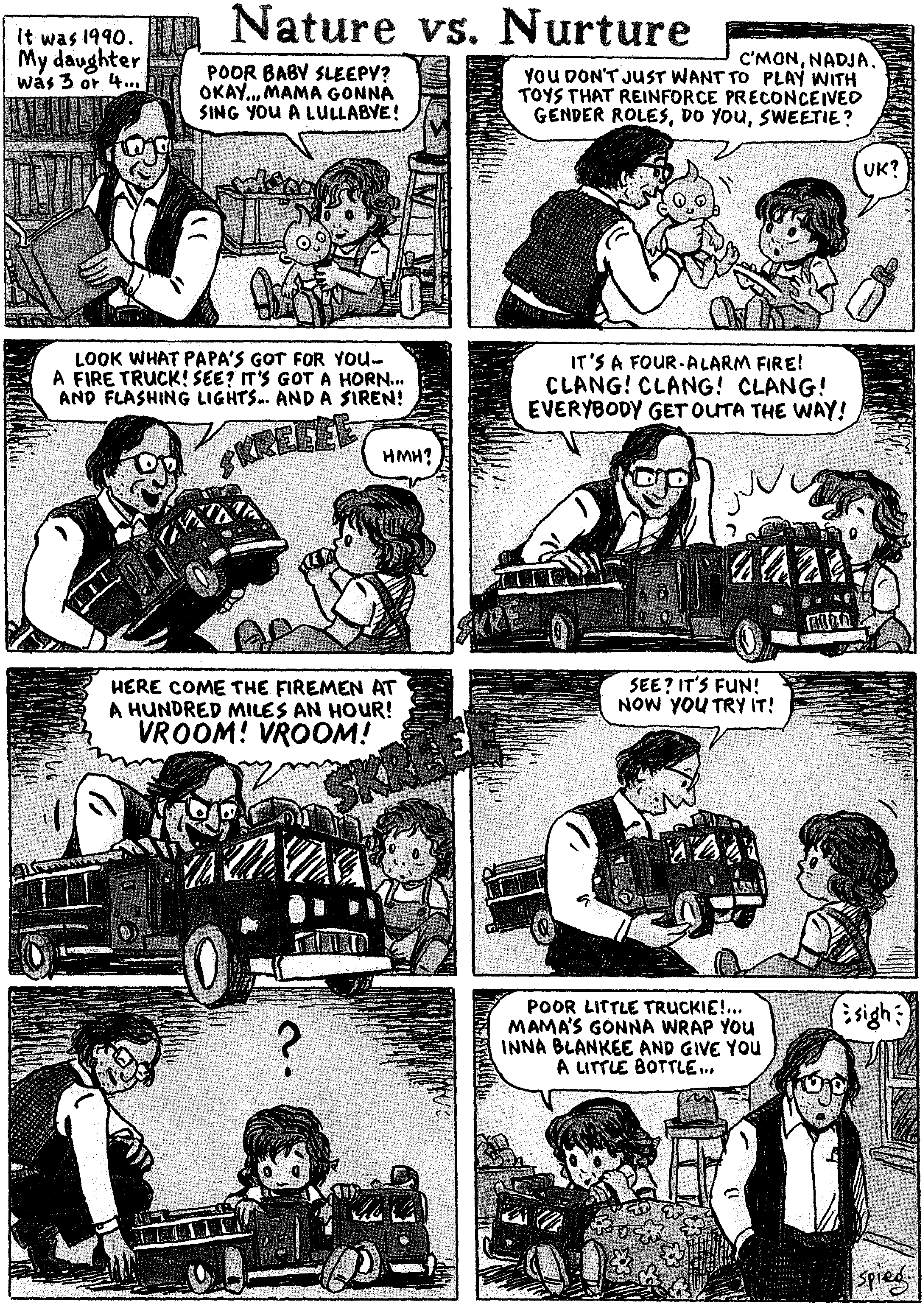
"Kirk, you can't relive your life. There is no time. But Cathy and Roanna and Paul can learn from you. And when you're gone the memory of your words may help guide them."

KIRKLAND BAINS died in a hospice in Tarrytown on May 8, 1995. A private funeral service at the Episcopal church in Hastings-on-Hudson was planned. Cathy called and explained that it was to be strictly family. She thanked me for everything I had done, and said that I had been very important to Kirk. She and the children would travel to Florida and, with Kirk's mother, inter his ashes there. She said she had been at his bedside through the night, and she sounded drained. She didn't volunteer anything more, and I didn't probe further into what was said before Kirk's passing.

After Cathy's call, I put aside the paperwork on my desk and took a moment to offer a prayer, as I always do when a patient of mine dies. I prayed that, before his passing, Kirk's soul had found some comfort, and that if there is a beyond it would be at peace. Then I composed in my mind a eulogy—addressed, as eulogies are, to the living. The words I chose were not from a holy text but from Kierkegaard: "It is perfectly true, as philosophers say, that life must be understood backward. But they forget the other proposition, that it must be lived forward." ♦

ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK BY ART SPIEGELMAN

Nature vs. Nurture

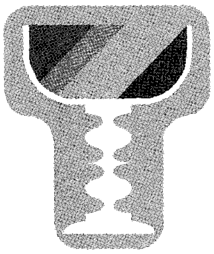

It was 1990. My daughter was 3 or 4...
POOR BABY SLEEPY? OKAY... MAMA GONNA SING YOU A LULLABYE!
C'MON, NADJA. YOU DON'T JUST WANT TO PLAY WITH TOYS THAT REINFORCE PRECONCEIVED GENDER ROLES, DO YOU, SWEETIE?
UK?
LOOK WHAT PAPA'S GOT FOR YOU– A FIRE TRUCK! SEE? IT'S GOT A HORN... AND FLASHING LIGHTS... AND A SIREN!
SKREEEEE
HMH?
IT'S A FOUR-ALARM FIRE! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! EVERYBODY GET OUTA THE WAY!
SKRE
HERE COME THE FIREMEN AT A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR! VROOM! VROOM!
SKREEE
SEE? IT'S FUN! NOW YOU TRY IT!
?
POOR LITTLE TRUCKIE!... MAMA'S GONNA WRAP YOU INNA BLANKEE AND GIVE YOU A LITTLE BOTTLE...
sigh
spieg.

FICTION

SPUTNIK

A small tribute to Jell-O, the most American of American foods, on its centenary.

BY DON DeLILLO



THE Demings were home this afternoon, busy at various tasks in their split-level house, a long low two-tone colonial with a picture window, a breezeway, and bright siding.

Erica was in the kitchen making Jell-O chicken mousse for dinner. Three cups chicken broth or three chicken-bouillon cubes dissolved in three cups boiling water. Two packages Jell-O lemon gelatine. One teaspoon salt. One-eighth teaspoon cayenne. Three tablespoons vinegar. One and a third cups whipped-topping mix. Two-thirds cup mayonnaise. Two cups finely diced cooked chicken. Two cups finely chopped celery. Two tablespoons chopped pimiento.

Then boil and pour and stir and blend. Fold spiced and chilled gelatine into chicken thing. Spoon into nine-by-five-inch loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with crisp lettuce and stuffed olives (if desired). Makes six entrée salads.

Do not reuse this bottle for storing liquids.

Erica did things with Jell-O that took people's breath away. Even now, as she prepared the chicken mousse for final chilling, there were nine parfait glasses in the two-tone Kelvinator. This was dessert for the next three evenings. Each glass was tilted at a forty-five-degree angle either against the wall of the refrigerator or against another object. This tilting method, handed down from her grandmother and her mother, allowed Erica to do Jell-O desserts in a number of colorful diagonal stripes, working the combinations among half a dozen flavors. She might put black-raspberry Jell-O, slightly thickened, into a parfait glass. She puts the glass in the fridge, tilting it at forty-five degrees. After the gelatine chills and fully thickens she folds in a swath of lime Jell-O, and then maybe orange, and then strawberry or black cherry. At the end of the process she has nine multistriped desserts, all different, all so vividly attractive.

Doing things with Jell-O was just about the best way to improve her mood, which was oddly gloomy today—she couldn't figure out why.

From the kitchen window she could see the lawn, neat and trimmed, low-hedged, open and approachable. The trees at the edge of the lawn were new, like everything else in the area. All up and down the curving streets there were young trees and small new box shrubs and a sense of openness, a sense of seeing everything there is to see at a single glance, with nothing shrouded or walled or protected from the glare.

Nothing shrouded or secret except for young Eric, who sat in his room, behind drawn fibreglass curtains, jerking off into a condom. He liked using a condom because it had a sleek metallic shimmer, like his favorite weapons system, the Honest John, a surface-to-surface missile with a warhead that carried yields of up to fifteen kilotons.

Avoid contact with eyes, open cuts, or running sores.

He sat sprawled in a butterfly chair and thought nobody could ever guess what he was doing, especially the condom part. Nobody could ever guess it, know it, imagine it, or associate him with it. But what happens, he thought, if you die someday and it turns out that everything you've ever done in private becomes general knowledge in the hereafter? Everybody automatically knows everything you ever did when you thought you were totally and sneakily and safely unseen.

Prolonged exposure to sun may cause bursting.

They put thermal pads on the Honest John to heat the solid fuel in preparation for firing. Then they remove the pads and launch the missile from a girderlike launch rail in a grassy field somewhere in the Free World. And the missile's infallible flight, the way it sweeps out precise volumes of mathematical space, it's so saintly and sun-tipped, swinging out of its apex to dive to earth, and the way the fireball haloes out above its column of smoke and roar, like some nameless faceless whatever. It made him want to be a Catholic.

Plus she'd have three chicken-mousse salads for leftovers later in the week.

Out in the breezeway husband Rick was simonizing their two-tone Ford Fairlane convertible, brand-new, like the houses and the trees, with whitewall tires and stripes of jet-streak chrome that fairly crackled when the car was in motion.

Erica kept her Jell-O molds in the seashell-beige cabinet over the range. She had fluted molds, ring molds, crown molds in a number of sizes, she had notes and diagrams, mold techniques, offer forms for special decorative molds that she intended to fill out and mail at her earliest convenience.

If swallowed, induce vomiting at once.

Eric stroked his dick in a conscientious manner, sombre and methodical. The condom was feely in a way he'd had to get used to, rubbery dumb and disaffecting. On the floor between his feet was a photo of Jayne Mansfield with her knockers coming out a sequinned gown. He wanted to sandwich his dick between her breasts until it went *whee*. But he wouldn't just walk out the door when it was over. He would talk to her breasts. Be tender and lovey. Tell them what his longings were, his hopes and dreams.

There was one mold Erica had never used, sort of guided-missile-like, because it made her feel uneasy somehow.

The face in the picture was all painted mouth and smudgy lashes, and at a certain point in the furtherance of his business Eric deflected his attention from the swooping breasts and focussed on the facial Jayne, on her eyebrows and lashes and puckered lips. The breasts were real, the face was put together out of a thousand thermoplastic things. And in the evolving scan of his eros, it was the masking waxes, liners, glosses, and creams that became the soft moist mechanisms of release.

Intentional misuse by deliberately inhaling contents can be harmful or fatal.

Erica wore a swirly blue skirt and buttercup blouse that happened to match the colors of their Fairlane.

Rick was still in the breezeway, running a shammy over the chromework. This was something, basically, he could do forever. He could look at himself in a strip of chrome, warp-eyed and hydrocephalic, and feel some of the power of the automobile, the horsepower, the decibel rumble of dual exhausts, the pedal tension of Ford-O-Matic drive. The sneaky thing about this car was that, yes, you drove it sensibly to the dentist and occasionally carpooled with the Andersons and took Eric to the science fair but beneath the routine family applications was the crouched power of the machine, top down, eating up the landscape.

Danger. Contents under pressure.

One of Erica's favorite words in the language was "breezeway." It spoke of ease and breeze and being contemporary and having something others did not. Another word she loved was "crisper." The Kelvinator had a nice roomy crisper and she liked to tell the men that such-and-such was in the crisper. Not the refrigerator, the crisper. The carrots are in the crisper, Rick. There were people out there on the Old Farm Road, where the front porches sag badly and the grass goes unmowed and the Duck River Baptists worship in a squat building that sits in the weeds on the way to the dump, who didn't know what a crisper was, who had iceboxes instead of refrigerators, or who had refrigerators that lacked crispers, or who had crispers in their refrigerators but didn't know what they were for or what they were called, who put tubs of butter in the crisper instead of lettuce, or eggs instead of carrots.

He came in from the breezeway.

"The carrots are in the crisper, Rick."

He liked to nibble on a raw carrot after he'd waxed and buffed the car.

He stood looking at the strontium-white loaf that sat on a bed of lettuce inside a cake pan in the middle of the table.

"Wuff, what is it?"

"It's my Jell-O chicken mousse."

"Hey, great," he said.

Sometimes she called it her Jell-O chicken mousse and sometimes she called it her chicken-mousse Jell-O. This was one of a thousand convenient things about Jell-O. The word went anywhere, front or back or in the middle. It was a push-button word, the way so many things were push-button now, the way the whole world opened behind a button that you pushed.

May cause discoloration of urine or feces.

Eric sidled along the wall and slipped into the bathroom, palming the sloppy condom. He washed it out in the sink and then fitted it over his middle finger and aimed the finger at his mouth so he could blow the condom dry. And in the movie version of his life he imagined how everything is projected on a CinemaScope screen, all the secret things he did alone over the years, and now that he is dead it's all available for public viewing and all his dead relatives and friends and teachers and ministers can watch him with his finger in his mouth, more or less, and a condom on his finger, and he is panting rhythmically to dry it off.

He heard his mother call his name.

He had to wash it and reuse it because this was the only one he had, borrowed from another boy, Danny Anderson, who'd taken it from his father's hiding place, under the balled socks, and who swore he'd never used it himself—a thing that wouldn't be fully established until both boys were dead and Eric had a chance to see the footage.

To avoid suffocation keep out of reach of small children.

Eric hid the rubber in his room, pressed into a box of playing cards. He took a long look at Jayne Mansfield's picture before he slipped it into the world atlas on his desk. He realized that Jayne's breasts were not as real-looking as he'd thought in his emotionally vulnerable state, dick in hand. They reminded him of something, but what? And then he saw it. The bumper bullets on a Cadillac.

He went into the kitchen and opened the fridge, just to see what was going on in there. The bright colors, the product names and logos, the array of familiar shapes, the tinsel glitter of things in foil wrap, the general sense of benevolent gleam, of eyeball surprise, the sense of a tiny holiday taking place on the shelves and in the slots, a world unspoiled and ever renewable. But there was something else as well, faintly unnerving. The throb, perhaps. Maybe it was the informational flow contained in that endless motorized throb. Open the great white vaultlike door and feel the cool breezelet of systems at work, converting current into power, talking to each other day and night across superhuman spaces, a thing he felt outside of, not yet attuned to, and it confused him just a bit.

Except their Kelvinator wasn't white, of course. Not on the outside, anyway. It was Bermuda pink and dawn gray.

He looked inside. He saw the nine tilted parfait glasses and felt a little dizzy. He got disoriented sometimes by the tilted Jell-O desserts. It was as if a science-fiction force had entered the house and made some things askew while sparing others.

They sat down to dinner and Rick carved the mousse and doled out portions. They drank iced tea with a slice of lemon wedged to the rim of each glass, one of Erica's effortless extra touches.

Rick said to Eric, "Whacha been up to all afternoon? Big homework day?"

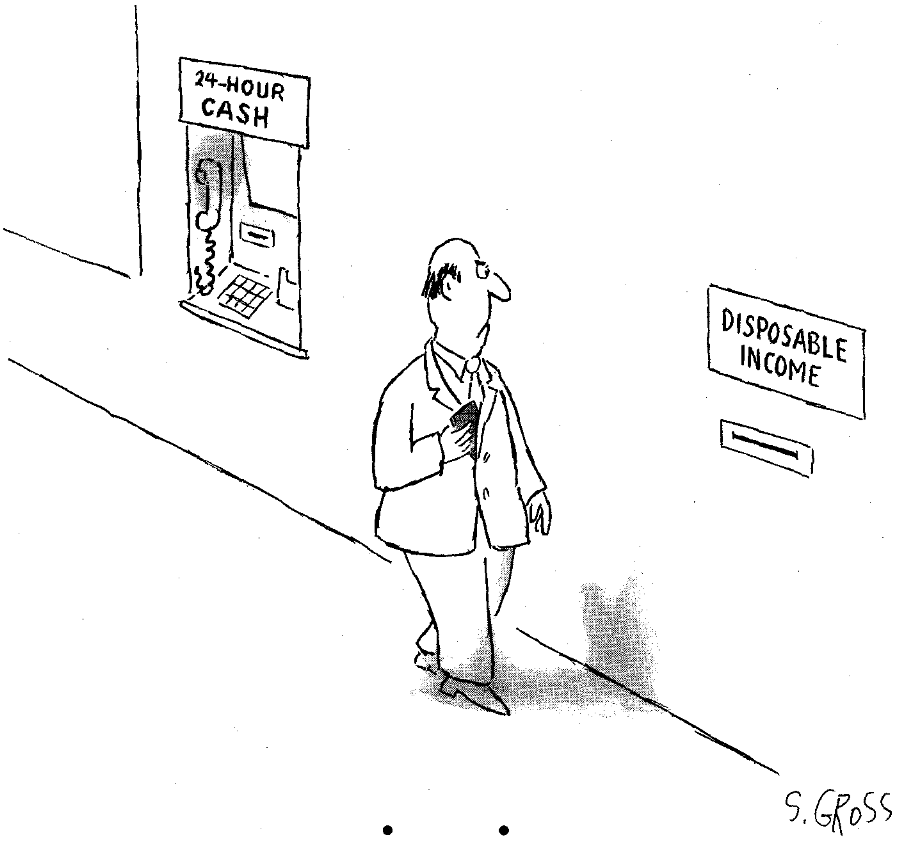
"Hey, Dad. Saw you simonizing the car."

"Got an idea. After dinner we'll take the binoculars and drive out on the Old Farm Road and see if we can spot it."

"Spot what?" Erica said.

"The baby moon. What else? The satellite they put up there. Supposed to be visible on clear nights."

It wasn't until this moment that Erica understood why her day had felt shadowed and ominous from the time she opened her eyes and stared at the mikado-yellow walls with patina-green fleecing. Yes, that satellite they put into orbit a few days ago. Rick took a scientific interest and wanted Eric to do the same. Sure, Rick was surprised and upset, just as she was, but he was willing to stand in a meadow somewhere and try to spot the object as it floated over. Erica felt a twisted sort of disappointment. It was theirs, not ours. It flew at an amazing rate of speed over the North Pole, *beep beep beep*, passing just above us, evidently, at certain times. She could not understand how this could happen. Were there other surprises coming, things we haven't been told about them? Did they



have crispers and breezeways? It was not a simple matter, adjusting to the news.

Rick said, "What about it, Eric? Want to drive on out?"

"Hey, Dad. G-g-g-great."

A pall fell over the table, displacing Erica's Sputnik funk. She thought Eric's occasional stuttering had something to do with the time he spent alone in his room. Hitting the books too hard, Rick thought. He was hitting something too hard, but Erica tried not to form detailed images.

Do not puncture or incinerate.

The boy could sit in the family room and watch their super-console TV, which was compatible with the knotty-pine panelling, and he could anticipate the dialogue on every show. Newscasts, ballgames, comedy hours. He did whatever voice the announcer or actor used, matching the words nearly seamlessly, and he never stuttered.

All the other kids ate Oreo cookies. Eric ate Hydrox cookies, because the name sounded like rocket fuel.

One of her kitchen gloves was missing—she had many pairs—and she wanted to believe Eric had borrowed it for one of his chemistry assignments. But she was afraid to ask. And she didn't think she looked forward to getting it back.

Yesterday he'd dunked a Hydrox cookie in milk, held it dripping over the glass, and said thickly, "Is very gud we poot Roosian moon in U.S. sky."

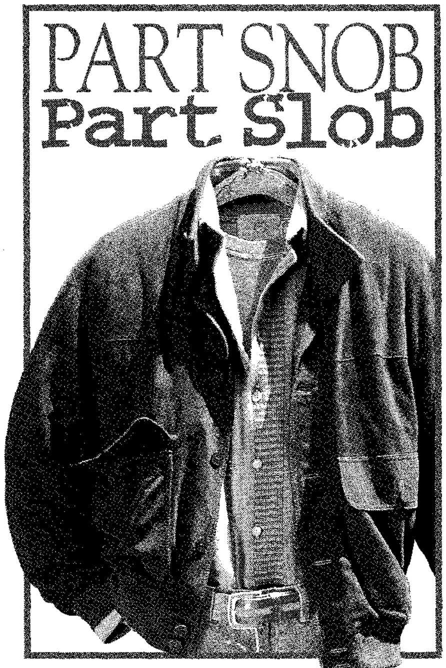
Then he took a bite and swallowed.

The men went out to find the orbiting satellite. Erica cleared the table, put on her rubberoid gloves, and began to do the dishes. Rick had kidded her about the gloves a number of times. The kitchen was equipped with an automatic dishwasher, of course. But she felt compelled as a homemaker to do a preliminary round of handwashing and scouring, because if you don't get every smidge of organic murk off the fork tines and out of the pans before you run the dishwasher, it could come back to haunt you in the morning.

Flush eyes with water and call physician at once.

And the gloves protected her from scalding water and the touch of food scraps. Erica loved her gloves. The gloves were indestructible, basically, made of the same kind of materials used in countertops and TV tubes, in the electrical insulation in the basement and the vulcanized tires on the car. The gloves were important to her despite the way they felt, clammy but also dry, a feeling that defied innate contradiction.

All the things around her were impor-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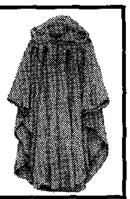
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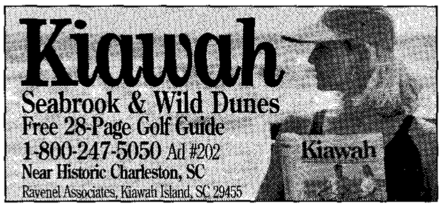
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Crisper
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When she finished up in the kitchen she decided to vacuum the living-room rug but then realized this would make her bad mood worse. She'd recently bought a new satellite-shaped vacuum cleaner that she loved to push across the room because it hummed softly and seemed futuristic and hopeful, but she was forced to regard it ruefully now, after Sputnik, a clunky object filled with self-remorse.

Stacking chairs
Scatter cushions
Storage walls
Room divider
Fruit juicer
Cookie sheet

She thought she'd lift her spirits by doing something for the church social on Saturday to pep up the event a little.

Do not use in enclosed space.

She would prepare half a dozen serving bowls of her Jell-O antipasto salad. Six packages of Jell-O lemon gelatine. Six teaspoons salt. Six cups boiling water. Six tablespoons vinegar. Twelve cups ice cubes. Three cups finely cut salami. Two cups finely cut Swiss cheese. One and a half cups chopped celery. One and a half cups chopped onion. Twelve tablespoons sliced ripe olive.

She remembered coming home one day about six months ago and finding Eric with his head in a bowl of her antipasto salad. He said he was trying to eat it from the inside out to test a scientific theory of his. The explanation was so crazy and unconvincing that it was weirdly believable. But she didn't believe it. She didn't know what to believe. Was this a form of sexual curiosity? Was he pretending the Jell-O was a sort of lickable female body part? And was he engaged in an act of unnatural oral stimulation? He had jellified gunk all over his mouth and tongue. She looked at him. She had people skills. Erica was a person who related to people. But she had to put on gloves just to talk to him.

She set to work in the kitchen now, listening all the while for the reassuring sound of her men coming home, car doors closing in the breezeway, the solid clunk of well-made parts swinging firmly shut. ♦

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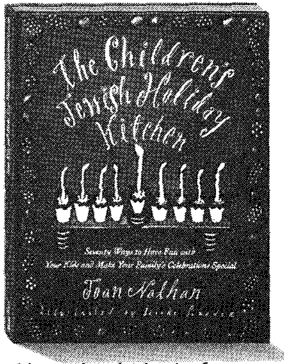
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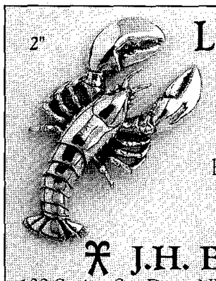

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THE CONTRARIAN COMIC

A new biography of the man who perfected the bitter sense of humor.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

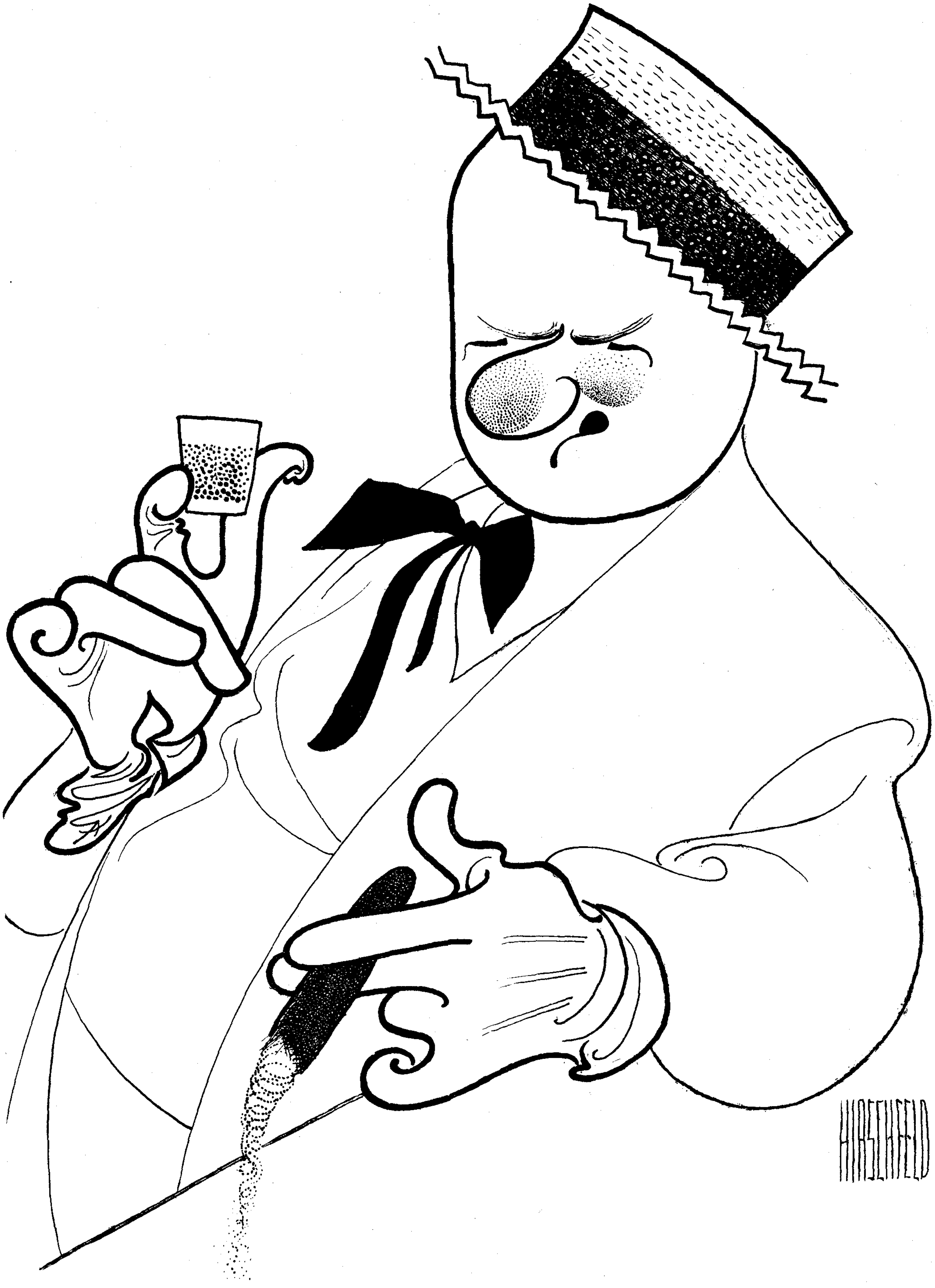
He is upstairs on the "sleeping porch"—hardly more than a landing on an outdoor stair, but still a Babbitt-era echo of middle-class comfort and the cult of fresh air, which has survived into these lean Depression years. It faces a minimal, starved back alley. The light is white and milky, the bleaching California light of the Sennett slapstick comedies, only now somehow made sad and dispirited and flattening by his presence. He is trying to sleep. What time is it? Very early dawn, as the light suggests? No, because the neighbors are already awake, in the apartments above his. But nothing quite makes sense here. A little boy torments him, dropping first grapes and then an icepick through the floor above. He groans and turns and tries again to lose consciousness. The milkman rattles his bottles and leaves a coconut, which rolls down three flights of stairs, striking every trashcan on the way. Then the grating-voiced neighbor's daughter goes off, loudly, to buy ipecac. To every interruption the patriarch in his pajamas responds with whimpering misery. Each time he sits up, his face is plainer, flatter, doughier than our jaunty memory of him suggested. He looks beat, exhausted, old. An insurance salesman arrives in the back yard below. "Do you know a man by the name of LaFong, Carl LaFong?" he shouts. "Capital 'L,' small 'a,' capital 'F,' small 'o,' small 'n,' small 'g'?" "No, I don't know a Carl LaFong," the man on the sleeping porch says, repeating dutifully, "Capital 'L,' small 'a,' capital 'F,' small 'o' . . ."

The man on the sleeping porch is W. C. Fields, and the sequence is from his masterpiece, "It's a Gift," of 1934. After several years in celebrity limbo, he is back among us, as the subject of a big, new comprehensive life, "Man on the Flying Trapeze," by a biographer with the Fieldsian name of Simon Louvish (Norton; $29.95). The last Fields revival took place in the late sixties and early seventies, and it produced a bumper crop: a bad movie with a good performance by Rod Steiger; books by Fields's grandson Ronald and by his mistress, Carlotta Monti; a collection of film stills; and one of the best American essays written on any comedian, Wilfrid Sheed's "Toward the Black Pussy Cafe." He's even up there on the cover of "Sgt. Pepper," right between Stockhausen and Jung. The political intensities of the time meant that the great comedians had to be enlisted in its quarrels, inducted into the counterculture. There was sufficient riot in the Marxes to make this work, but the Fields cult had to reëstablish itself on different and boggier ground, with Fields cast as the hero of an alliance between the boozy and the bohemian. You could hardly call him an anarchist, except in the broad, Bukowski-and-Burroughs sense that any boozer at the bar is an enemy of authority; he belonged to the counterculture only because he was getting his culture at a counter.

Louvish, who teaches film history in London, has sympathies that date from that period, but his book is a revisionist, though fond, account of Fields's life, with Fields removed from his role as the Falstaff of the Vietnam era and returned to the history of early-twentieth-century popular entertainment. The book is dense with hundred-year-old distinctions, now lost—between vaudeville and olio, English pantomime and music hall—and is much better researched than even most modern literary biographies. (Louvish has found reviews of pre-First World War Fields performances in the Manchester *Evening Chronicle* and the Adelaide *Mail.*) Yet the sum of Louvish's revisionism is the argument that Fields, far from being a mean, drunken child- and wife-hating old curmudgeon who was nonetheless sublimely funny, was actually an actor who, in order to be funny, pretended to be a mean, drunken child- and wife-hating old curmudgeon—and then, in a slightly metaphysical extension, he did this so skillfully that by the last two decades of his life he actually was a mean, drunken, etc.

Louvish has an unfortunately waggish prose style and a skittish sense of organization, but he also has a lot of news. The most famous biography of Fields before this was Robert Lewis Taylor's "W. C. Fields: His Follies and Fortunes" (1948), a memorial based on Fields's own stories, which fixed in place a series of obviously, charmingly, stage-managed anecdotes. Taylor's book indulged the medieval habit of ascribing each of Fields's characteristics to a single event in his development: he got his nasal drawl by sleeping out of doors, his suspicion of women from an early viewing of a V.D. film, and so on. Reading Taylor's biography, you understood that you had to knock the top thirty floors off the tall tales to arrive at the foundation of truth. Louvish gives you the same stories, but on a smaller scale: Fields wasn't actually a delinquent, but he did fight regularly with his father; didn't have a thousand bank accounts in different towns but did worry compulsively about money; didn't entirely hate children but bitterly resented his wife. Two essential facts emerge: Fields was much smarter than you might have thought, and much older than you remembered—a nineteenth-century man, full grown and already a big star by the turn of the century.

Fields was born in Philadelphia in 1880, at a time when the city had the starchiest shabby-genteel lower middle class in America, of which the Dukenfield family, as they were, seem representative. The Philadelphia blend of back-yard comfort and petit-bourgeois respectability—the typical Philadelphia house, of the kind in which the young William Claude Dukenfield grew up, gave a fruit-and-vegetable man, like his father, a big porch looking out onto a garden—haunted Fields all his life. Just as Chaplin managed to get the spirit of his boyhood London (the closed courtyards, the brick façades, the Spartan gin shops) into his films, poetically heightened, Fields



For all the durability of W. C. Fields's achievement, what is most impressive is how hard he struggled to do his best work.

SONNET IN E

The diction of the dispossessed, clattering.
Is there nothing that will glide, or is all to be caught
like a woollen sock on the nail in the floorboard,
caught and ripped and cursed and caught again?
For these are the alternatives: to inhale the world
into the magnificent misery of the solitary,
who feeds and grows thereby, or else, or else—
to fling the particles of person wide, awash on the blue.
Explosion: tiny feathered hands that touch cheeks,
and rush past, streaming chloroplasts, golden green
and living, is this too much to ask, that it glide
and swell in the sacrament of self-possession?
I am no longer obliged to sit like a china dog
on a table in the corner of the room.

—April Bernard

evoked end-of-the-century Philadelphia in his Hollywood movies of the thirties: the sleeping porches and sleepy boulevards and sawdust-sprinkled grocery stores.

Although Ronald Fields, in his family-approved, corrective biography, back in 1973, tried to make the case that Fields was a good son, the truth seems to be that Fields's father was ill-tempered and a drinker, and that the boy got away from home as soon as he could. With a professional entertainer's bravado, he insisted to his drinking pals later on that he had spent years bumming around from bad job to jail cell. In fact, he devoted himself to becoming a juggler, and within a couple of years was the best in the business, headlining in Europe alongside Sarah Bernhardt. Louvish perhaps does not stress strongly enough that, as Fields himself put it dryly, "juggling is difficult." He wrote,"I still carry scars on my legs from those early attempts at juggling. I'd balance a stick on my toe, toss it in the air, and try to catch it again on my toe. Hour by hour, the damn thing would bang against my shinbones."

Fields was intellectual, too. Eddie Cantor, in his 1957 autobiography, tells of Fields arriving for an engagement with three steamer trunks full of serious novels, and giving Cantor an impromptu seminar in English lit. "The works," Cantor writes, eyes goggling. Dumas, Dickens, Eliot. The notion of Fields and Cantor earnestly discussing symbolic patterns in "Middlemarch" is irresistible, even though you probably have to allow for the requisite show-biz inflation in the storytelling. (Make the three steamer trunks of literature one satchelful of Dickens.) Fields's own writing—apart from the scripts he did for his movies, which are their own evidence—is always funny, exact, and aphoristic. "In legitimate drama, the hero breaks his sword and it is dramatic," he wrote in 1934. "In comedy the sword bends, and stays bent."

In 1900, just before his first European tour, Fields absent-mindedly married a chorus girl named Hattie Hughes, and eventually they had a son. Fields's first letters home to her after the birth of little Claude are genuinely touching—"ecstatic," as Louvish says. Then Hattie got religion in a big way, and Fields became bottomlessly bitter. At one point he wrote to her, "Your low cunning and scheming will one day cause you no end of grief. You will never be happy as long as you practice your perfidy upon your young son. You have taught him a hymn of hate, likewise tried to make him a Christian, the two do not blend." But he kept on sending the checks. Estranged from his wife and son, he made up a fantasy—and, as Louvish notes, inserted it into movie after movie—in which he was the benevolent father of a devoted daughter from a happy marriage to a much missed (though safely dead) wife. It is nickel psychiatry, of course, to see this as a "compensatory fantasy" for the estranged son, but it is hard to find another explanation; sometimes nickel psychiatry gives good value—most actors, even ones of genius, have five-cent psyches. (Years later, when another, illegit-

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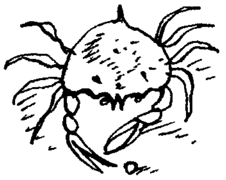
imate son came to pay a call on him, Fields came up with his bitterest all-purpose epigram. "Give him an evasive answer," he directed his butler loftily. "Tell him to go fuck himself.")

THE juggling act that made Fields famous was silent. As the act went on, he began to talk while he juggled, and pretty soon the talking became more interesting than the juggling. The patter hardened into an attitude—or into a couple of attitudes. Two characters were implicit, one triumphant, the other beleaguered. The first was the tall-tale-bearing mountebank, the carnival barker or patent-medicine man in top hat and checked pants. ("I dispense healing roots and herbs in company with my daughter, Miss Poppy McGargle, the well-known cantatrice and song-bird, professionally known as the girl with the double larynx," says Professor Eustace McGargle, in "Poppy." "She is half elf and half hummingbird. I have to coax her to eat.") The other was the beaten-down dad of "It's a Gift" and "The Bank Dick." Louvish, like others before him, emphasizes how unusual it is for a comedian to have two masks, and not just one. But the two characters are mirror images of each other, or, rather, the second is the fantasy image the first needs in order to stay alive. Beleaguerment and bogus bravado coexist in Falstaff's soul, too.



There is a famous anecdote about the time that Fields and the Marx Brothers appeared on the same bill, when they were all working in three-a-day vaudeville. Fields, Groucho said later, refused to follow the Marxes, pleading a broken wrist. This self-congratulatory story turns out to be the simple truth. "The only act I could never follow," the usually hyper-competitive and jealous Fields admitted years afterward. The encounter was, in a way, a moment when the two distinct styles of twentieth-century American comedy collided. One style, rising from the immigrant experience, is marked by an assault of aggression and hyperbole and mixed, eclectic burlesque. It is the style that unites Groucho and Jackie Gleason and Phil Silvers with S. J. Perelman and Philip Roth. The other style is contrarian—the resolute, disgruntled, thin-lipped resistance of the old American line to that noise and fretfulness. This is the style that unites Fields with Benchley and Thurber and Keaton—the Vanishing American (as he called himself in one lost sketch), out on the porch trying to sleep amid the intrusions, filled with memories of past drinking, and wanting, above all, to be left alone.

FIELDS had a terrible time breaking into pictures. He began by adapting one of his Broadway hits into a film, with D. W. Griffith, no less, directing. But, as even Louvish admits, it's a terrible picture, like all the silents Fields made. They were so bad, and so unsuccessful, that a lot of them, even some from the mid-twenties, when "The Gold Rush" and "The General" had already become classics, are lost, not a print or a negative remaining. The reason Fields was so bad in the silents seems to be that he was oddly overimpressed by the Chaplin cult. It's hard to believe, but Fields actually tried to copy the Tramp, speeding up his style and wearing an awful clip-on mustache. The insecurity of comedians knows no bounds.

Sound saved him, not just because it let him be heard but also because it slowed things down. Early, stagy limited sound fitted Fields's style as well as the fluid, shimmering late talkies fitted Keaton's. He had a hit with "The Old Fashioned Way," and with "Poppy," an adaptation of his old stage vehicle, and developed a small enthusiastic corner of the mass audience.

Just as important, Fields the autodidact found in Hollywood his first intellectual circle. In New York, he had been outside the Algonquin run of things. He did his drinking at the Lambs Club; in a way, he was already too old-fashioned a figure, with too old-fashioned a style, for the streamlined, Martini-fuelled one-liner exchanges of Kaufman and Woollcott. In Hollywood, though, he stumbled into a circle of New York actors and ex-newspapermen turned screenwriters, dominated by Gene Fowler, whose manner was still "rugged." (Faux-naïf was the house style of the Round Table, faux-frontier that of Fowler's Hollywood set.) Like Harold Ross, whom he in many ways resembled, Fowler was a Denver man, and had made his reputation as a "Front Page"-style Hearst journalist. He was a character of the big-talking Larson E. Whipsnade variety, of whom Fields is the fulfillment, or platonic representation. Fowler's Hollywood

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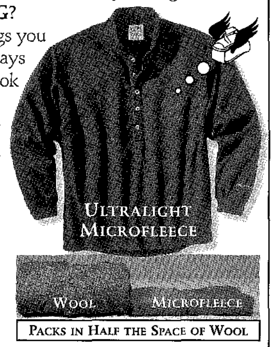

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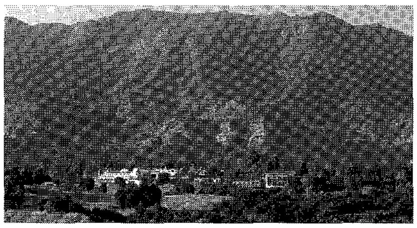

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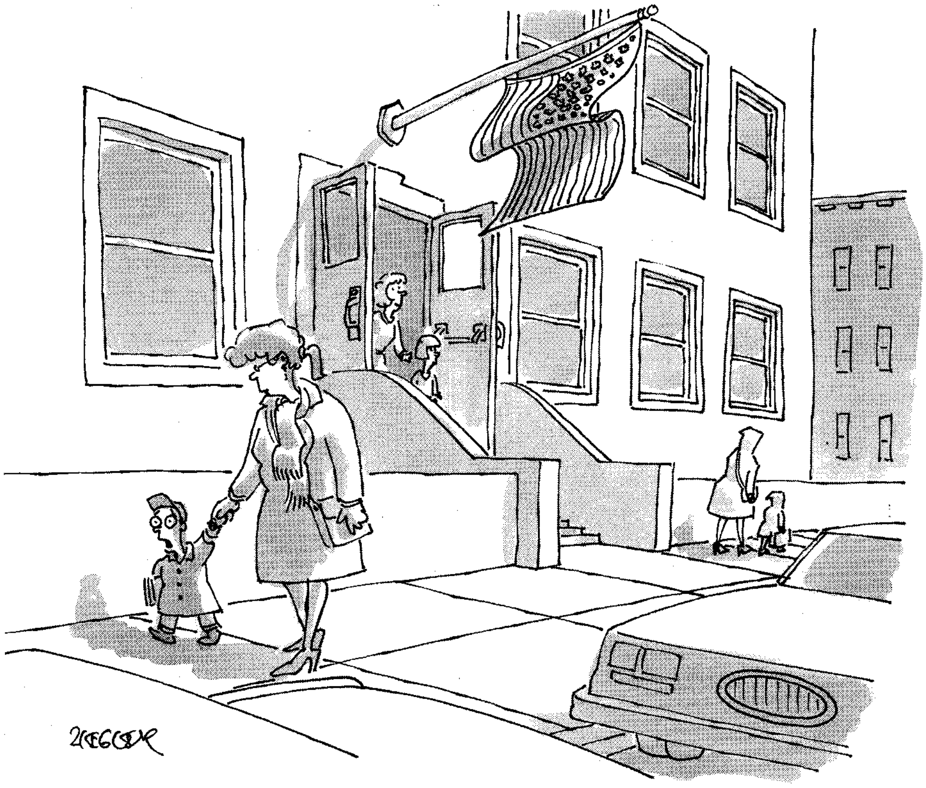
gang—Gregory La Cava, John Barrymore, Leo McCarey—clustered around Fields as happily as the Algonquin crowd had around Harpo Marx.

And few of Fowler's gang were Jewish. At a time when the movie business was dominated and controlled by Jews, resentment of the studio bosses often slid over into simple anti-Semitism. In Fields, this was always funny—in letters to his old friend Eddie Cantor he liked the salutation "Dear Christ-Killer"—but the existence of a crowd of very smart guys who got their whole definition by seeing themselves as Another Kind of American must have helped Fields find himself.

Compared with Chaplin's and Keaton's good years, and even Laurel and Hardy's, Fields's high period in the movies runs for a remarkably short time—just seven years, from the sleeping-porch scene in "It's a Gift" to the leap from the airplane in "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break." His longer-lasting success was in radio, in his famous, and generally tiresome, exchanges with the dummy Charlie McCarthy. Movies caught him, as they did Mae West, in the autumn of his career. You get the sense, reading Louvish, that Fields's ability to make his movies owed less to his movies' making money than to his popularity among the people who made movies. He had a patron in the producer William Le Baron, who produced ten of his movies. There was enough surplus in the system then to stand one or two eccentric comics for specialized tastes.

Fields had a terrific, sardonic eye for a Hollywood that seems oddly familiar. Louvish reproduces an unfilmed speech about marketing, written by Fields for Franklin Pangborn, who plays a producer, in the original script of "Never Give a Sucker": "We'll have to submit those titles to the sales department. They can only sell certain titles, no matter how good or bad the picture is. We had a sales manager here the other day and we had a fine story all written—was called 'Fun at the Equator.' The sales manager said he couldn't sell the title, but he could sell 'Perry's Last Voyage to the North Pole'—and we had to rewrite the first and last sequence."

They were seven good years, during which Fields also established a genuinely enduring relationship with a young actress, Carlotta Monti. But he was already aging, and was drinking himself to death; to watch his movies in sequence from 1934 on is to watch a man gradually bloating himself toward an explosion. The movies tend to slide together in the mind and, in a sense, they're meant to. There are really only two of them, running on parallel reels: the story of Harold Bissonette (or Egbert Sousè or Ambrose Wolfinger) and that of his superior other, Eustace McGargle (or Larson E. Whipsnade or, on one memorable occasion, Humpty-Dumpty). As Sheed pointed out, there's a surprising amount of sheer boredom in these films: the first-rate Fields depends so heavily on things that are not in any way jokes (like the spelling of Carl LaFong, or the intonation of a phrase) that second-rate Fields is not funny at all. But the good moments remain indelible, and Louvish evokes a lot of them: Fields receiving a calendar of "Lompoc in spring," in "The Bank Dick" ("Doesn't look unlike the Mona Lisa," he comments); Fields sharing a jail cell with the homicidal maniac in "The Old Fashioned Way" (Maniac: "I had three wives!" Fields, friendly: "Oh, yes." Maniac: "But this is the first one I have killed in all my life!" Fields, smarmy: "Oh, that's in your favor, yes"); above all, Fields up on that porch, pleading for peace. On and on, the best American bitterness, barrel-proof.



"It's the whole kindergarten thing, Mom. I'm alone in there, swimming with the sharks."

Fields died in 1945; his last words on screen, in a sketch in a service cabaret comedy, were "Aren't drunks repulsive? Come, my little popinjay." Although the necessary piety is that he was inimitable, the line of contrarian American humor that he incarnated has proved to be surprisingly strong, with the Fields example running into things as remote as the here-we-are-and-here-we-stay blue-collar humor of John Goodman and Roseanne Barr. (The mountebank line has fewer successors, perhaps only the magician-philosopher Ricky Jay.)

For all the durability of Fields's achievement, by the end of Louvish's biography one is impressed above all by how hard Fields had to struggle to do his best work. Back in the seventies, startled by how literate and highbrow and modern the old comedies seem, we assumed a saving grace, a kind of magic benediction, that a thriving popular culture bestowed on its innocents, without reflecting sufficiently that the literate qualities we admire were put there on purpose, by literate people like Fields. No artist has an easy time in America; even the comedian who is just trying to make "Fun at the Equator" sees it rerouted to the North Pole. The best you can hope for is to be, like the comedian's sword, happily bent and never quite broken. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

THE GOOD BROTHER, by Chris Offutt (Simon & Schuster; $23). Virgil Caudill heads out of the hills of eastern Kentucky with a beat-up car, a stuffed possum, and a fraudulent driver's license. He has finally avenged the murder of his notorious brother, and will now take up a new life as Joe Tiller in the disorientingly open country of Montana, where his neighbors zealously indulge their right to bear arms. Offutt's surefooted first novel illustrates the potentially lethal crossfire between moral responsibility and familial duty, as a good man who starts out playing possum ends up a sitting duck.

ROUND ROCK, by Michelle Huneven (Knopf; $24). A farm for recovering alcoholics, nestled in an Edenic West Coast valley, is at the center of this classy, absorbing melodrama. The farm is run by Red Ray, while its surrounding citrus groves are managed by a beautiful single mother and heiress named Billie. Maybe Billie is interested in Red, but then again Red may be destined for sweet Libby Daw, who is sleeping with an intellectual who can't admit to his alcoholism. This novel is very California—unembarrassed about New Agey cures and pleasures—but thoroughly old-fashioned in its likable characters and its fine writing.

VIRGIL THOMSON: COMPOSER ON THE AISLE, by Anthony Tommasini (Norton; $30). Brilliant, bitchy, and seemingly unflappable, Thomson (1896-1989) reigned over the New York music world as its preëminent concert critic and (with Gertrude Stein) wrote some of the first American operas worthy of the name. This generous biography by a devoted younger colleague (himself a *Times* critic) makes a strong case for Thomson's neglected music. But the personal portrait is an unsettling one: of a shame-ridden homosexual whose cantankerous charm and talent for friendship were repeatedly blunted by pettiness and cruelty.

THE YOUNGEST PARENTS, by Robert Coles; photographs by Jocelyn Lee and John Moses (DoubleTake/Norton; $27.50). By listening to teen-agers talk about the choices they've made, the author has discovered that for most young mothers a baby represents not failure but hope—a chance to do a good job at the only job (as they see it) that they're likely to get. While Coles's now familiar persona—a blend of Hamlet and Mister Rogers—holds its usual irritations, this is an important, revelatory book.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS: INVENTING MODERN LIFE, by Desley Deacon (Chicago; $29.95). The first woman president of the American Anthropological Association, Parsons was born in 1874 into the upper reaches of New York and Newport society and rebelled against its formality and frivolity. Her professional struggles embodied such feminist issues as "What if a woman's achievement injures her husband's career?," and she also studied other American "out groups." Parsons' splendid life and work continue to illuminate current puzzles about acculturation and diversity.

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Since the signing of the Oslo Accord, 259 Israeli Jews have been killed and close to 1,000 wounded. To put it in perspective, these 259 killed are equivalent to about 13,000 people being killed in the United States in such criminal attacks.

These are the same people who, since the "handshake", committed murderous terrorist attacks all over the world. There can be no question that they were also behind the Pan Am flight 103 plane explosion which killed 270 people, mostly Americans; that they were responsible for the blowing up of the Air Force barracks in Saudi Arabia, in which 19 Air Force personnel died; and in literally hundreds of other acts of terror. All of these terror acts are specifically authorized by Yassir Arafat, who, though now a "statesman," was classified as an international terrorist by the U.S. Department of State.

"Only Israel should determine whether its national rights and its security requirements are being honored and fulfilled. Only then, and not before, should it be prepared to continue its negotiations with the Palestinian Arabs.

Any pretext suffices. The basic understanding with Arafat and his Palestinian Arabs was that terror and mayhem would stop. But that has not happened. On the contrary: More Jews have been killed by terror attacks since the "handshake" than in any comparable period before it. Arafat and the "Palestinian Authority" actively encourage their followers to use violence to accomplish their ends. The PLO has not even complied with the promise to amend their infamous Charter, which explicitly calls for the destruction of the State of Israel. In blood-curdling speeches, Arafat and his henchman goad their followers into violence, urging them to "liberate Palestine and Jerusalem" by jihad (holy war), "with blood and with fire".

Any pretext to violence suffices. Not too long ago, it was the opening of an entrance to an archaeological tunnel that offended the sensitivities of the Palestinian Arabs. Next it was the Israeli Jews constructing residences in the eastern part of Jerusalem on land they own. The murderous attack on the Jerusalem market, of course, had no pretext at all. It was just done out of sheer hatred for the Jews and the desire to kill as many of them as possible.

And that is the nub of the problem. Only the most naive can believe that the Palestinian Arabs (or the rest of the Arab/Muslim world) can be placated by the Israelis bringing "sacrifices for peace". Even if the Israeli Jews were prepared to hand over the entire land of Israel and only retain the enclave of Tel Aviv, it would not suffice. The elimination of any Jewish vestige is the inalterable goal.

No peace can come about until that attitude and that mindset change. And that might take a long time.

What does this mean for the so-called "peace process"? So far, the Israelis have complied with all obligations. They have turned over Gaza and all major population centers in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") to the Palestinian Authority (P.A.). Further transfers are planned. But all of this should stop immediately and for at least six months. Then, the minimum conditions that Israel should impose on Arafat for any continuation should be: (1) The rescission of the PLO Charter advocating the destruction of Israel; (2) A full-bore effort on the part of the PLO to totally stop all terror attacks and to apprehend and turn over to Israeli justice all terrorists now operating under the protection of the P.A. And, nobody — not the United States, any other countries, or the United Nations—should be the arbiters of this. Only Israel should determine whether its national rights and its security requirements are being honored and fulfilled. Only then, and not before, should it be prepared to continue its negotiations with the Palestinian Arabs.

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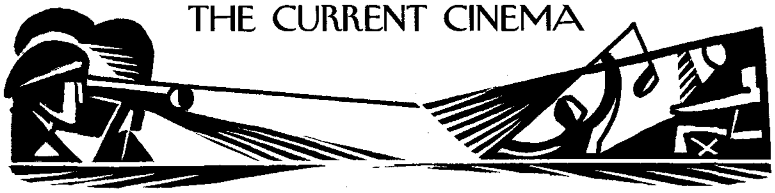
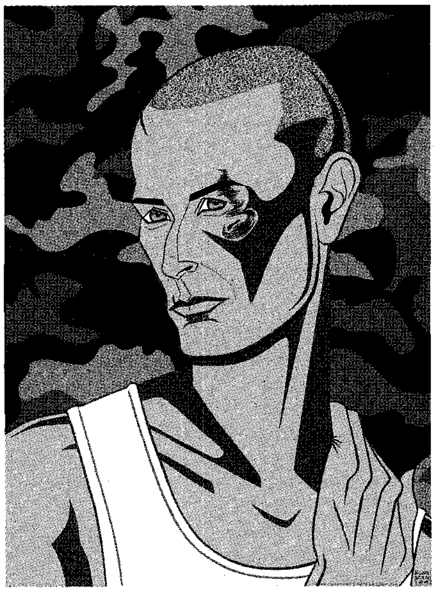


ARMS AND THE WOMAN

The unwittingly hilarious "G.I. Jane."

BY ANTHONY LANE



Demi, buzz-cut: another Ridley Scott fantasy of the real liberated woman.

From the moment when Demi Moore first appears as an intelligence officer, you know that "G.I. Jane" is going to be one of the funniest movies of the year. It's not meant to be funny—it sets out to raise the flag for the role of women in the military—but I have to say that, perhaps appropriately, it killed me. Demi Moore plays Lieutenant Jordan O'Neil, who is plucked from her Navy computer in Washington to become a trained SEAL, or, at least, to undergo the twelve weeks of sadism that are said to constitute the selection procedure. If previous films are anything to go by, successful SEAL recruits include Steven Seagal and Charlie Sheen. This suggests that verbal skills alone will not get you through the course. Actually, it doesn't look *that* bad; the first day for the applicants of "G.I. Jane" consists largely of their rolling an oversized oil drum up and down a dune, and at one point the poor darlings are offered those cute little individual cartons of fruit juice. Can't they squeeze their own?

Jordan O'Neil, however, must shoulder a double burden: not only is she required to crawl under barbed wire with live ammunition whistling cheerfully overhead but she is the first woman even to attempt SEAL training. If she makes it, she (and, by implication, the movie) will pave the way for full female representation in all areas of naval service, just as Demi's dexterity in "Ghost" persuaded women everywhere to take up pottery at night. Thanks to a few scenes of political infighting at the start of "G.I. Jane," we learn that Jordan is backed in her quest by Senator Lillian DeHaven (Anne Bancroft) and tacitly opposed by most of the top brass. Since Bancroft carefully models the timbre of her performance on an A-10 Tankbuster, this is no contest, and Lieutenant O'Neil is duly dispatched to training camp and into the welcoming hands of Master Chief John Urgayle (Viggo Mortensen). It goes without saying that Urgayle is a monster; Hollywood, with its liberal innocence and, at the same time, its craving for regular savagery, has never bothered to rid itself of the convenient delusion that people in positions of military authority are by definition implacable brutes. The fact that brutes tend to fall off the promotional ladder would hardly suit a picture like "G.I. Jane," which needs to sanctify its heroine by pitting her against cigar-chewing bigots and outright demons. Having laid a silent bet with myself as to how long it would be before anyone uttered the phrase "Pain is your friend," I was thrilled to hear it soon after the Master Chief's first appearance. He later schools Jordan in the finer points of interrogation technique with the toe of his boot—a lesson that she swiftly repays by kicking him in the crotch and shouting, "Suck my dick!"

This is crude, hollering stuff, but it works; it should get audiences on their feet and give them the impression that ground is being gained here—or, at any rate, that a just war is being declared. The director, Ridley Scott, has entered the fracas before, when he made "Thelma and Louise," in 1991, and both movies are wonderful at helping you to enjoy something that you suspect to be profoundly implausible and quite possibly insulting. For all the merciless drive of the Scott style, you can never quite work out what he's driving *at:* such films are supposed to resound to women's cry for freedom, if only for the freedom to open fire, but in truth they crawl and prickle with a man's fantasy of what the liberated woman might really be like. This is where the laughs begin to rise; when Senator DeHaven endorses Lieutenant O'Neil as "top drawer, with silk stockings in it," the line not only reminds you of daytime TV but hints at a desperate desire to have it both ways. Even better is the immaculate misjudgment with which Scott cuts directly from a news report on the O'Neil case—"Joining us now on 'Washington Tonight' for the feminist perspective . . ." says the newscaster—to a shot of Demi Moore practicing pushups in sports lingerie. There is a strand of feminist thinking that might wish to claim such butch bravado for its own, but from where I was sitting the perspective looked pretty much like that of guy who wanted to cover all the angles thirteen ways of looking at a black bra

Demi Moore is, of course, the perfect fit. If the producers of "G.I. Jane had run a mud-stained recruiting cours for the leading role, all the other actresses would have dropped out o the first day. Almost everything abou Demi was made for this role, an what wasn't right could be toned u in the gym: the set of her jaw, the swel of suppressed anger that seems to was across her features half the time, he determination not to find anythin amusing unless she is specifically instructed to. (This makes her the exac opposite of her husband, Bruce Willis who can't take anything seriously.) Eve though she must be aware of how th

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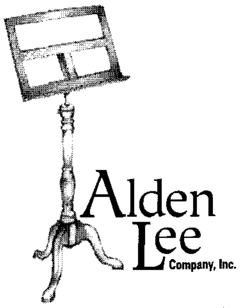

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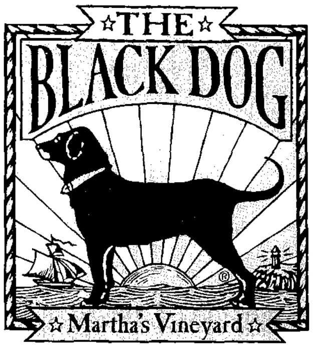

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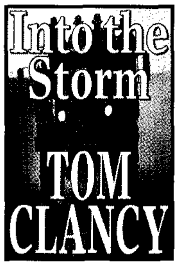

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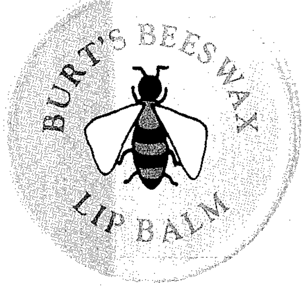

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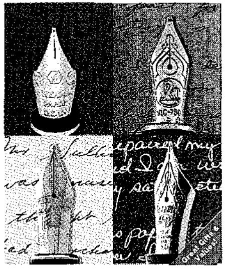

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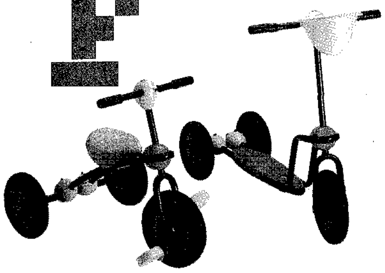

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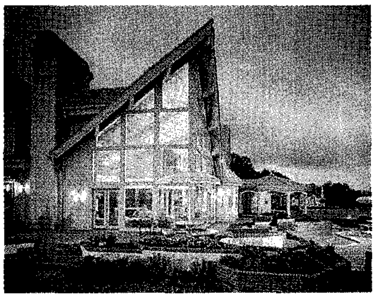

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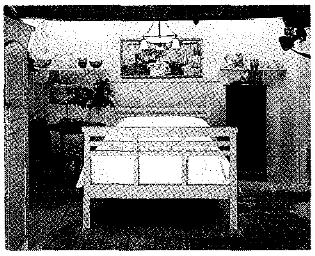

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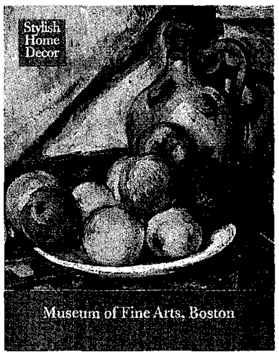

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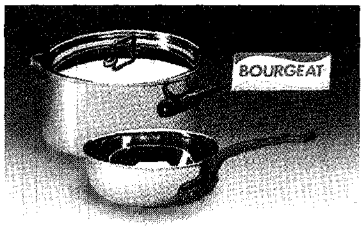

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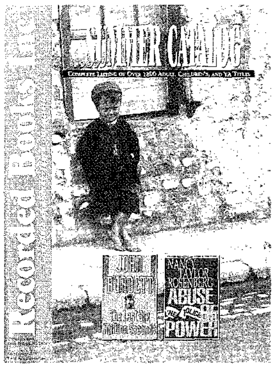

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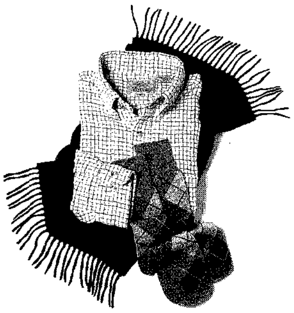

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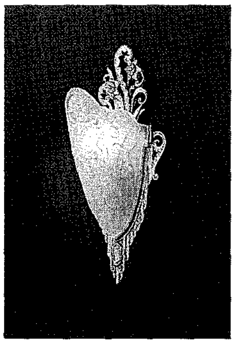

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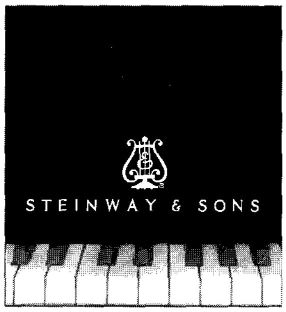

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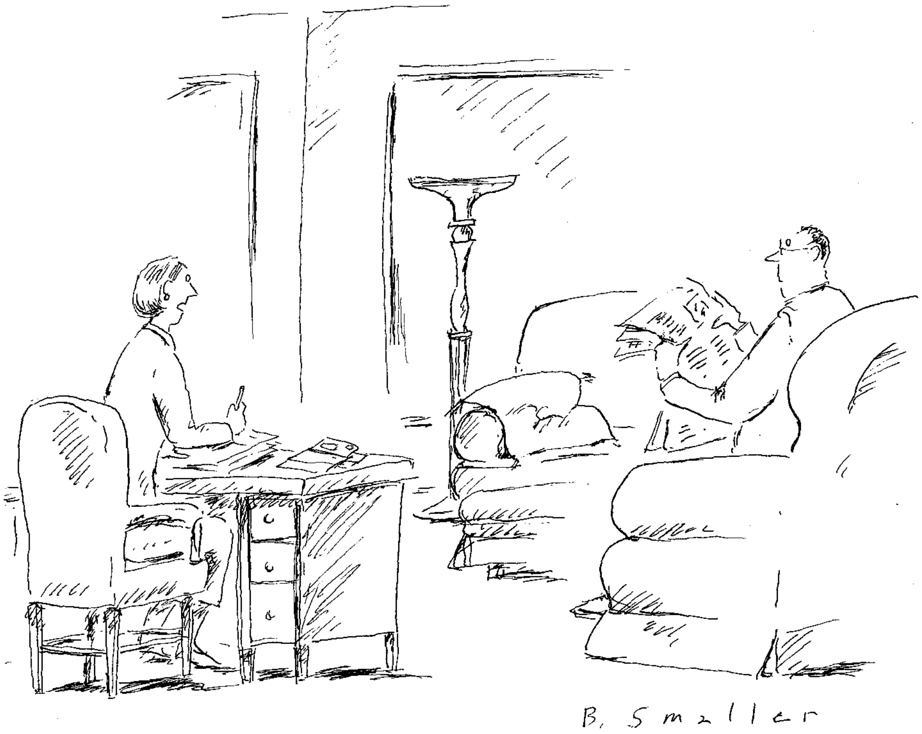

"Our problem is I know your Social Security number but you don't know mine."

camera is ogling her, she tries gamely to master the situation by patenting her own particular brand of pushup—sticking one leg out sidewise at ninety degrees, as if signalling to turn right. On the first day at camp, Jordan finds her raven tresses being lashed by surf and generally getting in the way, so the next morning she nips into the barber's and has an intense relationship with an electric razor. This sequence is destined to be the most celebrated buzz cut since Elvis joined the Army, and we even get Chrissie Hynde on the soundtrack to buff the leathery toughness of it all, but it does drag on, and whether you like "G.I. Jane" will depend on whether you think Demi is competing or colluding with the instinctive fetishism of the director. I won't hear a word against "Alien," and only a dullard would remain undazzled by the steam and neon of "Blade Runner," but t has to be said that Scott's addiction o chiaroscuro, to hazy interiors and ight creeping through blinds, is by ow beyond his control. When the of-ice of a SEAL colonel resembles a still rom "The Maltese Falcon," it's time to get some fresh air.

So off they all go to the Mediterra-ean—Jordan, the other hopefuls, and he ever-present Urgayle, who has onsidered Jordan pretty cool ever since he broke his nose. The great thing bout the Mediterranean, as far as Hol-ywood is concerned, is that you stand a ood chance of running into unfriendly Muslims, and soon enough Jordan and e gang are diverted from training ma-euvers into real live combat. It's about s convincing as a video game: the team as to land on the Libyan shore, rescue ome fellow-Americans, bring back a bag f plutonium, and waste as many locals s possible before the quarters run out. n case we don't find the violence suffi-ently arousing, the director of photog-phy, Hugh Johnson, develops a kind f pulsing shot that zooms rapidly, not say pantingly, in and out as the bul-ts fly. And that's about it, really, apart om a magnificent gesture in the fi-al scene when, back in the safety of e United States, the Master Chief xpresses admiration for his new fe-ale recruit by giving her a copy of D. H. Lawrence's poems. If Jordan eads the one about the fig, I reckon e could sue for sexual harassment, but, still, how nice to learn that mean old Urgayle was a softie after all. If you want to know whom to blame for this nonsense, try asking Danielle Alexandra and David Twohy, who wrote "G.I. Jane" together. Alexandra says in the publicity notes, "What makes the screenplay so great is that you have David as the action writer, and me as the dramatic action, character writer." Well, excuse me, sister, but welcome to the nineties: shouldn't that be the other way round?

DIRECTED by Nick Cassavetes from a script by his late father, John, "She's So Lovely" tells the tale of Eddie (Sean Penn) and Maureen (Robin Wright Penn), who, despite being married, are in love. Their passion is all the stronger because one or both of them is permanently boozed up, bruised, or flushed with fury. Samuel Butler said of one of the great nineteenth-century marriages, "How good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle marry one another, and so make only two people miserable instead of four," and the same thing applies to this less cultivated twentieth-century union; nobody else would have Eddie or Maureen, so thank goodness they have each other. At least, they do until Eddie shoots a nurse from the city's mental ward and is promptly locked up. This is bad news for all concerned, including the audience, who have to watch Sean Penn act, or overact, within the confines of a straitjacket. Not his finest hour.

Jump forward ten years, and you find the new-look Maureen: respectable housewife, mother of three, and loving companion of Joey (John Travolta). Or so we are told; Joey mentions "our family life," but it looks fairly precarious, and we get no chance to test it before the whole thing crumbles. Eddie leaves the institution, whereupon Joey, for some reason, invites him to dinner: bottles are cracked open, guns are pulled, wrists are sliced, and everyone has a high old time. I know we should get off on the scumbled emotional texture of this stuff; what is intended as a kind of slapdash poignancy, however, comes across as itchy and inconsequential. It may be the cowardly pallor of our age, but I'm not sure that anyone buys the idea of *amour fou* anymore—not unless it comes heightened by a hot romantic glare, as in "Leaving Las Vegas." What *amour* there is in Cassavetes' film slowly dwindles into pity and dementia; it's too damn *fou* for its own good. ◆

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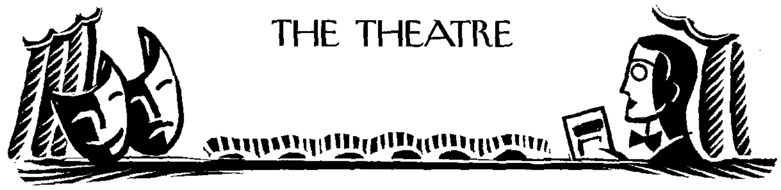


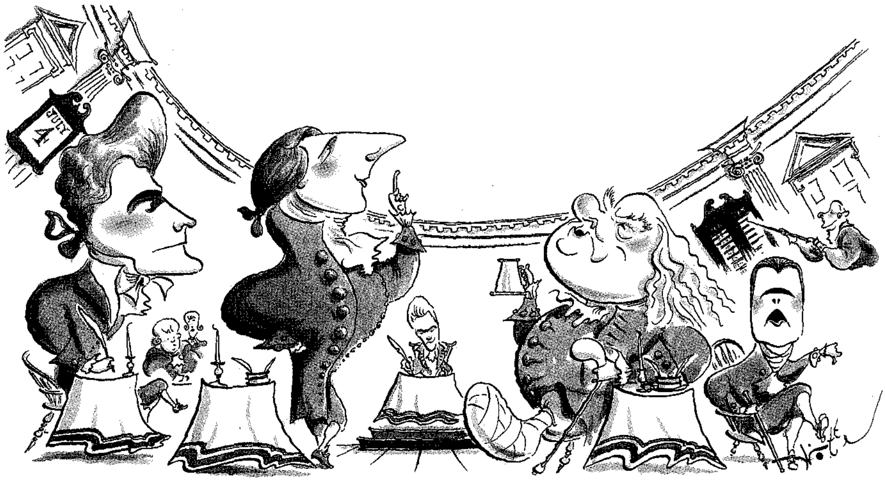
THE THEATRE

AMERICAN GLADIATORS

A fresh "1776," and Shaw's "Misalliance."

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

HAVING been on perhaps one too many class trips to see butter being churned by women wearing long brown dresses and white caps, I find the prospect of seeing "history come to life" about as promising as the



The boys in the back room: Founding Fathers who behaved like feuding brothers.

prospect of sawdust for dinner. But seeng "1776," which is in revival at the Roundabout, gave me the same feeling f pleasure and discovery as finding out or the first time where butter came rom, and that you yourself could take art in the magical transformation. By voiding allegory ("Butter: The Spread f Democracy") and symbolism ("Buter's Better in America"), and focussing n the churning interaction of personlity, event, and timing, the creators of he show, which won a Tony for best musical the first time around, in 1969 t beat out "Hair"), have taken a subject hat seems overdetermined in its inevitability—yes, yes, we all know how the Revlutionary War turned out—and made it seem suspenseful and nearly miraculous. The director, Scott Ellis, has mounted he show on just the right, midsize scale, with no literal or figurative fireworks. Tables and chairs and people—that's bout all you get, and that's all you need.

The strengths of Sherman Edwards's lyrics and Peter Stone's book (Stone also wrote the book for this year's initially most unpromising and ultimately most glorious musical, "Titanic") are evident right from the start. The Second Continental Congress is in session in its stuffy chambers in Philadelphia, in May of 1776. The subject of independence from the Crown is in the air, and John Adams (Brent Spiner), the delegate from Massachusetts, is complaining that Congress won't hurry up and vote on his proposal. Instead of a debate, we get cries of "Sit down, John!" from the other members, and we're immediately drawn in by this delicious squabbling among the greats, who before they were canonized as Founding Fathers behaved a lot like feuding brothers. Adams characterizes himself as "obnoxious and disliked," and his assessment is not gainsaid by the others, yet his self-awareness makes you like and respect him not in spite of those flaws but because of them; in two lovely songs he sings with his wife, Abigail (Linda Emond), this piece of New England flint shows himself capable of starting a warm fire.

Spiner, looking only slightly less pasty here than he does as Data on "Star Trek:

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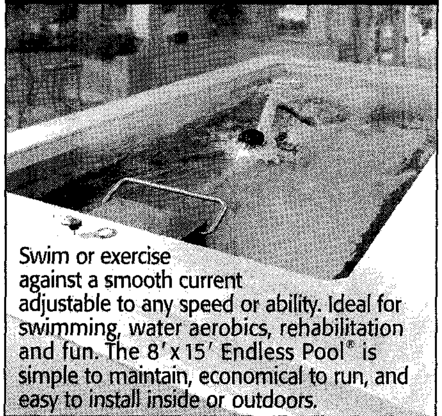

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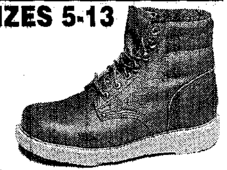

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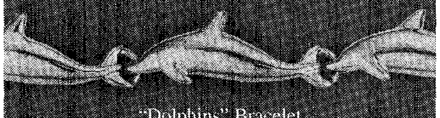

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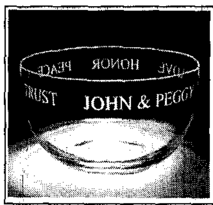

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The Next Generation," gives a vivid performance, conveying the strain and the urgency of the rebellion. And the need for occasional ruthlessness: at one point, Adams calls back the terminally ill delegate from Delaware (whom we'd seen leave the chamber to go home to die) in order to get his vote. Then, there's Benjamin Franklin, played by the adept and winning Pat Hingle as a puckish Buddha, both lusty and lazy—he waddles around the room calming the seas, dropping a witticism here and there, cajoling the balky, and dozing off only to wake up priapically recharged. Franklin's self-love and mastery of the art of compromise were essential to the enterprise, and Hingle's foxiness is superbly tuned. In fact, the casting of "1776" is nearly perfect, with the main exception of Paul Michael Valley, who plays Thomas Jefferson. It may not be Valley's fault; Jefferson is written as a reluctant savior, pressed into service to draft the D. of I. against his protest that he'd rather be home in Virginia with his wife, whom he hasn't seen in six months. He's the quiet man of Congress—we hear barely a peep from him until halfway through the show—but this conception has the effect of making him appear a bit doltish. Jefferson suffers from writer's block, as a direct result of all that unreleased sexual tension; no amount of deadline pressure, in the form of steadily advancing British troops, seems to work. Congress won't achieve anything until Tom achieves congress with Martha. Ridiculous though this scenario is, it fits in with the musical's humor and its intention, which is to show how human the process of independence was—that it was a rough-hewn thing, which men created with their own hands, not knowing whether it would work or whether it would last. Edwards's score is very much in the service of the show, and it doesn't stand alone; none of the tunes are as likely to stick in your mind as tenaciously as his pop classic "See You in September." (Edwards, who died in 1981, was once a schoolteacher.) But Edwards and Stone are to be congratulated for making this story fresh, and for making it possible to feel less cynical and embarrassed about being an American. And for making you want to go home and reread the Declaration of Independence.

KENNETH TYNAN, in a fond piece about George Bernard Shaw written in 1956, six years after Shaw's death, said, "As a demolition expert he has no rivals, and we are being grossly irrelevant if we ask a demolition expert, when his work is done: 'But what have you created?' " Shaw, however, isn't content with mere demolition, which is a fine, healthy urge; he's *bossy* about it—while he's having fun tearing down every institution in sight, he's shoving pamphlets into our hands called "On the Necessity of Demolition" and telling us to sit still until he's finished. In the case of "Misalliance," which is als at the Roundabout, in the Laura Pel Theatre, it's a three-hour sit. If Davi Warren, who directed, had cut a half hou or so, he could still have done Shaw justice and would have been doing him, an the audience, a favor as well.

In every respect besides its length, hi production of "Misalliance" has much t recommend it, and Shaw's language i not the least of it: his cold eye always ha a glimmer in it. The play, which was firs performed in 1910, is set the year before in the country house of John Tarleto (Brian Murray), the successful proprieto of Tarleton's Underwear, who now spend his time founding free libraries. Books ar everything to him, and the conservator where the action takes place is filled wit twenty-foot-high towers of tomes. (Dere McLane, who created the set, is one of th finest designers in theatre today; in addi tion to being rich visually, his work seem to come out of an immersion in literatur and it speaks volumes.) The play's subtitle "A Debate in One Sitting," and the debat rounds up the usual suspects: the relativ merits and demerits of the bourgeoisie an the aristocracy (Mrs. Tarleton, played b Patricia Conolly, says of the local toffs, "It far worse when they're civil, because th always means that they want you to len them money"); the unfailingly problemat relationship between parents and childre whether it is better to marry for love or f money. Led by Murray, the ensemble—in cluding Remak Ramsay, Elizabeth Ma vel, Sam Robards, and Zak Orth—is ex cellent. Murray has the ruddy vitality of Frans Hals portrait; the warmth and mag netism he gives off always casts a glow, an never a shadow, over his fellow-actors.

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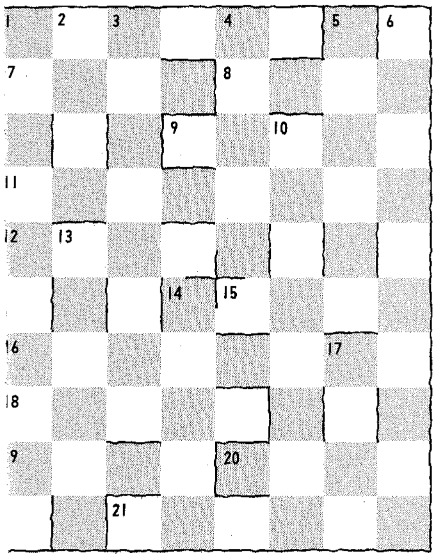

ACROSS

- 1 Chinese vessel (old boat) turned back for European city (6)
- 7 Call for a place to spar (4)
- 8 Rate chief of police "excellent" (4)
- 9 Delay for a parking space (5)
- 11 Name girl changed in Zola novel (8)
- 12 The Red Sea's middle: abounding endlessly (4)
- 15 Tree back of grove is burning (4)
- 16 Most abrasive stoolie nabs C.I.A. agents (8)
- 18 Flower for a grave unfinished (5)
- 19 Star amid piano variations (4)
- 20 Said, "Post, man" (4)
- 21 Turning around, observe Seinfeld's neighbor (6)

OWN

- 1 Something to pay for $1,000 carpet chore (10)
- 2 Frost poem read aloud (4)
- 3 Hottest inert gas transmuted (8)
- 4 For starters, our poor teacher is clonked in the eye (5)
- 5 Sweet and clear, I let loose (6)
- 6 One leading beauty, if heard (10)
- 10 1862 battle against uprising naval officer (8)
- 13 Think about a boy (6)
- 14 Stick with small fruit (5)
- 17 Only part of a pump (4)

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he solution to puzzle No. 12 appears on ge 92. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's uide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please nd your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed velope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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BY BRUCE McCALL

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Because what more vividly defines Americans today than their insatiable curiosity about the celebrated and the wealthy? That's why the publishers of *$*, *£*, *¥*, and *D-Mark* will soon launch *Wallet*. Forget the usual homes and ranches and oceangoing yachts of the carefree super-rich; *Wallet* will "cut to the chase"—to the intimate, up-close-and-personal world deep inside the wallets and billfolds, pocketbooks and purses of the world's most envied high-fliers. In the premier issue: "The Classic and the Kitschy Collide in Madonna's Memory-Haunted Hermès Handbag," a twenty-eight-page pictorial extravaganza. Reserve now, it's never too early!

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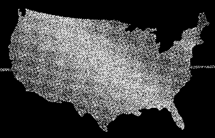

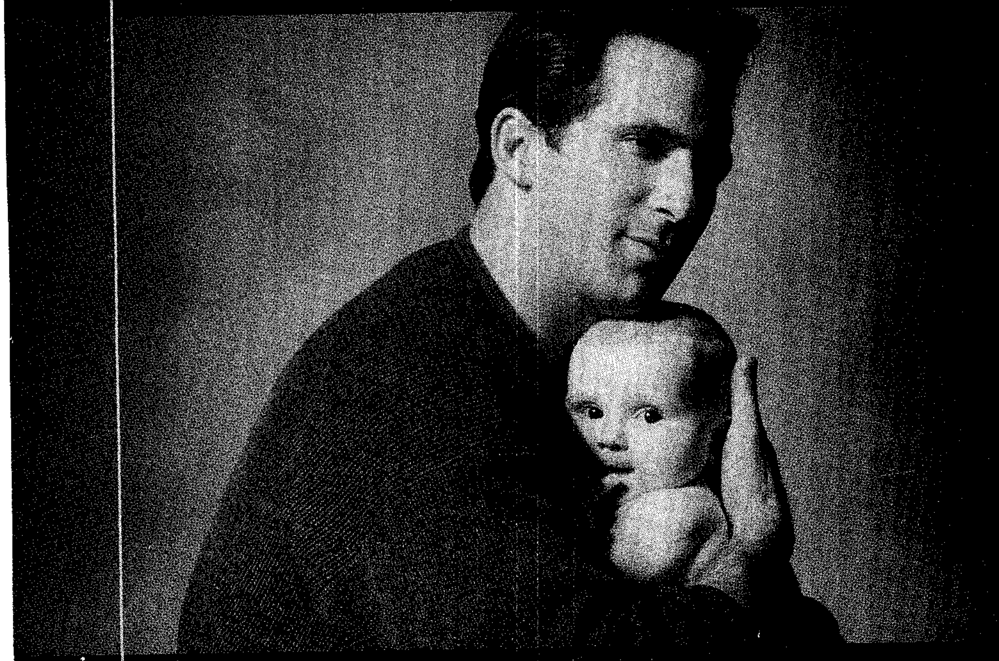

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